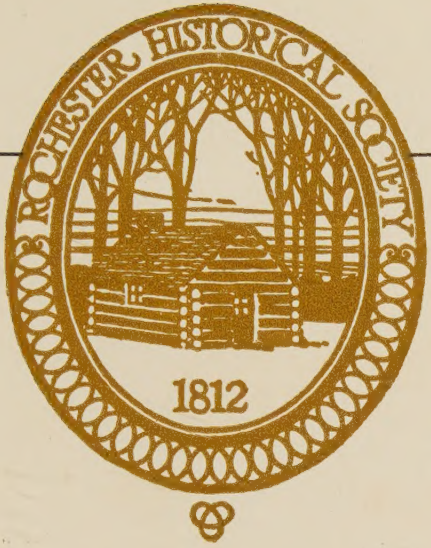

Dedicated

to those Associated Citizens of Rochester whose gracious generosity made possible the publication of this volume and the acquisition of rare and valuable material for the library of

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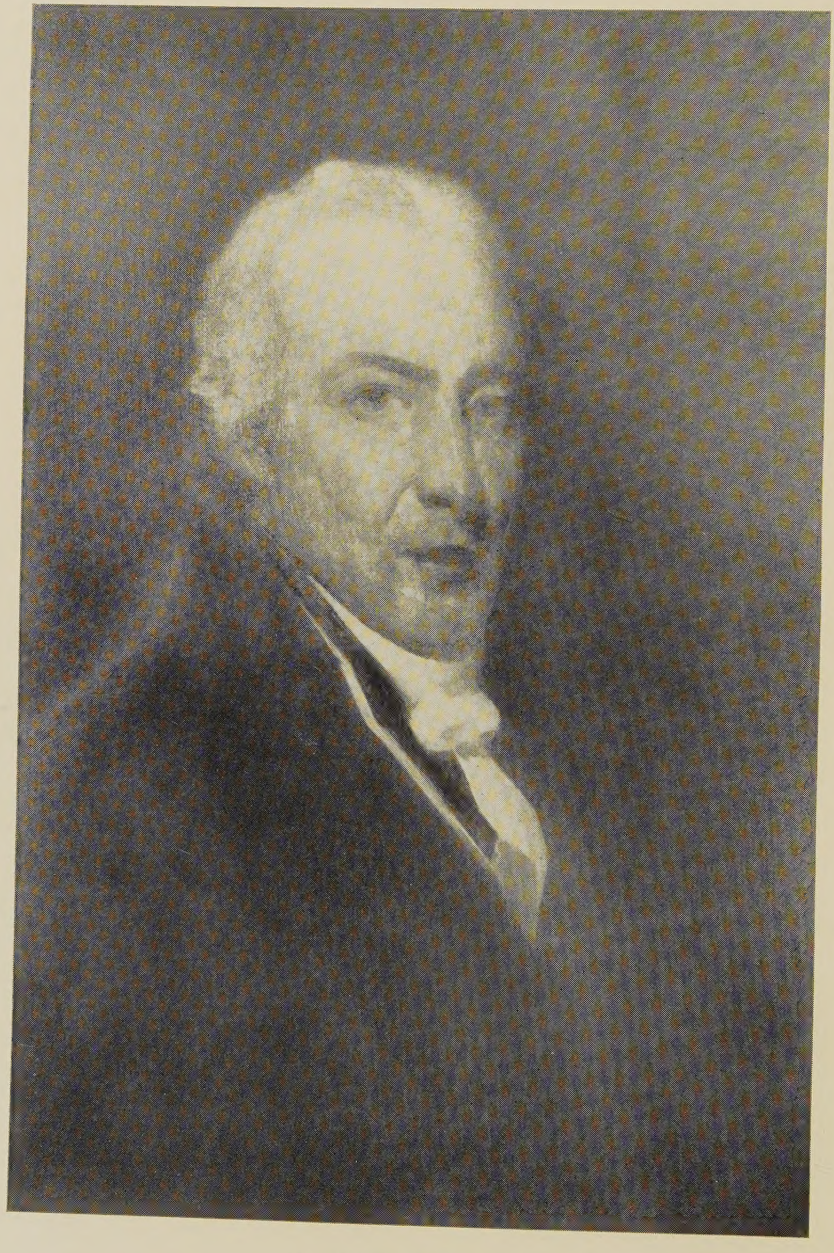

CHARLES WILLIAMSON

From a photograph of an oil portrait now (1927) in the Davenport Library, Bath, New York. This painting was presented, in 1893, to the Village of Bath, by David R. Williamson, grandson of Charles Williamson; the picture being a copy of the original (Painted from life, about 1790), which is now in Lawers House, Perthshire, Scotland, the ancient seat of the Robertson family.

THE ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATION FUND SERIES
VOLUME VI

Compiled and Edited by
EDWARD R. FOREMAN
CHAIRMAN *of the* PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
under authority of the Board of Managers
CHARLES H. WILTSIE
PRESIDENT

Rochester, N. Y.
Published by the Society
1927

CANFIELD & TACK INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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The Rochester Historical Society

Rochester, N. Y.

1927 - 1928

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The Rochester Historical Society
From first organization in 1860 to 1927, inclusive

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*LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, first organizer of The Rochester Historical Society, 1860. (Incorporated, L. 1861, Ch. 258).

THE PRESENT ORGANIZATION

*EDWARD MOTT MOORE, Sr., M.D.	1888-1890
*REV. AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D.D.	1890-1891
*HON. JAMES LANSING ANGLE	1891
*REV. AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D.D.	1891-1892
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CHARLES HASTINGS WILTSIE	1921-

LIFE HONORARY PRESIDENTS

*MRS. GILMAN H. PERKINS, the Founder of the present organization in 1887, was elected Honorary President, to serve for life, June 25, 1917. Mrs. Perkins died, March 21, 1919.

*HIRAM HASKELL EDGERTON, Mayor of Rochester, 1908-1921, was elected Honorary President, to serve for life, January 29, 1922. Mr. Edgerton died, June 18, 1922.

---

*Deceased.

Editor's Note: Judge James Lansing Angle was elected President, April 10, 1891, and died, May 4, 1891. Rev. Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., was elected to fill the vacancy.

Testamentary Bequests and Devises

BEING duly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, The Rochester Historical Society is competent to hold and dispose of real estate, and to receive loans, gifts bequests and devises.

With gratitude the following recent legacies are acknowledged: By the will of William M. Lowell, an employee of the Rochester Post Office, One Hundred Dollars; by the will of Dr. Charles A. Dewey, one of the leading citizens of Rochester, a bequest of Ten Thousand Dollars. These two generous gifts set an example for all of our citizens, suggesting The Rochester Historical Society as a proper object of testamentary beneficence.

When making your will, remember the needs of The Rochester Historical Society.

The following forms are suggested to any friend of the Society who may have the thought of increasing its very limited resources by testamentary gift:

FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST FOR THE BUILDING FUND

I give and bequeath to "The Rochester Historical Society," a corporation of the State of New York, located at the City of Rochester, New York, the sum of..... dollars towards the Building Fund of the Society.

FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST FOR THE LIBRARY AND PUBLICATION FUND

I give and bequeath to "The Rochester Historical Society," a corporation of the State of New York, located at the City of Rochester, New York, the sum of..... dollars, which sum I desire that the said Society shall preserve by proper investment as a perpetual fund, to be known as the Library and Publication Fund, the yearly income thereof, and no more, to be expended annually in the publication of its

papers, purchase of books, periodicals, prints, maps or other works, to increase or improve its library.

FORM OF A GENERAL BEQUEST

I do hereby give and bequeath to "The Rochester Historical Society," a corporation of the State of New York, located at the City of Rochester, in the State of New York, the sum of .....dollars.

FORM OF DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to "The Rochester Historical Sociey,"a corporation of the State of New York, and located at the City of Rochester, in the State of New York, and to its successors and assigns forever,

All that piece or parcel of land, situate, etc.

Foreword

By Edward R. Foreman

Prefacing Volume XXVI of the Publications of The Buffalo Historical Society, Dr. Frank H. Severance said:

"It is proper to remark here, that the Society in these publications, seeks to make them a repository of trustworthy material relating to the history of our home region. It is our province to seek out and publish documentary material, if these documents are of intrinsic value to the historical student. Our aim is not merely to present pleasing narrations, though that has often been done. The guiding purpose is, to make of this series of Publications a trustworthy encyclopaedia of information in the local historical field—nor do we give a narrow meaning to the word 'local'."

We accept Dr. Severance's clear outline of policy as controlling, in the preparation of the volumes of the Publication Fund Series of The Rochester Historical Society.

There are thirty-eight articles in this Volume VI. Some of them are authoritative upon the themes treated; and, it is hoped, all of them will be of interest to our readers.

In the selection of material for the annual volume it must be kept in mind that the membership of The Rochester Historical Society is one thousand and, therefore, a wide range of interests must be served. Again, it is a duty to include papers which will constitute permanent additions to our local historical knowledge. At present, there is no single volume which includes a complete history of Rochester, or the Genesee Country. It is necessary for the special student to examine many volumes when investigating any matter of local history.

The library of The Rochester Historical Society contains about four thousand books and pamphlets. In addition, there is a great mass of material in the form of manuscripts, autograph letters and scrap-books. Frequent reference to these collections are made in the Editorial Notes herein. This is done to direct public attention to the value of our library as the unique repository of all matters relating to local history. This library is

now in constant use by representatives of the press, college professors, teachers in high schools, and students of all grades.

Papers read before The Rochester Historical Society are filed in the Society's library, and copies of papers concerning matters of local historical interest which are read anywhere are solicited for our collections, and some of these outside contributions are published in this volume.

A glance at the Table of Contents reveals a galaxy of such well-known writers, as Rev. Augustus H. Strong, D.D.; Rev. Howard L. Osgood, D.D.; Mrs. William S. Little; Nathaniel S. Olds; A. O. Bunnell; Edward G. Miner; Dr. Arthur C. Parker; A. Emerson Babcock; Charles H. Wiltsie; Frank Keiper; Clement G. Lanni; Rev. Frederick J. Zwierlein, D.Sc., M.H.; Robert D. Burns; Miss Amy Hanmer-Croughton; George H. Humphrey; James M. Angle; John E. Morey, Jr.; Henry O'Reilly; William F. Peck; Miss Mary B. Sleight; Josiah W. Bissell; and Edwin Scrantom.

With such editorial support our book must have some permanent value, and it is with this confident hope that Volume VI is transmitted to the public.

In his preface to *The Gulistan*, or Rose Garden, the Persian Poet, Saadi, "the Nightingale of Shiraz," tells how he came to write the book. It happened that once upon a time he was benighted in a beautiful garden in company with one of his friends, who had plucked roses, and was mourning over the fact that they must soon fade. Saadi declared himself able to produce a book of immortal roses. "A rose may continue in bloom for five or six days, but my rose garden will flourish for ever." And so, *The Gulistan* was written, with its famous collection of tales and proverbs.

This interesting story is consoling for any Editor who seeks to build a lasting book out of fleeting and widely-scattered material. To gather, and winnow out the best, has a fascination which compensates for the labor involved.

"To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own chosing is the simple plan of the Editor," said Thomas B. Mosher, in the first number of his famous *Bibelot.*

That is the genuine delight experienced in the preparation of the volumes of the Publication Fund Series.

PUBLICATION FUND SERIES
VOLUME VI

The Rochester Historical Society

Charles Williamson
Builder of the Genesee Country

By Arthur C. Parker

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, March 16, 1927.

Editor's Note: As Director of The Rochester Municipal Museum, Dr. Arthur C. Parker is very widely known. He is the author of numerous books, pamphlets and magazine articles on New York State archaeology, Indians and general history. For years he had made a study of the life and labors of Captain Charles Williamson, our first publicity agent, whose alluring advertisements started the home-builders on their great trek from the worn-out lands of the East into the land of promise, the Genesee Country. Herein, is presented the romantic story of this movement, giving Captain Williamson proper recognition and appreciation.

Dr. Frank H. Severance writes: "Mr. Parker will do a good piece of work if he gathers up every scrap he can about Charles Williamson and weaves it into one narrative. Captain Williamson's story is an important part of New York State history, and merits a fuller study than it appears to have received."

IT was not the perversity of men but the dictates of geography that brought about the proposition to create out of the acres of the Genesee Country a separate state. More than a century and a quarter ago there was much discussion concerning this, but its proponents were ranked as conspirators and the plan was aborted. Nevertheless it must be admitted by all that this region of Western New York from the very beginning has been a distinctive area and has inspired men to certain heroic ideals; it must be admitted that the appeal which the Genesee Country made to the pioneers was a special one, and that from the first time that any considerable number of white men saw it, it was to them a region over which presided a special genius that imbued it with something amounting almost to personality. It was not New York, but the Genesee Country.

This singular position of this area is best understood when we know that to the pre-Revolutionary colonists, the colony was occupied by European settlers only in its southern, and eastern portion, including tidewater, the Hudson and its tributaries and the Mohawk Valley, with some settlements along the upper waters of the Susquehanna. Then the Genesee Country

was Indian country and few white men had aught to do with it. Though one king had given it to the Massachusetts colony and another to the Duke of York, thereby creating a conflict in the title, there was no concerted movement to claim the region in which lived the self sufficient Seneca people whose land it was and who could not see how a distant king who had never seen them could give their property to colonies or dukes who had no means of claiming it.

Some knowledge of the Genesee Country had found its way to the ears of Cartier as early as 1535, and he knew of the river that flowed from the south into the waters of the lake that emptied into the River St. Lawrence. The French traders and settlers later heard tales of its beauty and more tales of the military prowess and relentless cruelty of the natives that lived there and loved it. Then we catch a glimpse of that tragic figure, Etiènne Brûlé, skulking his way through the wilderness to the domain of the Andaste allies of the northern Hurons, seeking to enlist their aid in Champlain's expedition in 1615. Later still, came the emissaries of the Cross, the Jesuit missionaries, and by the middle of the seventeenth century agents of church and state were well established. The wilderness rang with the sound of chapel bells calling men to prayer and to the ministry of salvation; it rang with the wild whoops of men poisoned with traders' rum. The shadow of an oncoming civilization was upon the land.

Soon we behold the heroic figure of La Salle clad in cuirass and knightly armour. With him are René de Bréhant de Galinée and François Dollier de Casson, missionaries of the Sulpitian order, and more than thirty retainers. The Irondequoit in 1669 was the northern gateway to the land of the Genesee and through it came the French of the north. Later this same route was taken by Denonville, who in 1687 came to break the power of the Seneca people. Later still, when conflict had ceased, came the elder Joncaire, another able representative of New France, and often his feet pressed through the wilderness over narrow trails to the castle at Kanadesaga near the slopes of Seneca Lake upon the eastern boundary of the Genesee Country. New France knew the region here and coveted it as a strategic position between their posts and those of the English. It was a formidable barrier in the way to Niagara, the key to the con-

tinent. More than this, it came between the colonies in Canada and those down the Mississippi.

The pageant of history continues, and the stalwart forms of resolute Britishers march into the scene. Sir William Johnson heads the line of conquerors, and he is followed by Samuel Kirkland, the missionary. Englishmen began to catch glimpses of the country, but it never became theirs to occupy. As the new banner of stars and stripes, first unfurled in battle at Fort Stanwix, lured the Tory-incited Seneca warriors to the fray, so the incursions of these British allies lured General John Sullivan into the Genesee Country on the mission of punishing the red hordes of the red coats. It was then that the beauty, the fertility and the homeland possibilities of the region touched the land-hungry appetites of settlers. Sullivan's expedition was not only a victory; it was a sight-seeing trip in which real estate appraisal figured largely. Back went the soldiers spreading tales of the garden of the Genesee they had seen and ravished.

When Massachusetts had finally sold her titles to Robert Morris, when the Phelps and Gorham purchase had been made, and the London Associates, of which Sir William Pulteney was chief stock holder, had acquired large holdings, the Genesee Country began to attract settlers from the south and east. No longer was it Indian country, but a part of a sovereign state with Indian titles to be extinguished with as much justice as possible.

We have only mentioned the Revolutionary War as a passing incident, but the Genesee Country was revolutionary battle ground in as certain a sense as any in New England. With the Revolution in progress the military authorities dispatched Captain Charles Williamson with his regiment to America. In doing so England gave the Genesee Country its foremost promoter, though it was not revealed to any man at this time what destiny had in store.

Captain Williamson and his troops were captured off the coast by a French privateer and landed at Newburyport as prisoners of war. Here the captain was transferred to Boston where he lived during the period of the war. What his thoughts were we may never know, but it may be believed that he learned to love the new country whose trials and problems had never

reached him over-seas. That he married a Boston girl seems to show where his sympathies lay, and that he returned to his native Scotland after the conflict reveals that he was not so much of a Briton as a Scot, and Scotsmen bore the brunt of the fight on the patriot lines. Williamson returned to his homeland already an American, and there his slumbering genius began to take form. He toured the continent and then returned to London where he found capitalists interested in the possibilities of investments in American wild lands.

Williamson's stay as a prisoner had given him ample opportunity to learn about American lands. He was filled with information of the type most useful to land speculators. He sought the acquaintance of the London Associates who were much impressed with his apparent ability. Charles Williamson, they found, was a native of Dumfries, and from the town of Balgray, and his father, Alexander Williamson, was secretary to the Earl of Hopeton. Thus education and social advantages had fallen the lot of the Captain, and his detention on American shores had only enhanced his usefulness.

The Revolution had left its mead of bitterness, to be sure, but the prospect of business and trade seems to level ancient animosities. Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, as purchaser of the Massachusetts holdings in Western New York, had sent agents throughout Europe. Morris had as his London agent, William Temple Franklin, grandson of Benjamin Franklin. Apparently Morris had little idea that Franklin would bring about a sale, for he had plans underway for the settlement of the Genesee Country and for a land sale. Before these plans could be brought to a head he received the report of Franklin describing the sale of the property to the London Association, which embraced Sir William Pulteney, John Hornby and Patrick Colquhoun. Pulteney was a wealthy London resident of high position, Hornby had once been Governor of Bombay and had retired from active business having ample capital. Colquhoun was sheriff of Westminster, and was widely known for his statesmanship and philanthropy. He had spent some time in America shortly after the war and had returned to continue his work of public welfare. A tablet on the site of the Presbyterian Church in Canandaigua records some of his principal claims to the world's gratitude.

Williamson was engaged by these men to act as their American agent, and the appointment gave him a measure of real satisfaction. Returning to Scotland he settled his affairs, prepared his family for the journey and employed two Scotsmen, Charles Cameron and John Johnstone to assist him. The voyage was undertaken and after an anxious time the party landed at Norfolk, Virginia, going as quickly as possible to Baltimore where Williamson established winter quarters for his family. Thus closed the year 1791 for the man who was destined to bring the Genesee Country into the forefront of settlement promotion.

With characteristic energy Williamson began an investigation of the character and desires of the new immigrants whom he met and the general prospects of settlement. Going to Philadelphia he established relations with Robert Morris and began his study of the lands that he was to sell for his London principals. His first step was to become naturalized, and then as a citizen to take in his own name the deed for the one million, two hundred thousand acres of land in consideration of thirty-five thousand pounds sterling, provided by the Company. This step was necessary since land could not be held by aliens and non-residents. Subsequent survey by Joseph Ellicott demonstrated that the Pulteney tract was 84,000 acres short of the amount conveyed. As the gore had been settled upon, legislation was subsequently enacted by which Williamson received 56,000 acres near Sodus Bay in lieu of the apparent shortage in lands, and it is near that bay that the town of Williamson stands, the sole place-name in honor of this noted pioneer.

The winter months from December, 1791 and early 1792 were not idle ones with Williamson. He studied his purchase from every angle, and sent reports to London whenever he gathered important information. In a letter to Colquhoun written from Baltimore he records his impressions of the Genesee Country as derived from a traveler. He had met a gentleman, he wrote, who had "traversed the Genesee lands in several directions," his account meeting the most favorable anticipations:

"He declares that even the worst are superior to any he ever saw. These disinterested accounts from different people put the quality of the land in the fairest view. The next object then is to take some liberal and decisive steps to bring them

to their value. Want of communication is the great drawback on back settlements distant from rivers that run into the Atlantic. Remove this difficulty and there can be no doubt that the gentlemen of the Association will reap an advantage fifty times their outlay; and come to their purpose many years sooner. Nothing will draw the attention of the people more readily than the idea of their settling under the protection of an Association who will take every means to render their farms convenient and profitable."

Williamson, in this same letter, proposed an advance of ten pounds sterling as a loan to facilitate settlement on the part of poor settlers on the poorer portions of the tract.

At the very beginning of his career as a builder of the state, Williamson displayed three important qualities, ever essential in the character of a leader of men—enthusiasm, wisdom and imagination. His imagination was vivid and prophetic.

Williamson and his colleagues spent the greater portion of the winter at Northumberland, Pa., below the forks of the Susquehanna, but winter's cold could not restrain him from a sight of the arena of his endeavors. He set forth in February, 1792, by way of New York and the Mohawk valley, for the land of the Genesee, with the settlement at Kanadesaga, and Geneva as his objective. His report to Colquhoun told of his journey which from the last Mohawk valley settlement was for more than 100 miles through an uninhabited wilderness, before reaching Geneva, which consisted of a few straggling huts. In his letter he says,

"There is not a road within one hundred miles of the Genesee Country, that will admit of any sort of conveyance, otherwise than on horseback, or on a sled, when the ground is covered with snow."

With close communication with Atlantic ports and with the established towns along the seaboard, it is to be wondered why settlers did not seek homes where there were more conveniences and settled neighbors. What was it that called men to a region which must be reached with such great difficulty? Was it not the dream of a homeland where settlements by Europeans had never been, where land was fertile and where natural beauty fascinated the eye? Or was it a thing more cosmic, more subtle? Those who love the recondite may tell us that it was the spell of the Genesee and the same strange lure that made the Seneca

love this region and weave over it the wonder-mesh of myth and legend. Those who lean to the practical may tell us that it was the urge of the pioneer to claim the unclaimed, to settle the unsettled, to cultivate the uncultivated, and to secure rich possessions at low cost, with the sure promise of rapidly increasing values. Perhaps, too, it was a combination of all these things.

To Williamson this land without means of reaching it must have roads. Civilization begins with deliberately constructed roads, and under Williamson's direction, a project to build a roadway from the south was put under way. The Genesee was to be reached by way of the Susquehanna route, and its contacts were to be with the south rather than the east. It was over this route that three men of Maryland were later destined to come—Carroll, Fitzhugh, and Rochester, as builders of the metropolis of the Genesee, at a situation that must have seemed impossible even to the imaginative Williamson.

When Williamson returned to Baltimore, he carried with him the conviction that a road must soon be built. The wretched accommodations which he had at Geneva inspired the idea of building a fine hotel which might compare with anything in the country for cuisine, service, and expert oversight. But first of all he organized a party of surveyors at Northumberland. By means of scouting parties which went ahead and returned to the camp base, the road was surveyed up the West Branch of the Susquehanna to the Ross Farm, now Williamsport, and from thence to the Canaseraga trail to the Genesee. From Williamsport the party had traversed the wilderness to Blossburgh, thence down the Tioga to Painted Post, thence up the Canisteo to Hornell and on to Dansville where the Canaseraga trail was reached.

Williamson projected a thriving city in the wilderness at the mouth of the Canaseraga, and terminating his road there he caused the city to be laid out and divided into lots. In pursuit of his end he had 80 acres of flat lands plowed and built a row of dwellings, that travelers might be housed. Here a colony of Germans was to come—sturdy Saxons, well versed in agriculture, and that they might find the town already named the founder called it Williamsburgh, after Sir William Pulteney, his London principal and the owner of the ground.

Let us pause to consider this German colony. Shortly after the Association had dispatched Williamson to America a traveling picture peddler, having arrived in London sought out Patrick Colquhoun and won his confidence. His name was Berezy, and his plan was to enlist a company of sturdy Saxon farmers, poor but thrifty, and send them on to the land of the Associates to settle it. Colquhoun was impressed and commissioned Berezy to return to Germany and gather his colony. The peddler, with the artistry of his trade straightway repaired to Hamburg, and to the resorts of the nondescript, where he proceeded to pick up a dissolute lot of flotsam in the form of incompetents and malcontents. These were his sturdy Saxons. In all there were seventy families which were carried to London and then put aboard two vessels especially chartered. These were cleared and consigned to Robert Morris, the patriot of the Revolution and holder of the bulk of the Genesee lands. Our rough-scruff immigrants, it will be seen, started early in the career of this land of the free, and poor Robert Morris became our first Ellis Island.

After great expense and much wear and tear on the nerves of everybody concerned, these settlers were conveyed to Northumberland at the very time that Williamson was opening the road to the Genesee. Instead of being experienced farmers scarcely one knew how to use an axe or a shovel. They had to be taught, and even then were poor learners. They cursed and they quarreled, they sought to evade work and they drank all the bad whiskey or good that they could get, and even their minister proved but little better. Berezy, like all cunning immigrant agents, had pictured a land of wealth and a life of ease, with only a city to found in which they might ply their old trades. He had not told them of muck and grime and a road to build in a wilderness howling with wolves, creepy with rattlesnakes and air black with mosquitoes. But Berezy was cunning enough to shift the blame from himself to Williamson, and to curse him with his followers.

The road laid out earlier in the year was ready for their unwilling axes and with many murmurs of dissatisfaction they followed Benjamin Patterson, their guide, through the woods and onward to their city of destiny. On they toiled until winter came and with it an encampment for all but thirty of the most

hardy men. These were induced to struggle on, leaving their friends and families at Painted Post while they made the way before them. In this manner the road from Cohocton to Dansville was opened.

It is a matter of record that the whole Genesee Country west of the preemption line in 1790 had scarcely more than 900 white inhabitants, and thus it is not strange that the roadway through the Cohocton valley passed an unsettled wilderness. Provisions had to be brought from the rear, and bread and coffee were in great demand, principally coffee, for which they incessantly called. Williamson's endeavors provided it and when baker Peter's kettles steamed with the fragrant fluid there were cries of delight and more when his ovens turned out good wheat bread. Though Patterson's gun provided an abundance of wild game, this was not enough. When spring came, and the colony was conducted over the trail to the Genesee, a potato pit was discovered on the farm of a lonely settler. This temptation was too much, and the hungry Germans flew at the cache, tearing it open amid the protests of the owner. Patterson knew that this was unavoidable, and so he instructed the Germans to call out "Thankee, thankee," as if it were understood that the potatoes were a gift. The guide paid the settler five times the value of the tempting tubers, and ordered the settler to go to Tioga Point for more seed.

It was on the way through the forest at Peter's Camp, now Blossburgh, that Patterson dug some black stone from the ground which the Germans pronounced good coal. A half century later the old camp of Peter the cook was a camp of excited coal miners.

Williamsburgh was settled by the seventy German families, each family being provided with a house and fifty acres of land. Farming tools were provided and even household utensils. To make the effort easier, Williamson provided 27 yokes of oxen, 40 cows, 80 hogs and 300 sheep.

With this flying start these settlers sank into the mire of dismal failure. Instead of being thrifty, they proved improvident, wasting their provisions, ruining their tools, and idling their time.

Seeing that money and effort had been wasted, Williamson invited his friend Thomas Morris to go with him from Canan-

daigua to the settlement and restore order and authority. Matters had gone so badly that Berezy had set himself above Williamson and prejudiced the colonists against him. He also had contracted unwarranted debts and otherwise violated his office as colony leader. Williamson displaced him and called the Germans together to acquaint them with the new state of affairs. Berezy then created a riot, drove Williamson and Morris into Williamson's house, then occupied by James Miller. Here the enraged Germans would have torn Williamson and Morris limb from limb, but with two desks between them and the angry mob, the two kept it at bay. The conspirators then turned to the task of looting Williamson's property, killing the stock and having a barbecue.

As quickly as possible Williamson's clerk, Richard Cuyler, was dispatched to Albany for military aid, and for a posse capable of arresting the mutinous colonists. Berezy and some of his followers, to escape the blame made their way to Philadelphia, where they hoped to escape arrest and also to get the ear of Robert Morris.

A group of new colonists with their boat crews had just arrived at Bath, and with the help of these men, after a forced march, many of the fleeing conspirators were intercepted, arrested, and brought back to Canandaigua for trial. The fines imposed were not heavy, but the lesson was pressed home that law must be respected and that competent authority could be exercised. Thriftless as they were, the conspirators could not pay their fines, which made it necessary to farm them out to settlers at Canandaigua and vicinity. Their attorney was General Vincent Matthews, called the "Father of the Bar of Western New York," as he was the first lawyer to practice in the State west of Utica. Later, Berezy upon reaching Philadelphia, placed himself and his followers in the keeping of the German Benevolent Association, and measures were taken to ship the colony by way of the mouth of the Genesee to the settlement on the north shore of Ontario now called Toronto. Thus ended the little German War, and thus were undesirable emigrants deported. Fortunately not all German settlers were of this type, for most of them were all that could be desired.

It must be said that the German experiment was not one that Williamson had chosen of his own accord. It had been

thrust upon him. He did his best in the costly trial and ended by getting the malcontents out of the country.

In another instance, a Scottish colony that had sailed for the North Carolina Cumberland region led by Donald Stewart was invited by Colquhoun to settle on the Genesee lands. Stewart came to Williamson for the purpose of looking over the far-famed country and spent several weeks with the Captain in inspecting it. He stayed long enough to contract fever and ague which so tinctured the Genesee with a forbidding aspect that the good Scotsman was shaken from ever coming. Williamson, a Scotsman himself, had a taste for good jokes, and when he suddenly came upon the sulphur water at Clifton Springs, as he rode with Stewart, he remarked that here would be a good place for Highlanders. Now it was believed by many that the Scot of the hills often had the itch, and it was so far true that they were sensitive about it. As sulphur was thought to be a cure for the irritating affliction, and that a Lowlander should suggest such a thing touched a sore spot, stirring recollections of ancient feuds. Malaria and a fit of temper kept Highlanders from accepting the invitation to abide here. A better experiment, and one well within Williamson's own control was the Scottish settlement at Caledonia at the Big Spring, a story that we have detailed in another paper.*

Captain Williamson's choice for the metropolis of the wilderness was at the mouth of the Canaseraga at its confluence with the Genesee. This marked the end of a long north-westerly water route from Easton, Pa. The Canaseraga runs north-westerly in one of the ancient stream beds of the Genesee and takes its rise near Dansville. As it approaches the river into which it empties the region between the two streams is a swamp. The land to the east of the creek, however, is higher and more tillable. Williamson, therefore, located his town plot and its circumjacent farms on the east banks of both streams with the town mostly eastward of the Genesee, though the lands lying nearest the river were reserved.

The town had the customary square and comprised some thirty acres cut up into nearly one hundred lots. Just to the east

*Editor's Note: See, "The Scottish Pioneers of Caledonia," by Arthur C. Parker, Vol. V, Publication Fund Series, of The Rochester Historical Society, pp. 275-291.

on farm-lot eleven was the plot that afterward became a portion of the Carroll estate, and the graves of the family may still be seen there, overgrown with rank weeds and underbrush.

Here, by 1794, were the houses or rather huts of the first inhabitants of this metropolis. Its central building was a tavern thirty feet square and two stories high. There was an ell or extension to the rear. Above the main building was a ballroom which served as a dancing school at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The town grew as best it could, and the first town meeting in the town of Sparta was held there in April, 1796. The hotel property finally passed into the hands of Major Carroll who closed it, and thus languishing, it burned a few years later. Williamsburgh had a dry goods store, a distillery, a blacksmith shop, a grocery, a grain warehouse and about forty private dwellings. A clergyman, Rev. Samuel J. Mills, of the Presbyterian faith, came to the town as a missionary and preached in the warehouse, though history says he took the Genesee fever and died.

When Calvinists preach they also teach, and taking root with religion came education. Williamsburgh established its school in the year 1793, though it appears that the Scotch children required the attention and the discipline of a teacher named Samuel Murphy. Evidently the canny Scot knew whom to select as a school master for pioneer children. We may believe that he never spoiled the child by sparing his rod.

Williamson felt that Williamsburgh, named from Sir William Pulteney, would be an important center. He wrote to a friend,

"The progress of the settlement is so rapid that you and myself may see the day when we can apply these lines to the Genesee Country:

" 'Here happy millions their own lands possess,
No tyrant awes them, nor lords oppress.' "

On another occasion he said:

"On the Genesee river a great many farms are laying out, sixty-five miles from its mouth is a town marked out by the name of Williamsburgh, and will, in all probability, be a place of much trade; in the present situation of things, it is remote, when considered in a commercial point of view; but should the fort of Oswego be given up, and the lock navigation be completed, there will not be a carrying place between New York and Williamsburgh."

Thus did the promoter seek to link New York and Williamsburgh as places at the extremes of an important line of communication. Somehow Williamsburgh declined until by 1807 it was an abandoned town, but this was after the gallant Captain had left the services of the Pulteney interests. Mount Morris, and Geneseo growing up on either side completely smothered it. Fifty years later only a few blackened spots in the soil indicated the presence of a former settlement of white men. Long before there had been an Indian hamlet there, and thus, the town built upon the ashes of the aborigines, moldered into dust, and the hopes and energies of two different people mingled in the common clay, an eventuality that has often happened in the story of the world's endeavors.

When Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt visited the Genesee Country in 1795 he brought letters of introduction to Williamson. His notes and letters show that he liked Williamson greatly and spent much time with him. He notes that Williamson explained that his idea was to establish several settlements, rather than one, and that he had thus chosen Bath, Williamsburgh, Great Sodus and Geneva for his field of settlement organization. The Duke had been preceded two years earlier by another famous Frenchman, the Prince de Talleyrand-Perigord, who was so much of a statesman that he had been exiled. He stood upon the highbanks of the Genesee admiring the eastward view over the cliffs and valley, and drinking in its beauties, even as we do now, he exclaimed, "It is the fairest landscape that human eye ever looked upon." He has many who agree with him fully at this very day.

It was in this same year, 1793, that Williamson promoted the "Williamsburgh Fair and Genesee Races." The event was widely advertised, and we find the following account in the Albany *Gazette* of July 15, 1793:

"There will be held at Williamsburgh, at the Great Forks of the Genesee River, an annual fair, for the sale and purchase of cattle, horses and sheep, to commence on Monday, the 23rd of September and continue on Tuesday. It is expected that at this fair a number of fat bullocks and working oxen of the best New England breeds, with which the country is well supplied, will be shown. As the situation of Williamsburgh lies convenient to the Niagara market, it is also expected that both horses and young cattle will meet with a ready sale at high prices, the demand from Upper Canada being considerable. On Wednesday there

will be run for over the race-ground a purse of fifty pounds, and also a subscription purse. On Thursday there will be run for the sweepstakes, and races for small prizes. On Friday there will be shooting matches and foot-races. As this meeting will be held in the center of a country abounding with provisions, strangers will find no difficulty in providing themselves and horses, and pains will be taken to afford them every possible accommodation. Particular convenience will be made for such horses as are brought to compete for the different prizes. The horses must be regularly entered and carry weights according to the established rules at the races in the Low Countries."

This same year there is a record of the establishment of a provisional post office at Williamsburgh in a letter from Col. Timothy Pickering to General Chapin written from Detroit and dated August, 1793. The letter, in part, reads:

"The enclosed letter I request you to forward to Philadelphia, either by forwarding it to the post-office at Williamsburgh, or let it be carried by an Indian runner to the post-office at Whitestown."

It will be noted that the pre-twentieth century Detroit then depended upon Indian runners for speed rather than Ford mail-buses and airplanes.

The activities of Williamson cannot be described fully without mentioning his dealings with Aaron Burr, another genius, and perhaps a much misunderstood man. Burr was interested in the plan to create from the lands of Western New York, an independent state, a part of the Union, of course, but detached from the old colony. Burr sought Williamson's advice, and soon after Bath had been founded—it was the year 1793, to be precise, Aaron Burr and his beautiful daughter, Theodocia, with her husband, Mr. Allison, visited the Genesee Country enroute to the falls of Niagara. Burr, ever eager to see the country, left his companions at Canawagus, in order to make a trip to the lower falls, now in the very heart of Rochester. Burr stayed over night in the cabin of a settler named Shaeffer.

Burr formed a firm attachment for Williamson, and the two often met in friendly intercourse in Albany. The two were kindred spirits for each was an empire builder, though perhaps each had qualities of character and political ethics that were distinct, if not diverse. However this may be, Williamson was interested in Burr's border project, and if Burr had not fallen into difficulties, Williamson would have soon become deeply involved. One wonders what the fate of Texas would have been

in a political sense had such a man as Williamson been in the field there as he was on the Genesee.

One year after Williamson's arrival he had founded his city and gone through the experience of building a road through the deep woods that led from Pennsylvania over ridges and water sheds to the banks of the Genesee. He had built a saw mill on the Canaseraga, and had traveled to New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. His family was settled at Northumberland; he was settled nowhere as yet, but was an ever-moving agent, seeking both to understand his lands and to find settlers for them.

In the spring of 1793 Williamson determined to establish a settlement named Bath, after the Countess of Bath, Sir William Pulteney's daughter, and to facilitate the plans he had Charles Cameron make a survey whereby streets and lots might be laid out. The plotting was done by Thomas Rees, Jr., though Cameron liked to claim that he laid out the village. The first houses were Williamson's cabin and the land office. About twenty other log buildings were erected during the season.

The land was new and damp and fever and ague stalked wherever man was to be claimed as a victim. Williamson came to Bath, but coming as he did on April 15th he inhaled the miasma, as the medical world called the mysterious vapors that caused malaria, and before summer had set in he was a victim. Though he shivered with chills at one moment and burned with fever the next, he directed the work of building and soon had a tavern and grist mill. On June 10 he was ready to receive Mrs. Williamson and his children who came up the trail from Northumberland via the new Williamsport road.

Williamson tried to make a pleasant home with a garden, and even brought over an English gardener. Later he built a more pretentious home called Springfield Farm. The home was designed to be the most beautiful in Western New York. It was completed in 1801, but the gallant builder was destined to enjoy only a fleeting residence there.

John Maude, the English traveler, who spent much time with Williamson, and who admired his energetic business methods as well as his urbanity, wrote much of him and quotes him all through his book. He writes:

"On Captain Williamson's first arrival, where now is Bath, he built a small log hut for his wife and family; if a stranger came to visit him, he built a little nook for him to put his bed in. In a little time a boarded or frame house was built to the left of the hut; this also was intended as a temporary residence, though it then appeared a palace. His present residence, a very commodious, roomy, and well-planned house, is situated to the right of where stood the hut—long consigned to the kitchen fire."

In passing, Maude mentions under date of July 27 that a certain Mrs. Armstrong told of her husband finding the teeth of some monster animal:

"We sent for the man who returned with only three of the teeth. None present knew any animal to which such teeth might belong. Captain Williamson purposes after the harvest, to dig about the place where these teeth were found, in hopes of further discoveries."

From this it appears that the versatile Captain was one of America's first vertebrate paleontologists.

Thus did Bath grow into a considerable town, receiving distinguished foreign travelers and holding as settlers thrifty colonists who labored faithfully when the Genesee fever left them any strength. The Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt in writing of Williamson's business methods at Bath said:

"Perhaps it is the fairest eulogium I can pass upon his free and easy urbanity to say, that all the time of our stay, he seemed as much at ease as if we had not been present. He transacted all his business in our presence, and was actively employed the whole day long. We were present at his receiving persons of different ranks and descriptions with whom the apartment he allots to business is generally crowded. He received them all with the same attention, civility and good nature. They came to him prepossessed with a certain confidence in him, and they never left him dissatisfied. He is at all times ready to converse with any who have business to transact with him. He will break off a conversation with his friends or even get up from dinner for the sake of dispatching those who wish to speak to him."

It will thus be seen that Williamson was the prototype of the modern American business man and embodied the spirit of genteel democracy that is so characteristic of our best social life today.

Williamson's visit to the settlement at Kanadesega impressed him greatly. His fertile imagination pictured Seneca Lake as Lake Leman, and what could be more appropriate than to have a city here like the Geneva of the old world?

Accordingly, in the spring of 1794, he began to put his plans into execution. Under his instructions the little hamlet began to hum with workmen, busy with laying out streets and making improvements. The principal plan was the erection of a tavern of fine appointments, to be known as the Geneva Hotel. His hostelry was to house travelers and emigrants as they passed through this eastern gateway of the region. It was also designed as a place for grand ceremonies and receptions and the social center of all the region west of the Mohawk trail.

The hotel was completed in December, 1794, and opened with a grand ball that for many years was the talk of the wilderness. Its landlord was Thomas Powell, formerly of the famous Thatched Cottage in London, where the great lights of Britain frequently resorted. Powell had come to America and opened a tavern at Lansingburg, north of Troy. The chef, whose viands were the finest, was also from an English house, and many of the employees were experienced hands.

Maude, in his now famous notes, wrote of Geneva:

"Geneva on Seneca Lake; a charming situation. The Hotel is established and supported by Captain Williamson. Perhaps there is not a better house in the United States for liquors, attention, cooking and stabling, nor for provisions, if the Lake is productive in Fish—or Woods in Game. In the neighborhood are some Indian Orchards, Forts, etc.; and an enormously large Ox bred there."

Before this Maude had ample opportunity to study the character and achievements of Col. Williamson, and indeed, records his observations in his notes, to which the attention of the reader is directed.

Let us pause to consider how all these activities in western New York affected Great Britain. For certain reasons the British government had but little respect for the new United States and as little faith in its promise of endurance. Great Britain clung to certain military posts with great tenacity and refused to give them up. The expansion of the Genesee Country,

which begins at Sodus Bay, was watched by the British army post stationed there with growing alarm. Great Britain had not expected to have this end of the state developed so soon. When growth did take place military agents sought to arouse the Indians to a spirit of hostility, and the British Superintendent of Indian Affairs began to distribute presents with a lavish hand. The young braves along the Genesee appeared in fine raiment, costly blankets, gorgets and silver ornaments, displaying them with a measure of insolence to the American officials and settlers. There was every indication that the British Ministry was planning another war and needed her Iroquois allies once more. When Williamson in 1794 began the development of his Sodus Bay lands, duly confirmed to him by legislative enactment, Lieut. Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe was dispatched by Deputy Governor Simcoe to make a protest to Capt. Williamson.

Here was the test of Williamson's loyalty to his adopted country. He had been in British service and was a born Britisher, albeit of the Scottish persuasion. Sir Roger had known him as a fellow soldier, and seemed well qualified to deal with him. After some delay, for Williamson was at Bath at the time, a meeting was arranged.

Williamson stood at a table upon which reposed a brace of loaded pistols—grim symbols. The meeting was cordial as became one between two gentlemen. The British agent read his protest, at which Williamson replied that no attention whatever would be paid to its demands, and instructed Sheaffe to so report to his principals, and to say that the American settlements would proceed without regard to British interference.

It took but a few days to spread the news of this interview. Some settlers, alarmed at the haughty action of the Indians, and fearing another war, sold out their possessions and hastily left for the more protected east. Others, of sterner fibre, men who had served in battle against the British, set their jaws and resolved to stay at all costs. One wrote,

"We are prepared to give a cordial and warm reception to our Canadian friends, and shall not fail to pursuade them to make six-foot locations in the rich soil of the Great Sodus and along the Genesee should they come over with guns loaded and pointed."

Williamson lost no time in sending an express to Governor Clinton at Albany and to General Washington at Philadelphia, telling in detail of the ultimatum of Governor Simcoe, and of his own resolution to resist. Clinton received the news at his Newburgh home, and the fighting spirit of the old patriot was stirred again. He not only acceded to Williamson's request for authority to raise a military company, but stated that,

"the principle set up in Governor Simcoe's order cannot for a moment be tolerated and if any attempt should be made on the part of the British to carry it into execution, face must meet face."

At this very time three factors were in force that argued for peace. Though citizens cleaned their guns, and forts were built, though the State made ready and its militia placed in readiness, a trinity of forces checkmated any of Simcoe's plans. First, the victory of General Anthony Wayne—Mad Anthony—gave the Indian confederates of Ohio and the region to the west, a decisive defeat, sending them scattered and humbled to their homes. Seneca watchers soon returned with the news and hostile Senecas, such as there were, were convinced that the British of Canada were poor friends to have. Immediately the Seneca people of the Genesee Country turned about-face and smiled instead of growled at the settlers. At last they had been convinced that the Thirteen Fires were more than wisps of kindling soon to flicker out.

The second event was the consummation of the Canandaigua treaty under Timothy Pickering by which the Seneca and their kinsfolk agreed to their respective boundaries. The third event was the Jay Treaty that settled the boundary dispute, caused the withdrawal of the British forces from American soil and allowed the Genesee settlements to flourish once more without fear of encroachment or Indian depredations.

A fourth factor that cemented peace has not been generally recognized. It was the fact that Williamson, now a Colonel of New York militia, was the agent of the Pulteney estate. An invasion of the Genesee Country would have been an invasion of British financial interests, a thing that Williamson was not slow to see. Pressure by Pitt, Pulteney and their associates in London no doubt caused the military authorities to see the light. The

British were never known to war upon their own investments or curtail their profits. It was well that Williamson was here to stand between war and progress, and to cast his weight in favor of progress. Nor was his an uncertain position. It was that of a keystone in the arch between British and American interests. Williamson remained true to his American citizenship, in this way serving British interests to the greater advantage, a thing that the British ministry was not slow to see a few months later, when all British interposition was withdrawn by the provisions of the Jay treaty.

The remarkable ingenuity of Capt. Williamson is nowhere better illustrated than by the steps he took in advertising the lands of the Pulteney estate. He believed in expositions and projected the first of the great fairs of the country. The idea of a fair of large proportions was a bold one to project in an untamed wilderness, and yet Williamson understood the minds of men and their hearts as well. He knew that the trials of life in a new land were burdensome and that all would welcome a period of entertainment, excitement and relaxation.

In the unsophisticated days that marked the closing of the 18th century horse-racing was the acme of entertainment. Accordingly, Williamson planned to build at Bath the finest race course in the United States of America, and open it to an audience selected from the most critical sportsmen in the land. True enough, the site of this great tract was as yet covered by a great forest; true enough, the settlers, whose interest he sought to attract, lived hundreds of miles away; true enough, there were no roads connecting the exposition grounds with the rest of the world. To Williamson a good idea had no barriers.

With the energy of a born executive he brought laborers from New York, Albany and Utica, building huts and cabins in advance, and then setting the men to work. The fair grounds and village plot contained more than one thousand acres of land, all needing clearing. The land was cleared, the lumber utilized or burned, fences were erected, concessions were laid out, grandstands built and a mile race track constructed.

This not being enough for a wilderness fair, cottages and hotels, private dwellings and a theatre were erected. Two thousand guests were anticipated and their needs provided for.

The next task was to induce two thousand persons to brave the rigors of woodland travel and adventure and to make ready for the fair. Even at this seemingly unsurmountable undertaking the Captain was the master. Under his generalship couriers were sent throughout the settlements of New York, New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, and into British Canada. The towns in these states were plastered with broadsides and circulars. Couriers talked to everybody and spread broadcast by spoken word and printed form letter a cordial invitation to visit the mighty fair on the Pulteney lands, to see the great races and witness the performances in the commodious theatre.

The date of opening was advertised to be in September, 1796, the precise day depending upon the arrival of the guests. Uncertainty had its value in those days when travel was slow and silver screens were unknown. To assist travelers enroute the thoughtful promoter advertised that he would

"have stationed at Utica, Albany and New York City, on the east; at Northumberland, Easton, Harris's Ferry, Carlisle, Lancaster, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria and Richmond on the south; and at Montreal, Quebec, Niagara and Presque-Isle on the north, trusty and civil guides, who would meet and conduct gentlemen and their suites to his far-famed city upon the upper waters of the Susquehanna, in the lands of the crystal lakes and memorial parks, located at the garden home of the lately vanquished Six Nations whose dominions formerly extended from Canada to the Potomac and beyond."

The circular goes on to say:

"Gentlemen owning fleet horses, wherever they may be, are cordially invited to come, with their families and friends, their wives and daughters, and enjoy the hospitalities of this sylvan home."

So skilfully had this first of great realtors worded his invitation, and so enticing were his descriptions that guests began to arrive in July and caravans continued all during the month of August. The fact that there were few roads that could be traveled with any degree of ease, and that most of the routes were over tortuous Indian trails did not shake the conviction of the oncoming thousands that Williamson's show was worth seeing. On came the sightseers from New England over the easiest trail, that by way of the Mohawk valley, but those from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia found the way increasingly difficult as

they approached the goal. So great was the cavalcade from the south that by the time it reached Harris's Ferry, (Harrisburg) it became necessary to make two divisions of it, and care for each separately. By mid-September, when the Genesee Country is in its autumnal prime, 3,000 guests had arrived and were anxiously awaiting the booming of the gun that was to open the exposition. Bath was almost overwhelmed by the unprecedented crowds, and great men, great lawyers, judges, shrewd gamblers, cautious land buyers, home seekers and race course followers mingled in one common and excited throng. Negroes from southern plantations came as servants and made merry in this city of the woods, while Indians in gala attire appeared at picturesque spots and enlivened the dullness, if there was any, by their songs and dances. And, with characteristic business acumen, salesmen moved here and there among the inns and boarding places, telling of their wares and the dreams of new empire.

Horse breeders from all of civilized America came with their fleetest steeds, for Williamson owned the celebrated Virginia Nell and had offered a grand prize of 1,000 pounds sterling to the winner. Rivalry was keen, and far in advance of the race Virginia Nell was a betting favorite, though it was the announcement that Silk Stockings was ready to run that caused sporting men to take to the woods, for Silk Stockings was a New Jersey racer owned by William Dunn. Southern gentlemen who brought money, goods and Negro slaves placed their odds on Virginia Nell, but Silk Stockings ran away with the sweepstakes and nearly ruined the over-confident Southerners. They lost their money, their goods and their slaves. Bath was thus given a sudden colored population and impecunious Virginians were compelled to look over the cheap lots of Steuben County for a suitable abiding place. Silk Stockings, it will be seen, created a problem in this neck of the western woods, and the fact that she could run has been a problem ever since.

Marvelous entertainment was given by the Williamson interests, and there were festivities on every hand, and they continued until the month of October and witnessed the waxing and waning of the Harvest moon. Williamson kept his theatre open every evening and at certain hours during the day. Not a soul lacked for amusement which should steep his sub-conscious-

ness with the fact that here was a land of joy with most advanced precedents.

Other fairs had been given and other races had been run at Williamsburgh, but the fair at Bath in 1796 astonished the woodland world and roused the dwellers in remote hamlets to the possibilities of the Pulteney lands. Hundreds came back to settle, and land which had been worth but two shillings an acre jumped in value to two and four dollars and even more. Williamson's advertising campaign had succeeded beyond every dream, and even the defeat of his favorite mare was made to contribute to the sensation of the day. Of course this advertising venture cost money—it cost $500,000 of British money, and is an outstanding example of the business methods employed by this advanced executive. It foreshadowed the business methods to follow a century and a quarter later.

That a Scotsman reared in a land of thrift had the vision and faith to project an expensive advertising campaign of the type described indicates that he clearly saw the future of the Genesee Country. His imagination was truly prophetic, and the money that he spent in bringing his vision into reality to him was a safe investment, and one that he knew would pay enormous dividends. However, as these dividends did not come quickly enough, his principals began to waver, as will be seen.

From the evidence of his contemporaries, we must credit Col. Williamson as being the foremost pioneer in many of the activities that assisted in the advancement of civilized life in the Genesee Country. Williamson built the first good roads that made the region accessible; he entered into a movement that widely advertised the region; he built the first good taverns and hotels; he built flourishing mills; he built the first jumping keel-lee-board sail boat launching it in Seneca lake, (Maude, p. 90); he established schools; he encouraged the coming and the ministration of preachers of the gospel; he brought blooded cattle and horses; he established the first fairs and stock markets; he promoted law and order; becoming a foremost exponent of justice and fair dealing; he built the first theatres; he built the first race tracks; he established the first newspaper, "The Bath Gazette and Genesee Advertiser;" he laid out towns with an eye to convenience and order; he gave schools and churches glebes for their support; he contributed to many needy charities;

including large donations to schools, as the Canandaigua Academy; he established saw mills, grist mills and pearl ash factories; he laid out navigation routes and established boat transport lines; he established mail routes. More than this, he served his community as Judge and legislator, and he served his fellow men as friend and advisor. His terms were never harsh; he was always on the side of the settler who was having difficulties.

As Turner writes:

> "He was at home in every primitive log cabin, a welcome, cheerful and contented guest, with words of encouragement for those who were sinking under the hardship of pioneer life; and often with substantial aid to relieve their necessities; away off in some isolated opening in the forest would be those prostrated with disease, to whom he would be the good Samaritan, and send them the bracing tonic of restoring cordial.
>
> "These acts of kindness, his benevolence of heart, are well remembered by surviving Pioneers; and repeatedly the author has been importuned by them to speak well of their friend in these local annals."

Williamson's imagination and enthusiasm concerning the future of the Genesee lands seemed boundless, and while he felt sure of his ground, his London principals, particularly Sir William Pulteney, began to have serious misgivings. Expenses mounted to such large amounts that in 1800 Sir William refused to honor further drafts for money and requested Williamson to withdraw from his agency. He was further instructed to divide the holdings proportionately between Pulteney, Hornby and Colquhoun, and was offered in settlement for his former services and interests the sum of 30,000 pounds sterling and 12,000 acres of land, at cost price, providing he could convey to the Associates all their land free from entailment.

While Williamson refused the terms of settlement he immediately set out to accomplish the sub-division of the property as requested, and on December 13, 1800 he was ready to accomplish the transfer on condition that his principals convey to him sums totaling $275,000. As the alien land holding act of 1798 contained provisions soon to expire, it was necessary that the principals act with considerable celerity. To bring about the transfer, therefore, the Associates engaged Robert Troup, an eminent New York lawyer. Troup succeeded in dealing with Williamson and secured a deed two days before the expiration

of the enabling act. This was most fortunate for the company, since creditors were ready to levy executions on the property to satisfy the debts that Williamson had incurred in promoting the interests of Sir William and his colleagues.

Williamson's remuneration in satisfaction of his part of the settlement, as agreed after some hesitation by Sir William, was $89,000, the payment of his debts, amounting to $225,000 including his mortgages, and to release him from all claims. In seven years Williamson therefore had created an interest equivalent to more than $1000 a month, a considerable income at the time, but it must be remembered that the initial investment of the associates was little more than $175,000 and that the property values turned back by Williamson amounted to more than three and a half million dollars, of which Sir William Pulteney received six-sevenths. The deed of conveyance will be found recorded in the office of the Secretary of State of the State of New York, under date of October 21, 1801.

The only fault that the Pulteney interests could find with Williamson's administration was that he had incurred expenses to the amount of $1,374,470.10 and had outstanding obligations of some $300,000. Even at this, Williamson had more than doubled the money he had handled and done so in eight years of ceaseless toil in a wilderness that was all but empty. His labors reacted to the distinct advantage of the whole of Western New York, and most of the settlers felt indebted to him for more things than they could mention. From the standpoint of the citizen settler, Williamson was the first of citizens, the founder, the builder, the promoter, the financier and the spirit incarnate of the Genesee Country.

Though he had been an officer in the ranks of their former enemies the patriot settler soon learned of his patriotism and trusted him, giving him allegiance as Lieutenant Colonel. In 1793, when he was almost a new-comer, he was made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was made the County Judge of Ontario County on March 18, 1795, and a year later became County Judge of Steuben County. In 1796 he was elected to the State Assembly, being the first representative from all Western New York. He served in this capacity until 1799.

Ever alive to the vital needs of the community Williamson knew how to serve, and in all his public career he never violated

the faith plighted in him. The pioneer settler knew him as the soul of honor.

It is an interesting diversion to consider the principles that governed Williamson's choice of village locations. Bath was placed at the headwaters of the Cohocton as an inland town open by navigation and road to the Susquehanna region. Williamsburgh was placed on the Genesee, with trails and boat routes to the north, Sodus was placed conveniently upon Lake Ontario with abundant shipping facilities and access to the north and east as well as to the west. Geneva was placed on a beautiful inland lake with good navigation in several directions. Lyons was placed conveniently upon the Albany trail on a creek with sufficient waterpower to run mills. In the ordinary course of events, as the world had known the elements of progress, some of these positions or all of them were bound to succeed and become thriving cities. Williamson used the rarest of judgment and his dreams would undoubtedly have come true had the world run its accustomed course. Then roads, river and lake navigation, and recently the plan to make great canals, provided the only means of communication.

Williamson had considered the influence of Clinton's canal across the state, and believed that it would bring prosperity. He did not dream of the coming of the railroad and the changes that would come through its influence; he did not even dream that the canal would make a great city at Genesee Falls, that dismal place where Dugan ran the empty mills established by Indian Allan.

The canal came and the town of Rochester grew, railroads came and established new routes of travel, conjuring into existence numerous towns and stimulating thriving cities. Williamson's towns, except Williamsburgh still live on and are among the most beautiful in the state, and today the Genesee Country may well be proud of its Geneva, its Lyons, its Bath and its Sodus, but they are still towns. They are not the great cities that Williamson would have wished, but in no uncertain sense they still preserve a certain pioneer dignity, a stateliness, and an American loveliness that reflect the personality of their founder. But the world has changed; progress has given it means of communication and sources of power that Williamson could not foreknow. These elements now govern the size and

the influences of cities, bring them trade and give them might for manufactures.

Perhaps destiny has been kind nevertheless in attracting leading centers of population elsewhere. The land of the Genesee has its vast areas of incomparable farm lands, its comfortable hamlets, its beauty spots and its pristine charm. It is prosperous, its wealth is great, its people possess a rare degree of culture, and God smiles his kindest smile upon this land that was once Williamson's Woods. It is still capable of sustaining an enormous population upon its fertile acres, and who knows that this is not for the best and that as time gives us other inventions, the Genesee Country, because it now is as it is, will in some not so distant day become the great center of trade and commerce, at the same time retaining its scenic beauty and its distinctive people. Who knows the future? We do not, for the deity of progress moves in mysterious ways.

Charles Williamson was perhaps an idealist, but his administration of his ideals was an eminently practical one. He lived his dreams. Faithful to the interests of his principals, as he saw those interests, he was ever moving, ever directing, ever present through the vast acres of the Pulteney Estate. Neither illness nor weather seem to have deterred him. Winter or summer, he kept busy, now taking charge of his projects at Sodus, now at Bath, again at Geneva and again at Williamsburgh. A writer in the History of the Genesee Country says:

"Charles Williamson's personality reminds one of the Knights of the Crusades. He was an adventurer of the boldest type, a chivalrous and daring man. He was a keen sportsman in the broadest sense. We are told that he was tall and slender with the manners of a courtier. He wore lace cuffs, knee breeches, buckled shoes and a powdered wig. It is said of him that he was one of the most accomplished horsemen, and that his skill as a duelist often stood him in good stead. A writer of that day, states that one of the most exhilarating spectacles he had ever witnessed was Colonel Williamson riding his running horse through the forest path, his cape fluttering in the wind."

He was all of this. Whether treating with an Indian chief or an impecunious settler, a Duke, Prince or London financier, he was equally at ease, and placed his associates at ease. At the same time one never failed to be impressed with his commanding

presence; his personality was dynamic, it roused men to action and fired them with a contagion of enthusiasm.

In no uncertain sense he was the most commanding figure that the Genesee Country has ever known. His love for the region amounted to a passion and he never failed to inspire others with the same feeling of faith and devotion. Williamson did more in his time to make this region known throughout the world than any other person, and he did more to fix its character than any one else. It still bears the impress of his ideals. The Genesee Country today is the logical outcome of what was known a century and a quarter ago as Williamson's Woods. Loving the land as he did and seeking to build in it the finest home in all America, he demonstrated his intention to abide here to the end of his days. Fate intervened, and he left again for his own homeland. His heart was in America, however, and hearing of the dawning sun of freedom in South America he sailed for the West Indies. Yellow fever contracted on shipboard soon claimed him and in accord with the usages of the day he was buried at sea. Thus perished the mortal body of Charles Williamson, freeing the unconquerable soul of the builder of the Genesee Country and one of the first citizens of civilization.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Charles Williamson was a great letter writer. Orsamus Turner says (Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, pp. 275-276); "From the day that Mr. Williamson arrived in this country, until he returned to Europe, his correspondence was extensive and embraced a large number of prominent men in the northern states and in Europe." The various writers who describe the settlement of the Genesee Country, frequently quote letters written by, or to, Captain Williamson, but these letters have not been published in full.

In the Documentary History of the State of New York (Vol. II) eight letters of Williamson are reprinted under the title, "Description of the Settlement of the Genesee Country in the State of New York. In a Series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend." These eight letters were reprinted from an anonymous pamphlet printed in New York, by T. and J. Swords, 1799. John Greig, identified the author as Captain Charles Williamson (See Greig letter, Vol. 11, Doc. Hist. of N.Y.) The publication of the Williamson letters in the Documentary History led to a letter from George Brinley, Jr., to T. Romeyn Beck, dated, Hartford, April 22, 1850 (Vol. III, Doc. Hist. of N.Y.) as follows: "I perceive that in Vol. 2, of Documentary History of New York, 'Williamson's Description of the Genesee Country,' is reprinted from the second edition without any notice being made of the first edition (4to, Albany, 1798). This contains two maps and a very good plate by Fairman, which I wish had been copied. It, the first edition, contained but *five* letters, the second, *eight* letters; those numbered 1 to 5 are substantially the same as in the first edition, but are in many instances abbreviated and otherwise altered." The title of the 1798 pamphlet was, "Description of the Genesee Country, its Rapidly Progressive Population and Improvements: In a series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend."

In the library of The Rochester Historical Society, is a copy of the excessively rare 1798 edition (Albany, Printed by Loring Andrews & Co.). This copy contains the rare frontispiece, "A View of Fort Oswego;" also the two maps, "A Map of the Middle States, shewing the situation of the Genesee Lands and their connections with the Atlantic Coast, 1798;" and "Map of Ontario and Steuben Counties." Our library also contains a second copy of this 1798 edition in which the frontispiece and one map are missing.

The above described pamphlets are the only letters of Captain Williamson's published in their entirety. His "Observations on the Proposed State Road," were printed at New York in 1800.

In his paper, "The Title of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase" (Published, Rochester Historical Society, 1892) Mr. Howard L. Osgood said: "It is unfortunate that Mr. Williamson's letters, accounts and papers have been in great part lost and destroyed, so that few sources remain from which to prepare the biography of this remarkable man. The story of his life, would form perhaps, the most important chapter in the history of the settlement of Western New York."

Among the papers left by Mr. Osgood, were found copies of many letters written by, and to, Captain Williamson, on the subject of the Genesee Country These copies have been presented to the library of The Rochester Historical Society, through the generosity of Mrs. Osgood. Below appears a list of these copies:

4 letters from Charles Williamson to Charles Cameron, relating to the settlement of the Genesee Country, 1804 to 1807.
10 letters from Hector McKenzie to Charles Williamson, relating to the settlement of the Genesee Country, 1794 to 1801.
1 letter from Charles Williamson to Hector McKenzie.
2 letters from Hector McKenzie to Robert Troup.
1 letter from Alexander Hamilton introducing Charles Williamson to General TenBroeck.
1 letter to Charles Williamson from Aaron Burr.
26 letters from Robert Morris to Charles Williamson relating to the settlement of the Genesee Country, 1792 to 1796.
1 letter from Robert Morris to Charles Williamson, introducing Monsr. de Villaine and Doctor Mayerrback to James Tower and Charles Williamson.
48 letters from John Johnston to Charles Williamson relating to the settlement of the Genesee Country, 1792 to 1804.
1 letter from Charles Williamson to John Johnston.
9 letters from William Inman to Charles Williamson relating to the settlement of the Genesee Country, 1791 to 1793.
1 letter from P. Colquhoun to William Inman.
2 letters from William Inman to P. Colquhoun.
1 letter from James Miller to Charles Williamson.
1 letter from Charles Williamson to Mr. Harrison.
1 letter from Charles Williamson to John Duncan Cameron.
1 letter from Baron de Dumar to Patrick Colquhoun.
1 letter from Patrick Colquhoun to Baron Fredk. de Dumar.
1 letter from Donald Stewart to Patrick Colquhoun.
1 letter from Patrick Colquhoun to Donald Stewart.
1 letter from Patrick Colquhoun to Guillaume Berezy.
Observations by Charles Williamson on Mr. Berezy, the Provisions for the Germans, and their character and conduct.
Propositions by Charles Williamson to persons who have determined to settle as farmers in North America.
Obituary of Charles Cameron (Dec. 15, 1852) copied from the Canandaigua Repository.
Propositions to be made by William Berezy founded on the correspondence of Charles Williamson.
Proposition to Mr. Berezy, alias La Mott, on which he might engage settlers for the Genesee, dated, London, March, 1792.
Agreement between Patrick Colquhoun, Esq., of the city of London and Guillaume Berezy, dated London, Sept. 7, 1791.

Mr. Osgood left a memorandum to the effect that the originals of the letters listed above, were in the Davenport Library, Bath, N.Y. At the present time (1927) only five of these originals can be located in said Bath Library, which are there exhibited, framed and on the walls.

Mrs. Howard L. Osgood has recently [1927] sold to The Rochester Historical Society a number of original letters and papers relating to the Genesee Country, including letters written by, and to, Captain Williamson. These are being listed.

It would be interesting to bring together for publication all of the Williamson papers, but the task would be difficult because they are scattered, and are largely in the hands of private collectors. Extensive inquiries made recently (1927) have failed to discover any mass of such material.

Dr. Frank H. Severance answers for the Buffalo Historical Society: "We have none of the Williamson letters here." Miss Clara H. Hopkins, Librarian, reports from the Davenport Library, Bath, N.Y.: "I cannot find that we have many original Williamson letters. I have enquired of several of our trustees and they have no knowledge of such letters other than the five framed and on our walls." Judge Lockwood R. Doty, answers for the Livingston County Historical Society: "In the material now in the possession of our Historical Society I can find no Williamson letters, or copies, other than those you have." Mr. Alexander J. Wall, Librarian of The New York Historical Society, says: "I regret that I do not know of other printed letters of Charles Williamson, nor of any collections of his manuscripts. Our Society has the following manuscripts:

A.L.S. from Aaron Burr to Charles Williamson, dated Fort Schuyler, Oct. 19, 1798. 1 p. 4to.

A.L.S. from Charles Williamson to Rufus King, dated Brunettes Hotel, Leicester Square, London, May 17, 1803. 3 pp. 8vo.

Exemplification of a deed from Charles Williamson of Bath, Steuben Co., N.Y., and Abigail, his wife, to James Wadsworth of Geneseo, Ontario Co., N.Y., for land on the west side of Genesee River, Ontario Co., N.Y. Dated April 9, 1799."

Miss Marian Wiltsie, of the Manuscripts and History Section of the New York State Library, says: "The New York State Library has no unpublished letters of Capt. Charles Williamson. The only published letters we have are those which you mention relating to the Genesee Country. We have Capt. Williamson's Supplement to Vol. IV of the Universal Geography: 'Description of the Genesee Country, its Rapidly Progressive Population and Improvements.' This is not written in letter form." Mr. H. M. Lyndenberg, Reference Librarian, answers for The New York Public Library: "This library has no manuscript letters written by Charles Williamson. We have his Description of the Genesee Country, both the Albany Edition of 1798, and the New York Edition of 1799, as well as his 'Observations on the Proposed State Road,' printed at New York in 1800. We have also the biographical sketch of him written by William Main, printed at Perth in 1899."

The Library of Congress says: "According to a report from the Assistant in charge of our Division of Manuscripts, our records do not show any letters of Captain Charles Williamson." With this reply were enclosed three printed catalogue cards covering the published works of Captain Williamson in the possession of the Library of Congress, which include the pamphlets of 1798 and 1799, and the reprint in Vol. II, of the Documentary History of the State of New York.

Although the Ontario County Historical Society has a fine collection of manuscripts relating to the Genesee Country, only one original Williamson letter can be located there. President Charles F. Milliken writes: "The only letter from the Colonel in our files is one dated, Geneva, October 26, 1800, and is addressed to John Johnstone and James Ross. It relates to deeds which may be held by settlers already in possession, and he writes, 'I must, of course, keep such property,' but gives assurance that he will account to the Association for the proceeds."

Among the papers of the late Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, now in possession of The Rochester Historical Society, is an article referring to a visit to Rochester made by Judge Ansel J. McCall, of Bath, New York, in 1892, at which time he exhibited to her various old letters and documents relating to Charles Williamson, from which letters, Mrs. Parker quotes. She asserted that Judge McCall had an extensive collection of such material, and said: "McMaster's History of Steuben County, which tells us more about Colonel Williamson than any other book, was written largely from Mr. McCall's reservoir of fact and verified tradition, and a most interesting volume it is—one indispensible to a complete bibliography of Western New York." The village of Bath celebrated its centennial in 1893, at which time, Judge Ansel J. McCall delivered an Historical Address, and Mr. James McCall read a paper on "Charles Williamson." The Official Records of the Centennial were published (Bath, Press of Courier Company, Ltd., 1893) and constitute a very valuable contribution to Genesee Country history. A copy is in the library of The Rochester Historical Society.

Editor's Note: In December, 1926, a deed was recorded in the office of the Steuben County Clerk, conveying to Mary Vosburg, a parcel of ten acres of land, in the town of Howard, that county. This was a transfer of historical importance, as it was the last conveyance of the Pulteney Estate. One hundred and thirty-three years had elapsed since Captain Charles Williamson, started the settlement of the Genesee Country. For more than one hundred years offices were maintained both in Geneva and Bath for disposal of these lands to settlers. Finally the Geneva office was discontinued and the office at Bath alone was maintained. The agents who have represented the Pulteney Estate are as follows: In 1801, Robert Troup, succeeded Charles Williamson. In 1832, Robert Troup died and Joseph Fellows succeeded him, and in 1859 William Young was appointed to assist Mr. Fellows. Upon the death of both Fellows and Young, the agency for the real estate passed, in 1862, to Benjamin F. Young, son of William. Benjamin F. Young served for thirty-seven years, dying in 1898, and he was succeeded by Henry Wynkoop, who for a long term of years had been a member of Mr. Young's staff. It was during the agency of Benjamin F. Young that the "Anti-Renters Riots" occurred, following the War of the Rebellion. Serious trouble developed, which Mr. Young finally settled in a manner that ultimately commanded the high regard of the Anti-Renters.

Mr. Wynkoop, associated with William H. Nichols, a Bath attorney, joined in purchase of the balance of this real estate in 1904. Following the death of both Nichols and Wynkoop, their interests were represented by Attorney Fred Hastings of Bath. Mr. Hastings died in 1926, so the final closing of this once vast property fell to attorney Robert L. Cole of Bath, the son-in-law of the late Mr. Hastings.

Sub-agents who served the Pulteney Estate at the Geneva office were Thomas and George Goundry, William Van Wert, David H. Vance, John Wride, Dugald Cameron and William Mackay.

For an authoritative article on "The Title of the Phelps and Gorham Pur-

chase" see the paper on this theme by Howard L. Osgood (Published by The Rochester Historical Society, 1892).

Editor's Note: In the library of The Rochester Historical Society, is a copy of the English translation of the "Travels Through the United States of North America, the Country of the Iroquois, and Upper Canada ,in the years 1795, 1796, and 1797," by the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt (4 vols. London, 1800). These travels describe conditions in the Genesee Country in earliest pioneer days. In June, 1795, the author spent four days at Bath, New York, as a guest of Captain Charles Williamson, and he has left a vivid word-picture of his host, for whom he had great admiration; he comments on the Captain's home, his manner of living, business methods, character and personality.

François Alexandre Frédéric, Duc de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt, fled from the Terror of the French Revolution in 1792, and remained abroad until 1799, when he returned to Paris. It was during the period of his exile that he made his American journey. He was an eminent French philanthropist devoting his life to the study and practice of benevolent works, such as schools for poor children, prison reform, abolition of capital punishment, and vaccination. Being a close observer, and a student of social and economic conditions, his records of early American life are of value. Commenting on Charles Williamson, he said: "Captain Williamson is here universally respected, honoured and beloved. How glorious in my esteem, is his career! How fortunate and enviable his destination! How much more important than that of a dissipated courtier, or a mercenary stock-jobber! I too, not in a new country, but in France, where there is such an ample field for useful exertion, formed similar establishments on my estates, by which I diffused activity and industry all around me; I studied to enrich the country, and to render it industrious and flourishing. I hoped, and expected, to increase the felicity of my own situation, by adding to the comforts of my poor neighbors. Undertakings, which had no object but the welfare of my country, were beginning to be crowned with all the desired success, when I was suddenly obliged to relinquish that much loved country, to which I was rendering so much service. I am now, alas! an exile."

Editor's Note: The winsome, dashing personality of Captain Charles Williamson had an immense appeal for young men, though the hide-bound old conservatives shook their heads over the dizzy speculation in Genesee Country lands under Captain Williamson's leadership. Isaac Weld, Jr., an English traveler, visited Bath in November, 1796, when the speculation was at fever-heat. In his "Travels through the States of North America" (London: 1800) he publishes a letter which, he says, "appeared in a newspaper published in Wilkesbarré on the Susquehannah, and I give it to you verbatim, because, being written by an American, it will perhaps carry more weight with it than anything I could say on the same subject." Evidently the children of that day gave their parents some anxiety, as the wailings of this old farmer seems to indicate in the following letter:

"To the Printers of the Wilkesbarré *Gazette.*

"Gentlemen:

"It is painful to reflect, that speculation has raged to such a degree of late, that honest industry, and all the humble virtues that walk in her train, are discouraged and rendered unfashionable.

"It is to be lamented, too, that dissipation is sooner introduced in new settlements than industry and economy.

"I have been led to these reflections by conversing with my son, who has just returned from the Lakes or Genesee, though he has neither been to the one or the other;—in short, he has been to Bath, the celebrated Bath, and has just returned both a speculator and a gentleman; having spent his money, swapped away my horse, caught the fever and ague, and, what is infinitely worse, that horrid disorder which some call *terra-phobia.*

"We can hear nothing from the poor creature now (in his ravings) but of the Captain and Billy—of ranges—townships—numbers—thousands—hundreds—acres—Bath—fairs—races—heats—bets—purses—silk stockings—fortunes—fevers—agues, etc., etc., etc. My son has part of a township for sale, and it is diverting enough to hear him narrate its pedigree, qualities, and situation. In fine, it lies near Bath, and the Captain himself once owned, and for a long time reserved it. It cost my son but five dollars per acre; and he was offered six in half a minute after his purchase; but he is positively determined to have eight, besides some precious reserves. One thing is very much in my boy's favor—he has six years' credit. Another thing is still more so—he is not worth a sou, nor ever will be at this rate. Previous to his late excursion the lad worked well, and was contented at home on my farm; but now work is out of the question with him. There is no managing my boy at home; these golden dreams still beckon him back to Bath, where, as he says, no one need either work or starve; where, though a man may have the ague nine months in the year, he may console himself in spending the other three fashionably at the races." [Signed] "A Farmer"

"Hanover, October 25th, 1796"

Editor's Note: In his address on "Charles Williamson," delivered at the Bath Centennial exercises, June 6, 1893, Mr. James McCall said:

"About January 10, 1803, he sailed for Falmouth, England, and spent the summer on the British Isles. By December of that year, he returned to this country, where he remained until at least the close of 1806; for Charles Williamson Dunn, the first white child born in this town, has related that he saw the Colonel at Major Thornton's funeral in December, 1806. About that time, he again crossed the Atlantic, and left the Genesee Country for the last time. It must be, that it was at this period of his life that he was sent by the English Government to Egypt to investigate the condition of affairs in that illy-governed monarchy, over which Great Britain finally established her protectorate. His report was so carefully and justly drawn that he was publicly thanked in the House of Commons; and notwithstanding it ran counter to his interests, its truthfulness was acknowledged by the Pasha of Egypt, who presented him with a jeweled sword. In 1808, he was sent on some governmental mission to Cuba; and on the return voyage from Havana he died of yellow fever, in the 51st year (1808) of his age. And so he died, as he had lived, in the midst of danger, hardship and toil."

French Loans During Our Revolutionary War

By Edward G. Miner

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WHEN the Seven Years' War came to an end, in 1763, the diplomatic representatives of the belligerents sat down in Paris, to assess the damages, present the bill to the losers, and incidentally, to conclude that "permanent and lasting peace" which always formed a part of the programme. It had been a disastrous contest for France, with an almost unbroken record of defeat and disgrace, and she rose from the treaty table, not only stripped of most of her foreign possessions, but burdened also with some conditions regarding her own territory which were peculiarly ignominious.

She had been compelled to cede to England, Canada and all of her possessions in North America, except those which England made her transfer to Spain, various islands in the West Indies, and practically all of her great empire in India; and last, but not least, the grave had been opened, and the corpse of Dunkirk brought forth.

When the fortunes of Louis XIV were at their lowest, and the Peace of Utrecht was signed by him in 1713, he had been obliged by England to agree that the fortifications of the French city of Dunkirk which had been erected at great expense to protect that harbour, should be destroyed.

Prior to the Year of Our Lord 1919, and the Treaty of Versailles, it was a rare occasion when one nation would consent to the dictation of another power as to the use of its territory, but Louis XIV agreed to destroy the fortifications of the city to fill up the port, to ruin the locks, and never again rebuild them.

When the Seven Year's War broke out, naturally, these agreements were disregarded, but now in this Treaty of Paris, the French were compelled again to agree that the fortifications

of Dunkirk should be destroyed, and to aggravate the ignominy, an English Commissioner was stationed in the city to see that they were not rebuilt.

There was no wisdom in this proceeding; it was of no advantage to the English, and it was a source of supreme irritation to the French.

The reverses in the Seven Years' War had left a bitter consciousness of defeat in the heart of every patriotic Frenchman and a burning desire for revenge upon England.

Prussia had been victorious in this war, but Frederick had taken no territory from France, nor asked for an indemnity, while England, who had been his halting and reluctant ally at the end, had entered the contest solely to check the power of France. She had profited enormously by the war, and had taken from France possessions greater in area than France herself.

With these things rankling in their mind, the Ministers of France resumed again the task of restoring a bankrupt country. Perhaps their anger might have cooled somewhat in the twelve years that intervened between that peace and the Battles of Lexington and Concord, had England permitted, but instead, as the Comte de Vergennes, the Secretary of State, testifies, this question of Dunkirk was under discussion almost monthly, because of the arrogant attitude and demands of the British Resident.

France had no love for the American Colonies, but she early saw her chance for revenge in that quarter against England, and so she hated and waited, and also acted. Close watch was kept on political and economic development in the Colonies, whatever data available was collected and studied, and secret agents were frequently dispatched to America between 1768 and 1775, to travel through the Colonies and report conditions.

This was the situation when the war for independence opened, and France knew then that her chance had come to strike a blow at England, through her American Colonies.

Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes, at that time French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was a man to whom the United States will always owe a debt of gratitude, for no matter whether his aid to us was born of his desire to revenge himself upon England, the result to us was wholly beneficial.

He watched the struggles of the Colonists through the autumn of 1775, and while he satisfied himself that the insurrection was no hasty or ill-considered movement, yet he hesitated to involve himself in a war with England just then, for he was not sure of his Allies; and yet he knew that unless the Americans received foreign aid, Great Britain could wear them down by the weight of superior numbers and supplies.

Early in February, 1776, however, a report was received from one of the secret agents in America, Bonvouloir, which was so favorable in its general description of the situation of the Colonists that Vergennes made his decision, and immediately thereafter, in a very carefully prepared paper which he submitted to the King and his Cabinet, he recommended giving the insurgents all the secret aid that was possible without involving France in actual war.

As the Bourbon Court of Spain was allied to France by both ties of blood and hatred of England, he laid his plan before the Spanish Cabinet, and suggested their assistance. Spain responded with the promise of a letter of credit of 1,000,000 livres Tournois, and to this was added the further assurance of an additional million livres which on May 2nd, 1776, the King of France authorized Vergennes to advance to America through Beaumarchais.

This was the first direct aid given by France to America, and was the beginning of that interference which led eventually to her open alliance with the Colonies, and war with England.

At that time, however, if there was any idea of war between France and England, it was kept secret, and for this reason, the advance of the funds and their disposition was covered with diplomatic mystery.

At this point an interesting character enters upon the scene—Pierre-Augustin Caron, later to be known as De Beaumarchais.

Born in Paris, in his father's watch-making shop, in his youth a skilled apprentice in that trade, an inventor of improvement in escapements, he succeeded in early manhood in selling his watches to the King and his Court; in this he was aided by his lofty stature, his slender and elegant figure, and his agreeable conversation, which made him welcome in Court circles.

Soon he was Controller of the Pantry in the royal household, marched at the head of the procession which carried the meat to the monarch's table, placed the dishes before the King with his own hands, and then stood by, sword at side, during the repast.

Next he married a rich widow and took the name of Beaumarchais from a small fief belonging to his wife.

Now we find him displaying that unusual talent which was later to reach its bloom in the composition of such operas as—"The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville," in teaching the daughters of Louis XV to play the harp.

Next, he appears in a law suit, and gains such distinction by his legal pleading as to excite the admiration of Goethe and Voltaire, and so becomes one of the most popular men in France.

He seems to have proven his worthiness to the satisfaction of the Cabinet for now he was called upon to perform secret errands in England, of the utmost political importance, and it was during one of these that he met at the Lord Mayor's house, in London, Arthur Lee, member of that famous family in Virginia, then a law student in London.

Lee was a man whose natural exuberance of imagination was only exceeded by his restless desire for prominence, and the recklessness of his statements was governed only by his ability to pervert facts to suit his tastes. Because of this, much trouble came to Beaumarchais in later years. When Beaumarchais returned to Paris, he was definitely committed to render what aid he could to the Colonies—and when he undertook a task he gave his whole heart to it.

Accordingly, in September, 1775, he submitted to the King a formal memorandum, based largely upon the rosy statements of Lee, in which he predicted the early triumph of the Colonists. Vergennes, however, was cautious, and it was not until the following May that he allowed himself to be drawn into the plan.

Meantime, Beaumarchais had seen much of Lee, who played upon all the strings.

"The audacious, unbridled, shameless wickedness of the English toward the French in the past: their outrages and usurpations, limited only by their strength: the seizure of French territory in all parts of the globe—the destruction of the King's finest harbor of Dunkirk:" were only a few of his pious sentiments—and so the quarrel of the Colonies became the revenge

of France. Enamoured as they were, of the idea, the Ministers were still reluctant to involve France immediately in a war with England through this cause, if it could be postponed until the British had become more fully involved in hostilities with the Colonies, and knowing this, Beaumarchais came forward with a fantastic scheme.

It was possible, he said, to aid the Colonists without involving France openly, and they might receive this succor without its being known that it came from the King's Government; and he added:

"If your majesty has no fitter man to employ, I will undertake the enterprise, and no one shall be compromised. My zeal will better supply my lack of capacity, than the ability of another could replace my zeal."

This plan was acceptable to Vergennes, who thereupon wrote to the French Minister at Madrid that although the King of France was not ready to make any open combination with the Colonists, since even to furnish them arms and ammunitions might be too open a proceeding, he was at the same time, ready to lend them a million livres, and they could buy what they needed. This he told the Ambassador, could be done by a commercial firm, which could mask its operations by a keen desire to take a part in American trade.

His Spanish Majesty approved of the plan, and sent on his contribution of a million livres to balance the investment of his French cousin.

Some parts of the prospectus make interesting reading, when we recall what other French Cabinet officers have said of recent enemies in more recent years:

"England," wrote Vergennes, "is the natural enemy of France. She is an enemy at once grasping, ambitious, unjust, and perfidious. The invariable and most cherished purpose of her politics has been, if not the destruction of France, at least her overthrow, her humiliation and her ruin. It is our duty to seize every possible opportunity to reduce the power and greatness of England, and now is France's opportunity. The Americans are at open war with their central government: they appeal to us to give them aid and succor. If the English are foolish enough to destroy their power by their own force, to exhaust their finances and engulf themselves in civil war, why should we interrupt them? Let us quietly watch them consume themselves. Our relative power is bound to be increased."

These words had weight, the decision was made, and now the gay composer of comic operas came forward with his scheme. As an historian of the time has said:

"The composer of 'The Barber of Seville' and 'The Marriage of Figaro' ran true to form, and the taste for Spanish literature which he showed in his plays, appeared in the title which he selected for his mythical firm; it was Spanish, high sounding and fictitious." (Roderique Hortalez et Cie.)

In the name of this house, supplies were to be sent to the insurgents, the government furnishing such money as it from time to time decided to advance, and supplying arms and munitions of war from the Royal arsenals.

How these advances of the State were to be repaid was not then decided; if Beaumarchais could obtain repayment from the rebels, naturally he was to do so, and since the reports and assurances of Mr. Arthur Lee pictured the Colonies as able and willing to do so, recoupment seemed fairly certain.

It was plainly apparent that they would need many more supplies than the King would consent to furnish, and to supply this balance, Beaumarchais decided to speculate on his own account.

The King advanced the first million livres on June 10th, 1776, and Beaumarchais gave a receipt reading:

"Of which I am to render an account to the said Sieur Comte de Vergennes."

On August 11th, 1776 the million livres arrived from the King of Spain and for this he also receipted:

"The use of which I am to account for to His Excellency M. le Comte de Vergennes."

With such capital in hand, and more in the offing, Beaumarchais plunged immediately into business. In the Faubourg du Temple, stood an enormous house known as the Hotel de Hollande, the former residence of the Dutch Ambassadors. This he rented and filled with a host of clerks and employees, in the midst of which, early and late, he was found, supervising the operations of his firm with an energy which partially compensated for his lack of business method, his ignorance of

commercial affairs of this nature, and his unfortunate lack of discretion.

By this time, Silas Deane, who had arrived from America in the same financial condition and frame of mind as some of our Balkan Allies in the late war, in short order had purchased for immediate shipment,—

Uniforms for 20,000 men
30,000 Muskets
100 Tons of Gunpowder
200 Brass Cannon
24 Mortars

and all the necessary shot and shell for the artillery. Deane contracted to pay for these supplies, amounting to some 3,000,000 livres, on eight months' time, from the proceeds of tobacco and other merchandise which the Colonies were to consign to Beaumarchais. It was agreed that even with the uncertainties of shipping twelve months' time would be the longest credit required, and it was hoped that considerable remittances would be made in six months.

His heirs were reimbursed for a part of this shipment in 1835, fifty-nine years later, the balance they never received.

Once started, things moved rapidly. He ransacked the government arsenals to obtain arms; he purchased cloth for uniforms, and chartered vessels to carry them to America, but not without many difficulties.

Some of his vessels were captured; some of the cannon could not be used, for they bore the royal arms of France, stamped so deeply they could not be obliterated, and if captured by the British would certainly cause trouble, and more than all else, Lord Stormant, the resident Ambassador, a hard-headed representative of the "right little, tight little" diplomat of that day, bombarded Vergennes daily with angry protests at the violation of all the principles of neutrality by the author of the "Barber of Seville."

But Beaumarchais persisted, and many a man who marched against Burgoyne at Saratoga, wore shoes on his feet, clothes on his back and carried a musket on his shoulder which came from the magazines of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XVI. Within a year from the first shipment, that is, by September,

1777, he had shipped us munitions of war to the value of 5,000,000 livres.

The shiploads of tobacco and other American produce which were to pay for these supplies did not arrive; in fact, the Americans had not the decency to even acknowledge the receipt of the shipments, but this did not dampen Beaumarchais' ardor, and while the British Ambassador stormed and threatened more vehemently each time, Beaumarchais proceeded with increasing vigor, though he wrote in October of this year:

"There is no news from America, and no tobacco either. This is depressing, but depression is a long way from discouragement."

Even to this day, it gives Americans a sense of shame to think how much of his troubles grew out of the pernicious activity of Arthur Lee.

Lee thought he was the man to represent the Colonies in France, and when Silas Deane turned up, armed with the credentials and authority of the Continental Congress, Lee conceived the most violent hatred for both Deane and Beaumarchais, and devoted the rest of his time, both in Europe and America, to embarrassing them in every way.

He asserted that Beaumarchais was simply the figure head of the King, that all credits and supplies they received from the house of Rodrique Hortalez & Cie were the gift of the King and that Beaumarchais and Deane, in asking for reimbursements were doing so to put the money in their own pockets.

A more untruthful statement never was uttered, yet it was characteristic of the man.

One of America's famous historians has said of him:

"Arthur Lee was one of the most suspicious, the most atrabilious, and the most cantankerous persons whom the Revolution produced, and he excited in those with whom he had to deal a degree of irritation difficult to describe. He was eager to take a prominent part and jealous of those who were preferred to him; believing all men to be liars, except himself and possibly John Adams, with an extraordinary power of hating, an endless fund of acrimony, and an exhaustless capacity for lying, he did an amount of evil out of all proportion to his very moderate ability."

The amazing thing about it all was, how great an effect Lee had on Congress and how little he had upon Beaumarchais and Vergennes.

When Beaumarchais asked Congress to pay him for supplies furnished under contract with their accredited representative Deane, Lee wrote saying nothing was to be paid, the demand was in fraud of the French Government, and only intended to fill the pockets of Beaumarchais and Deane with ill-gotten gains; and if Congress doubted his word, they could ask Vergennes.

Naturally, that was the last thing Vergennes would answer, since he was daily telling Lord Stormont that his talk was moonshine and the French Government was not aiding the insurgents.

Congress had no money to repay the losses even if Lee had not muddied the waters, and so they took the easiest course, delayed payments as long as possible, and then paid little or nothing.

When they finally did send a small cargo of indigo and rice, Lee tried to claim the cargo, though Beaumarchais finally did obtain possession: the value, however, was only about 150,000 livres, and the Colonists must have owed him fifty times that sum.

It would take more space than that allotted this paper to tell of the steadfast loyalty and devotion of Beaumarchais to the cause of the Revolutionist between 1776 and 1783. In that time the House of Hortalez expended almost 21,000,000, livres ($4,200,000.00) for the purchase and shipment of supplies to America.

For some of the debt he received payment, in notes payable three years in the future, and in delayed shipments of produce, but for a large part, nothing.

In 1793 Congress seems to have had a twinge of conscience, for they ordered Alexander Hamilton to examine his accounts and determine the balance owed by the United States. Hamilton did so and reported that there was justly due Beaumarchais the sum of two million, two hundred and eighty thousand francs, and the question of the million livres which Lee disputed was left open. Congress declined to pay the award because the Lee and Adams families were strong enough to prevent.

When the French Revolution came, Beaumarchais fled to Hamburg, and lived in a garret in great poverty. From there, just before his death in 1795, old, poor, sick with twenty years

of waiting, broken in body and in fortune, he wrote thus to Congress:

"Americans, I served you with untiring zeal. I have thus far received no return for this but vexation and disappointment, and I die your creditor. On leaving this world, I must ask you to give what you owe me to my daughter as a dowry. When I am gone, she will, perhaps, have nothing, on account of other wrongs against which I can no longer contend. Through your delay in discharging my claims Providence may have intended to provide her with a resource against utter destitution. Adopt her after my death as a worthy child of the country! Her mother and my widow, equally unfortunate, will conduct her to you. Regard her as a daughter of a citizen...Americans,...be charitable to your friend, to one whose accumulated services have been recompensed in no other way!"

It is not very pleasant reading for an American.

Twenty-seven years later, that daughter came to America to submit her case to Congress and ask for justice; eminent Americans supported her claim, and she added to their pleas:

"After having paid some attention to the aforesaid documents, you will wonder, no doubt, that justice has been asked for without success so many years. Will it be refused me again? As a reward for the devotion of Beaumarchais to your cause, shall his daughter be deprived of her fortune, and finish her life in vain and cruel expectation, as her father did, whose existence was shortened by troubles and sorrow? Till the last moment of his life he begged you to decide upon his claim. He said to you: 'My proceedings towards you were zealous and pure; my letters, my commercial conventions attest it; they are in your hands; they have been thoroughly examined: examine them again.' The proofs which those frequent examinations have established are warranted by illustrations and unexceptionable testimonies, among which I find, with pride, those of some of your countrymen: their veracity could not be questioned. Decide, in your own cause, with equity and impartiality! Or, at least, be pleased to appoint special commissioners to settle that discussion, to end the unequal struggle, and I will accept them from you with confidence as my judges: but I beg that a speedy decision may take place."

That was in 1824. Eleven more years passed without action, and then in 1835 the heirs were informed that if they would execute a receipt in full they could have 800,000 francs.

Fifty-seven years had passed since the claims were made, and with interest at only 3% per annum the settlement reduced the original claim to 300,000 francs.

It was less than one-seventh of the sum Alexander Hamilton said was due.

It was a settlement at less than twenty-five cents on the dollar, after a delay of over half a century by a rich and prosperous nation with the poverty-stricken heirs of a man who had furnished our ancestors with assistance when the lack of it meant our ruin, and who had risked all.

Not very pleasant reading for the descendents of the Lees of Virginia and the Adams of Massachusetts.

Because I have given you at length the tragic history of Caron de Beaumarchais, it must not be taken for granted that his was the only case. Take for example, from a score of others, that of Le Ray de Chaumont: this wealthy Frenchman gave up his house, the spacious Hotel de Valentinois in Passy to Franklin for a residence, free of charge, saying that when American independence had been established Congress, if it saw fit could compensate him with a grant of American land. Here Franklin lived for nine years and exercised a great hospitality; here the negotiations between France and the Colonies, and subsequently, between the Colonies and England, were carried on.

The accommodations were so costly that John Adams, a thrifty Yankee with soul considerably smaller than the occasion, writes Chaumont:

"It is not reasonable that the United States should be under so great obilgations to a private gentleman, as that their representatives should occupy for so long a time, so elegant a seat, with so much furniture and such fine accommodations without any compensation."

Chaumont adhered to his original offer, as far as his house was concerned, but he did not confine his assistance to that alone: he took an active part in sending supplies to the Colonies, frequently acted for the French ministers in securing ships and despatching them, and did all in his power, with his fortune and influence, to help the rebels.

Soon after the beginning of the war, he sent a shipload of powder to Boston, with instructions to his agents not to insist upon payment unless the Americans were successful in their struggle for independence.

His fate was that of everyone who had business relations with the Colonies—bankruptcy.

After his failure, he sent his son to America, in 1785, to obtain a settlement of his father's claim.

Franklin gave a letter of introduction to the son in which he said of Chaumont:

"He was the first in France who gave us credit, and before the Court showed us any countenance, he trusted us for two thousand barrels of gunpowder, and from time to time afterwards exerted himself to furnish the Congress with supplies of various kinds, which for want of due returns they being of great amount, has finally much distressed him in his circumstances."

Notwithstanding such testimony, the son stayed here many years without obtaining either money or settlement, and finally, like many, many other creditors of the Confederacy, abandoned the suit as hopeless, and returned bankrupt to France, there to die.

Meantime, around New Year's in 1777, Franklin had arrived in France, and if Beaumarchais and Silas Deane had kept the British Ambassador busy, what words can describe his feelings now?

He protested to Vergennes against "allowing the Chief of the American rebels to enter Paris," and at the same time, wrote the Foreign Office:

"It is generally believed here that he comes in the double capacity of a negotiator and fugitive; this suspicion, joined to the knowledge of his former character, and to that reputation for duplicity which he has so justly acquired, will, I hope, throw many difficulties in his way. He will lie, he will promise, and he will flatter with all the insinuation and subtlety that are natural to him."

Stormont's fears came true within the year, and when the joyful news ran through Paris in the closing days of that same year, that Burgoyne was defeated and he and his armies prisoners of war, a messenger started post-haste to the Spanish Court with word from Vergennes that he was ready for an alliance with Spain and the Colonists, and to declare war against England.

When that was done, money getting was much easier for the Colonies, hard though it was at all times.

By February, 1778, Franklin was able to negotiate a loan of 18,000,000 livres with the French Government, three weeks after signing the Treaty of Alliance. This was advanced in twenty-one instalments between February, 1778 and July, 1782 and the

terms of repayment with interest were carefully stated in the Treaty which Franklin negotiated in 1782.

Meantime, the finances of the Colonies were in such desperate straits, that in 1781, France advanced 6,000,000 livres from the Government Treasury, for which, so far as I can learn, she never asked for or received payment of either principal or interest.

Even this gift proved insufficient, and since by now, the French Treasury was empty, the King borrowed for us 10,000,000 livres from the States General of Holland; a reference to this loan is found in the Treaty, and it seems worth while to read it at this point, for it is a clear disclosure of the benevolent attitude of France toward us, even if the language sounds very much like Franklin's:

ARTICLE I

It is agreed and certified that the sums advanced by His Majesty to the Congress of the United States, under the title of a loan, in the years 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, and the present 1782, amount to the sum of eighteen million of livres, money of France, according to the following twenty-one receipts of the above mentioned under written Minister of Congress, given in virtue of his full powers, to wit:

1.	28 February,	1778	750,000	
2.	19 May,	ditto	750,000	
3.	3 August,	ditto	750,000	
4.	1 November,	ditto	750,000	
				3, 000,000
5.	10 June,	1779	250,000	
6.	16 September,	ditto	250,000	
7.	4 October,	ditto	250,000	
8.	21 December,	ditto	250,000	
				1,000,000
9.	29 February,	1780	750,000	
10.	23 May,	ditto	750,000	
11.	21 June,	ditto	750,000	
12.	5 October,	ditto	750,000	
13.	27 November,	ditto	1,000,000	
				4,000,000
14.	15 February,	1781	750,000	
15.	15 May	ditto	750,000	
16.	15 August,	ditto	750,000	

17.	1 August, ditto	1,000,000	
18.	15 November, ditto	750,000	
			4,000,000
19.	10 April, 1782	1,500,000	
20.	1 July, ditto	1,500,000	
21.	5 of the same month	3,000,000	
			6,000,000
Amounting in the whole to 18 millions, viz.			18,000,000

By which receipts the said Minister has promised, in the name of Congress, and in behalf of the thirteen United States, to cause to be paid and reimbursed to the royal treasury of His Majesty, on the 1st of January, 1788, at the house of his grand banker at Paris, the said sum of eighteen millions, money of France, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum.

ARTICLE II

Considering that the payment of so large a capital at the one stipulated period, the 1st of January, 1788, may greatly injure the finances of the Congress of the United States, and it may perhaps be even impracticable on that footing, His Majesty has been pleased for that reason to recede in that respect from the tenor of the receipts which the Minister of Congress has given for the eighteen million livres tournois, mentioned in the foregoing article, and has consented that the payment of the capital in ready money, at the royal treasury, be in twelve equal payments of 1,500,000 livres each, and in twelve years only, to commence from the third year after a peace.

ARTICLE III

Although the receipts of the Minister of the Congress of the United States specify that the eighteen million of livres above mentioned are to be paid at the royal treasury, with interest at five per cent. per annum, His Majesty being willing to give the said United States a new proof of his affection and friendship, has been pleased to make a present of, and to forgive the whole arrears of interest to this day, and from thence to the date of the treaty of peace; a favor which the Minister of the Congress of the United States acknowledges to flow from the pure bounty

of the King, and which he accepts in the name of the said United States with profound and lively acknowledgements.

ARTICLE IV

The payment of the said eighteen millions of livres tournois shall be in ready money at the royal treasury of His Majesty at Paris, in twelve equal parts, and at the terms stipulated in the above second article. The interest of the said sum, at five per cent. per annum, shall commence with the date of the treaty of peace, and shall be paid at every period of the partial payments of the capital, and shall diminish in proportion with the payments. The Congress of the said United States being left, however, at liberty to free themselves sooner from this obligation by anticipated payments, in case the state of their finances will admit.

ARTICLE V

Although the loan of five millions of florins of Holland, agreed to by the States General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, on the terms of the obligations passed on the 5th of November, 1781, between his Majesty and the said States General, has been made in His Majesty's name, and guaranteed by him, it is nevertheless acknowledged by these presents, that the said loan was made in reality on account, and for the service, of the United States of North America, and that the capital, amounting, at a moderate valuation, to the sum of ten millions tournois, has been paid to the said United States, agreeably to a receipt for the payment of the said sum given by the undersigned Minister of Congress the seventh day of June last.

ARTICLE VI

By the convention of the said 5th of November, 1781, the King has been pleased to promise and engage to furnish and pay at the general counter of the States General of the Netherlands, the capital of the said loan, with the interest at four per cent. per anum, without any charge or deduction whatever to the lenders, so that the said capital shall be wholly repaid after the space of five years, the payments to be made in ten equal periods, the first of which to commence the sixth year from the date of

the loan, and afterwards from year to year to the final payment of the said sum; but it is in like manner acknowledged by this act that this engagement was entered into by the King at the request of the undersigned Minister of the United States, and on the promises by him made in the name of Congress, and on behalf of the thirteen United States, to cause to be reimbursed and paid at the royal treasury of His Majesty at Paris, the capital, interest, and cost of the said loan, according to the conditions and terms fixed by the said convention of the 5th of November, 1781.

ARTICLE VII

It is accordingly agreed and settled that the sum of ten million livres tournois, being, by a moderate computation, the principal of the loan of five millions of Holland florins above mentioned, shall be reimbursed, and paid in ready money at the royal treasury of His Majesty at Paris, with the interest at four per cent. per annum, in ten equal payments, of one million each, and in ten terms, the first of which shall be on the 5th of November, 1787, the second, the 5th of November, 1788, and so from year to year till the final payment of the said sum of ten millions, the interest lessening in proportion with the partial payments of the capital. But in consequence of the King's affection for the United States, His Majesty has been pleased to charge himself with the expense of commissions and bank for the said loan, of which expenses His Majesty has made a present to the United States, and this their undersigned Minister accepts with thanks, in the name of Congress, as a new proof of His Majesty's generosity and friendship for the said United States.

ARTICLE VIII

With regard to the interest of the said loan during the five years preceding the first term of payment of the capital, as the King has engaged to pay it at the general counter of the States General of the Netherlands, at the rate of four per cent. yearly, and every year, counting from the 5th of November, 1781, according to the convention of that day, the Minister of Congress acknowledges that the repayment of that is due to His Majesty by the United States, and he engages, in the name of the said United States, to cause payment thereof to be made at the

same time and at the same rate at the royal treasury of His Majesty; the first year's interest to be paid the 5th of November next, and so yearly, during the five years preceding the first term for the payment of the capital, fixed as above on the 5th of November, 1787.

The high contracting parties reciprocally bind themselves to the faithful observance of this contract, the ratifications of which shall be exchanged in the space of nine months from this day, or sooner if possible.

In testimony whereof we, the said Plenipotentiaries of His Most Christian Majesty, and of the thirteen United States of North America, in virtue of our respective powers, have signed these presents, and thereunto fixed the seal of our arms.

Done at Versailles the 16th day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two.

(*Signed*) GRAVIER DE VERGENNES.
(S e a l) (*Signed*) B. FRANKLIN.
(S e a l)

In 1783, France made us another loan of 6,000,000 livres.

These loans, including one of a million livres made by the Farmers-General of France, on some tobacco which they never received, amounted in all to 35,000,000 livres or $6,352,500.00.

If the finances of the Colonies during the Revolution were bad, they were worse under the Confederation, and by December 31st, 1789 we owed France $7,895,300.33.

Then the tide turned. During the next five years, 1790 to 1795, we paid France in principal and interest, $7,151,896.53, and on January 1st, 1796 we issued to her certificates of indebtedness bearing 4½% and 5½% for $2,024,900, and thus closed the account.

The total sum we repaid France was $9,176,796.53, of which $7,895,300.33 was principal and $1,281,496.20 was for interest, not including the interest on the $2,024,900 certificates, which we also paid.

In addition thereto, we paid certain other unfunded debts to France, paid in specie, including one for $136,877.84—paid in 1792.

Then there was the debt to foreign officers. The average American imagines they were all like Lafayette and paid their

way, in the beginning: far from it! They took all they could get, seldom if ever paid their debts, and at the same time, collected in full from the United States.

At the close of the Revolution, the debt of the Colonies to foreign officers was over $200,000.00, which we paid in installments to France with interest.

In 1792 we paid $42,000 in principal and $10,354.79 in interest on this account; incidentally in the Treasury accounts for 1792 is the item, "Paid to General Lafayette $4,000."

This was in addition to the $200,000.00 in cash, and the extensive grant of land which Congress granted him in 1824.

Thanks to Oliver Wolcott and Alexander Hamilton, by December 14th, 1795 we had adjusted the French debt to that nation's entire satisfaction. The 4½% stock we gave them was all paid by 1807 and the 5½% in 1815, and thus the incident was closed.

All told, we received State aid of over 46,000,000 livres (about $10,000,000.) divided as follows:

GIFTS, FOR WHICH REPAYMENT WAS NEVER DEMANDED OR OFFERED

	Livres
1776—June 10th, (the disputed Beaumarchais item)	1,000,000
1777—	2,000,000
1781—	6,000,000
1782—Interest remitted on loan of 1778	2,000,000
	11,000,000

LOANS REPAID IN FULL

1777 —From Farmers-General	1,000,000
1778-82—Advanced in 21 instalments	18,000,000
1781 —Borrowed by France for us, from Holland	10,000,000
1783 —Advanced through Franklin	6,000,000
Total	35,000,000

It is true that she rendered us indispensable naval and military aid at critical periods; it is even of record, that at the closing scene at Yorktown, the fleet of Comte de Grasse in the Chesapeake, the expeditionary force from the Hudson, under Rochambeau, and the troops of Lafayette, furnished more Frenchmen at the surrender than there were Americans, but after all, the

fact remains, that without the financial help which the King and his subjects gave us in the beginning, our effort must have failed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is interesting to observe how various authors spell the name of General Lafayette. His full name was Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Morier, Marquis de La Fayette. In the affection of the American people this name was shortened to Lafayette. English authorities refer to him as La Fayette, and this form is often used by American writers. On American monuments erected in his honor the name sometimes appears LA FAYETTE, two words in letters of equal size; but more often as LAFAYETTE, a single word. In "Lafayette in America, in 1824 and 1825; or Journal of Travels in the United States," (New York: 1829) by A. Levasseur, Secretary of General Lafayette during his travels, the name is always printed as one word, "Lafayette;" and that is the way the General wrote his signature (see signature under frontispiece, in "Memoirs of General Lafayette, Hartford, 1825).

EDITOR'S NOTE: The renaissance of the printed book in England is inseparably connected with the name of John Baskerville. By his improvement in the form of the types and in the various processes of printing, he raised the art to a higher state of perfection than it had ever before reached. After his death, in 1779, his printing plant was purchased by Beaumarchais A letter from Mr. Edward G. Miner quotes the following paragraph from Straus and Dent's "John Baskerville, a Memoir" (Cambridge, 1907):

"It was not until 1779 that Sarah Baskerville was enabled to sell all her remaining types and printing apparatus, and then, to her country's shame, be it said, they were allowed to go to France. The whole foundry was purchased by the French dramatist, Beaumarchais, for the Société Littéraire Typographique, for the sum of £3000."

THIS STONE, BEARING THE
MARK OF ERNULF, BISHOP OF
ROCHESTER 1115-1124,
BUILDER AND RESTORER, WAS
PRESENTED TO ST. LUKE'S,
ROCHESTER, N.Y. BY THE
DEAN AND CHAPTER OF THE
CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF
CHRIST AND THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY, ROCHESTER,
ENGLAND, AS A LINK BINDING
THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Tablet and Memorial Stone set in an interior wall of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., and dedicated by Right Rev. Charles H. Brent, D. D., Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, Sunday, April 24, 1927. This Tablet and Stone were presented by Very Rev. John Storrs, D.D., Dean of Rochester Cathedral, England, at the suggestion of Bishop Brent.

The British Evacuation of the United States

By Howard L. Osgood

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, May 14, 1900.

THE surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, on October 19, 1781, ended the general hostilities of the Revolution. Provisional articles of peace were signed at Paris by representatives of the United States and of Great Britain on November 30, 1782; and on January 20, 1783, an armistice was agreed upon. The news of the execution of the provisional treaty and of the armistice reached Philadelphia, the seat of government, on March 23, 1783, and both were sanctioned by Congress, April 11. On April 18, 1783, exactly eight years after the commencement of the war, General Washington formally closed the Revolution by his proclamation of the cessation of hostilities. The definitive treaty of peace was signed at Paris, September 3, 1783, and was ratified by Congress January 14, 1784.

Both the preliminary and the definitive treaties provided, among other things, that his Britannic Majesty should, with all convenient speed, evacuate all his posts within the limits of the United States. The British garrisons within those limits were stationed at New York City, at Point au Fer and Dutchman's Point on Lake Champlain, Oswegatchie, Oswego, and Niagara, in New York, at Detroit and Michilimackinac, now in Michigan, and perhaps at Presqu' Isle on Lake Erie.

Sir Guy Carleton took steps as rapidly as possible to evacuate New York City, and this was finally accomplished November 25, 1783; but the northern posts were not evacuated, nor was there any attempt or disposition to surrender them.

Washington soon despatched Baron Steuben to Quebec to confer with Sir Frederick Haldimand, the British Governor and Captain General. Steuben was most politely received at Fort

St. John on the Sorel river, but he was informed on August 13, 1783, that, as no orders had been received for the surrender of the frontier forts, nothing could be done about the matter. In May, 1784, Lieutenant Colonel Nicholas Fish, Adjutant General of the State of New York, demanded the transfer of certain forts within the boundaries of that State and received the answer that no surrender could be made to an individual State. Lieutenant Colonel William Hull also made application for the posts on behalf of the United States in July, 1784, and his mission, too, was without result. John Adams, the minister to England, had no better success two years later.

The reasons for the retention of these posts have not been fully understood, but it is now satisfactorily settled that there were three principal factors involved, without mentioning others of minor influence.

As soon as the first rumors of peace reached the frontiers, the British officers commanding the posts endeavored to keep the news secret, waiting for authentic and official information and instructions before communicating the facts to the Indians.

It should be remembered that the garrisons at the different forts were comparatively small and were certainly insufficient to cope with the combined forces of the Six Nations and the Western Indians in case a revolt should occur. The situation was dangerous. Messengers from Congress were not permitted to communicate officially with the Indians, but the fur-traders and other civilians who lived on the frontier did not fail to inform the savages of the accomplishment of the peace, nor to couple with this either insinuations or statements that, in making the treaty, the King had left the Indians entirely out of consideration; that the dividing line between the British territories and the United States ran through the great Lakes and the connecting waterways; and that the territory where the greater part of the Indian nations resided and which contained their hunting and trapping-grounds, had been ceded to their enemies, the Thirteen Fires. The Indians were instantly alarmed and asked explanations from the commanders of the frontier posts, but the replies were evasive and not satisfactory.

Lieutenant Colonel John Butler, the British deputy superintendent of Indian affairs at Fort Niagara, wrote to Major

Matthews, the military secretary of Governor Haldimand, on May 3, 1783, that a message had arrived at Niagara with the terms of the peace and that the Indians, finding that their lands were ceded to the Americans, would be very troublesome.

On May 13, Brigadier General McLean, the British Commandant at Fort Niagara, wrote to Major Matthews that Joseph Brant had said that England had sold the Indians to Congress and that they might by and by retaliate.

On May 18, General McLean wrote to Governor Haldimand:

"The Indians, from the surmises they have heard as to the boundaries, look upon our conduct as treacherous and cruel; they told me they could not believe that our King could pretend to cede to America what was not his own to give, or that the Americans would expect from him what he had no right to grant. * * * * They were but a small handful of people, but they would die like men, which they thought preferable to misery and distress should they be deprived of their hunting-ground."

Hence General McLean stated to the Indians, on July 2, 1783, that he did not believe that the United States had any intention of driving the Indians out of their country and that they were not to believe idle stories. A few days later, General McLean wrote to an agent of General Lincoln, the United States Secretary at War:

"I apprehend Congress to be unacquainted with the situation in which I stand with respect to the Indians. There are 3,000 of them victualled here daily;" and that a communication directly from the United States to the Indians "would bring on disputes that might be disagreeable to the service and the troops" under his command.

The situation was critical. The frontier garrisons were small, far distant from their bases of supplies and a bloody massacre in retaliation for the British treachery, seemed neither improbable nor impossible, even if the posts were removed across the boundary-line.

On the other hand, the publication of the peace in the United States sent hordes of traders and land-grabbers into the Indian territory, loudly proclaiming that they were merely the advance guard of the United States army that was coming to wipe the Indian nations from the face of the earth, and thus necessarily

reminded the Indians of General Sullivan's resistless march through the country of the Six Nations in 1779. The Indians knew not which way to turn. Their friend, ally, and protector, the British King, had abandoned them to their implacable enemies.

The commanders of the frontier posts were, of course unable to evacuate without orders from England and these orders did not come. Nor in fact, would it have been reasonable to surrender the posts till the *definitive* treaty had been ratified by both contracting parties. As noted above, the ratification by Congress did not occur until January 14, 1784. In the mean time the interests of the British fur-traders on the frontier were forced upon the Canadian officials and the posts were still held for the second reason that the most valuable trade of Canada could be retained only by means of the garrisons which protected the traders' store houses in their immediate neighborhoods and the channels of transportation.

When Sir Guy Carleton evacuated New York, he carried away numerous negroes who were runaway slaves from the United States. Protests were immediately made against his procedure, but he insisted that he could not surrender them, as they had sought refuge under the British flag and, so far as he was concerned, were free and not chattels. As soon as New York was evacuated, the intense hatred of the Loyalists produced downright persecution of them and confiscation of their property, and these facts became later the official reasons why the posts were not surrendered. The people of the United States can find little reason for pride in their treatment of the Loyalists.

The United States were not, in fact, ready to receive the frontier posts. Their finances were at the lowest ebb, and it is seriously questionable whether they could have raised sufficient funds to garrison and hold the posts.

Thus it appears that there were three reasons which prevented the evacuation of the forts along the lakes; first, the question of the Indian lands; second, the fur trade; and third, the ill treatment of the loyalists, besides the obstruction to the payment of British debts, in contravention of the treaty of peace. The first and second reasons were intimately connected;

for the Indians collected most of their furs from the lands within the boundaries of the United States.

The Confederated States were poor, exhausted by war, perplexed by mutinies of the troops and were in no condition to make and enforce a premptory demand for the delivery of the forts without being also ready to renew the war.

For thirteen years the forts were thus held. The British fur-traders and the defiant retention of the frontier posts, certainly encouraged the long series of skirmishes between the Indians and the pioneer whites, and had an important influence in producing the Indian wars of the period. The temper of the Indians was increasingly exasperated by the loss of territory by intrusion and by so-called purchases, and by the feeling that the advance of the whites was both resistless and remorseless.

Several attempts were made by the United States to punish and cow the Indians. In 1790, an army under General Harmar, was sent against them, but a considerable detachment under Major Wyllis, was defeated on October 22, and the expedition failed. On November 4, 1791, General St. Clair's force, organized to chastise the Miami tribes, was utterly and disgracefully routed. These successes, in connection with Joseph Brant's plan for a great Indian confederation of the eastern, western and southern nations, gave the savages increased hopes of ultimately forcing a favorable accommodation with the United States, and freedom from further aggressions. But Anthony Wayne's decisive victory over the western tribes on August 20, 1794, under the very guns of fort Miami, and the consequent treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1795, at last crushed the Indian power.

Early in 1793, France, the best friend of America declared war against Great Britain. Instant and undue sympathy for France was aroused in the United States and the revolutionary hatred of Great Britain received a new impulse.

President Washington saw that the time was ripe for settling many questions remaining open between the United States and Great Britain, and in the spring of 1794 sent John Jay to the Court of St. James as Envoy Extraordinary for the purpose of making a treaty of amity and commerce. The noble character, preeminent ability and diplomatic experience of Mr. Jay made

him the only man available and fit for this important mission. He was well received, and, on November 19, 1794, signed with Lord Grenville a treaty which, among other things, provided for the evacuation of the frontier forts on June 1, 1796. The treaty was ratified by the Senate June 24, 1795, and signed by President Washington, August 15; the ratifications were exchanged October 28, 1795; and the treaty was proclaimed in the United States, February 29, 1796.

In the meantime the popular opposition to the treaty was of the fiercest and wildest. Copies of the treaty were publicly burned in nearly all the large cities in this country, the houses of British consuls and of the British minister at Philadelphia were threatened or attacked, Jay and Hamilton were vilified, and Washington himself was not spared by pamphleteers or hysterical newspapers. But notwithstanding the violence of the opponents of the treaty, a sounder judgment prevailed in the end. The House of Representatives was called upon to provide appropriations for carrying the treaty into full effect, and the fight was renewed in that body. After a violent struggle, and particularly in consequence of the eloquent and patriotic speech of Fisher Ames, then ill almost to death, the House finally, on May 6, 1796, passed the appropriations. The British minister had already left the country, but Phineas Bond, the British Chargé d'Affaires and Consul at Philadelphia, had notified Congress that the posts would not be delivered nor would the treaty in other respects be fulfilled by the British until the appropriation had been made by the House to carry it into effect. He had also notified the executive that the posts would likewise be retained, unless a supplementary article to the treaty was made, modifying Wayne's Indian treaty at Greenville so as to permit free trade in the Indian country.

On May 4, 1796, Timothy Pickering, as Secretary of State, negotiated with Mr. Bond the supplementary article with reference to the Indian trade, and five days later the Senate gave its approval thereto.

At this time the British frontier posts along the lakes were Forts Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, Michilimackinac, and the unimportant posts on and near Lake Champlain and at Oswegatchie, besides Fort Miami, which Simcoe had erected early in 1794 at the foot of the rapids of the Miami River. Of these posts,

Michilimackinac had become the great center of the fur trade, and Detroit and Niagara guarded the waterway therefrom to Montreal and Quebec, the headquarters of the great British and Canadian trading firms.

Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, was Governor General of Canada, and Lieutenant General Simcoe was Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada.

As early as March 17, 1796, Lord Dorchester had begun preparations for evacuating the forts on June 1, and notified Mr. Bond at Philadelphia that he would be ready to remove the garrisons on the day fixed. On April 23, Dorchester wrote Simcoe that he should delay evacuating the posts until proper assurances were received that the United States would carry out the article supplementary to Jay's treaty concerning the Indian trade. On May 10 (the day following the ratification of the supplementary article by the Senate), James McHenry, the United States Secretary of War, sent Captain Lewis, of the First Sub-Legion, to Lord Dorchester, to make arrangements for taking possession of the posts. Lewis reached Quebec about May 28, and delivered to Dorchester a letter from the Secretary, and, seemingly, despatches from Bond also, to the effect that the United States had made the appropriations for carrying out Jay's treaty, and that the additional article had been properly ratified. Lewis asked for delay in evacuating the posts until detachments should arrive to take possession of them, and Dorchester agreed that guards should remain at Oswego, Niagara, Detroit and Michilimackinac until the United States troops should actually occupy them. On June 1 and 2, the British Adjutant General Beckwith made orders to the commanders of the posts, requiring them to deliver the forts to the officers of the United States who should produce proper authority to receive them; and Captain Lewis was furnished with copies of these orders. On June 3, Beckwith wrote to Secretary McHenry that the necessary orders had been given; that guards would remain in the forts until United States troops arrived; but that the guards at the less important posts were to be withdrawn without delay. Captain Lewis left Quebec about June 11, and reached Philadelphia about June 27.

Although it has been commonly stated that the forts were obstinately held, even after the time fixed by Jay's treaty for

their evacuation, it now appears that the delay, at least in part, was for the accommodation and at the request of the United States.

The garrisons at the respective posts had been much reduced pursuant to Dorchester's general order of May 31, 1796, and it is known that in the first week of June the greater part of the British troops had begun to leave Fort Niagara.

Just prior to the transfer of the frontier posts, the British forces in possession, according to the official report, were about as follows:

Oswego, 1 officer, 20 men.
Niagara, 1 captain, 2 subalterns, 50 men.
Detroit, 1 captain, 2 subalterns, 50 men.
Michilimackinac, 1 officer, 20 men.

The actual transfers of the posts occurred as follows:

Miami, to Col. John F. Hamtramck, July 11, 1796;
Detroit, to Captain Moses Porter, July 11, 1796;
Oswego, July 15, 1796, to an unknown commander (Lieut. Theophilus Elmer was one of the officers); and
Niagara, August 11, 1796, to Captain James Bruff.

The troops that took possession of these posts were few in number, excepting at Detroit, which was garrisoned, at least for some time, by a considerable force. The detachment that took possession of Fort Niagara was sent from Oswego, and was doubtless delayed in starting until proper vessels could be obtained, or batteaux built, to transport the troops with a proper quantity of supplies.

The garrison at Detroit was much distressed by lack of sufficient food, and Colonel Hamtramck was even obliged, on September 26th, to borrow from the British commandant across the Detroit river. Hence the detachment of a party to take possession of Michilimackinac was delayed on account of the want of provisions until the month of October, 1796, when Major Henry Burbeck and Lieutenant Ebenezer Massey, of the Artillerists & Engineers, and Captain Abner Pryor and Lieutenant John Michael, of the First Infantry, with two companies of troops, arrived from Detroit, and received the surrender of the last British post within the limits of the United States. Thus, the Revolution ended.

A somewhat dramatic incident occurred at the surrender of Detroit. The notorious and savage renegade, Simon Girty, breathing hatred to the United States until the very last, remained at the deserted fort until the United States troops appeared and were about to make their landing, but, notwithstanding his boasts, his terror of summary punishment for his misdeeds swept away his braggart courage, and, fearing to wait for the ferry-boat, he plunged into the Detroit River on horseback, and made the dangerous passage to the British side.

HOSPITALITY OF YESTERYEARS

The above pictures show a Rosewood Cellarette, closed and open, which was presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mr. A. Emerson Babcock. This beautiful example of early cabinet work is inlaid with brass and, by turning the ornamental handle, the four sides are made to swing open to reveal the position of decanters and glasses which formerly nested comfortably there. This Cellarette was found in the attic of the Thomas Blossom homestead on East Avenue, and was purchased on sale by Mr. Babcock.

La Salle's First Visit to the Irondequoit Valley

By Nathaniel S. Olds

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Editor's Note: Mr. Nathaniel S. Olds served as Corresponding Secretary of The Rochester Historical Society for eight years (1905-1912, inclusive), during which period he was very loyal to the interests of the organization, giving special attention to rearranging our museum exhibits. A close student of local history, Mr. Olds made himself a recognized authority in such matters, and his vivid descriptions of Genesee Country scenes became well known. Below, appears his story of La Salle's first visit to the Indian Landing and the Genesee Country:

ON the 10th of August in the year 1669, a fleet of canoes rounded the nose of Nine Mile Point and stood in straight for the sand-bar that marks the outlet of Irondequoit Bay. A Sonnontouan Indian, crouched among the oaks which crowded the summit of the hill where now stands the summer amusement apparatus of Sea Breeze Park, watched the flashing paddles with a keen eye, and, satisfied with his careful survey, loped swiftly and silently on the trail towards the South.

The canoes drew up toward the outlet of the bay. A slender young Frenchman rose from the middle of the leading bark, and looked earnestly toward the densely-wooded shores. He signalled with his hand, and a muttered order was passed back to the other canoes which were held slack by their paddles in expectation. The chain of birch barks shot forward and entered a narrow channel, similar to the one which today is roofed by the iron girders of the railroad bridge. Eighteen years later this same outlet bore the transports of an army.

The nine canoes were paddled with quick sure strokes up the silent waters of the cool bay, past the narrowing shores of the River of the Sands, which to-day we call Irondequoit Creek, and, winding in and out among wooded knolls and steep banks, came to a halt at the edge of a green, gentle slope of field and trees, about whose base the stream swept in a series of graceful curves; and from the first canoe stepped out upon land Robert

Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, the First Promoter of the Great West. Thirty-four men were with him in the little fleet. Two were black-robed priests of the Sulpitian order, René de Bréhant de Galinée, and François D'Ollier de Casson. The rest were friendly Iroquois, upper river Christian Indians, a guide or two, and some stout *coureurs de bois*, from Quebec and the River Country.

The story of La Salle is one with which the reader is familiar from his earliest days of history reading. Of the tales of romance and adventure that throng the pages of our colonial records none reads more entertainingly than this restless career of Robert Cavelier. Many volumes have been based upon his exploits—some colored with the adulation of hero-worship, others tinged with bitterness of religious factionalism. The true chronicle of his life had never been set forth. The vast extent of the stage upon which he played his part carries the student from the court of Versailles to the southern coast of the great South-West; and the bones of the dreamer himself lie in a lost grave in the eastern reaches of the Texas plains. We are concerned at present only with the exploits of La Salle in the Genesee Country where his search for the end of the rainbow brought him close to our homes and the scenes to-day within trolley distance of our door-yards.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, was born in the ancient city of Rouen, in the province of Normandy, on the 22d of November, 1643. The child of a family of no mean parentage, he was destined for the church from his cradle, and at proper period of his youth was enrolled as a neophyte in the powerful Society of the Jesuits. This great order was then rounding toward the apex of its power. The training which its members underwent was marked by the most austere rigorousness, joined to an intellectual activity that was all-embracing. To the restless soul and imaginative mind of young Cavelier this harsh restriction proved too galling to be suffered, and he forthwith cast off the bonds and withdrew his name from the rolls of the order. This recantation had a sinister effect upon his life and the realization of his ambitious projects. He found himself time and again beset with sudden and mysterious difficulties in

the high places of old France and in the wild forests of the new. He struggled and he planned and he pushed on into the unknown and undreamt leagues. He met and passed the black-robed missionaries in their lonely cabins by the Great Lakes and the rivers of the West, but in the seventy-one volumes which contain the minutest details of their lives and experiences, not one mention of La Salle's name had been brought to light. To the Jesuit he was a man without a country.

I have called La Salle the First Promoter of the Great West. The epithet was not familiar to the writers who have recounted his exploits in volumes of the utmost value and erudition. Yet, as the facts are little-by-little revealed, the appropriateness of it will be recognized. To him came the whisper and the vision of the "Never-Never-Land behind the Ranges" and he struggled to the end to cross them and win the country of his dreams. In this warfare with fate he performed a great service for France and for the future. But he was always the promoter. There are pages in his history that, some claim, tend to paint him as a false claimant for triumphs he never won. That he laid his eyes upon Ohio is denied, perhaps with justice. But the restless energy of the man, the enormous will power that drove him alone, on foot, in the dead of winter, for sixty-five days through the underbrush and swamps and rivers of fifteen hundred miles of unbroken wilderness, to confront his enemies at home as one risen from the dead, hail him as a man set apart from the common clay, and filled with the spirit of the dreamers who follow their visions. That these dreams were for the enrichment of himself I believe is true. He was not a patriot following the "star of Empire." He was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, *explorer*, because God made him so, pursuing his fate in a search for the wealth of the Never-Never-Land, and willing to share it with whosoever would give him capital to swing his plans and realize his projects.

La Salle was thirty-six years old when he first beheld the hills of the Irondequoit Country. He had been in New France for three years. An older brother had made the St. Lawrence province his home. Daniel de Remi, Seigneur de Courcelles, was Governor, and Jean Baptiste Talon was the Intendant. La Salle had succeeded in acquiring lands along the river, and the

settlement which he had made near Montreal had been given the name "La Chine," (China), perhaps in a flash of Gallic irony at the stories which the Western Indians bore of the golden mysteries that lay in fabulous prodigality toward the sunset. Picture the restless young Frenchman welcoming to his fire the lean barbarians, who readily enough discovered that the better the story the more the host was pleased, and, led by that sardonic humor which lurks behind the grim impassivity of the red man, they let imagination have full play. There was a great river, they said, many suns distant toward the West, a river so wide that it appeared a sea. Rich verdure grew on either bank, game thronged its edges, and riches beyond the visions of avarice lay at hand for the picking up. This river ran south and emptied into a great unknown sea which was warm and gentle, and of vast extent. The master of La Chine was not slow to fill in the picture. In those days China and the Indies lay always on the verge of just such a warm and gentle sea—and in China were gold and spices and precious stones and rare woods. The Frenchman's quick mind saw the vast possibilities; and the river was the avenue that led to them. How to reach the river the quickest and the easiest? That was the essential question. But cross-questioning brought out meager results. The answers immediately became vague. Long fingers pointed toward the Southwest, and that was all.

Now it so happened that about this time the inlet which we call Irondequoit Bay, and Galinée phonetically put down as Karontagouat, had begun to assume an importance in French and colonial affairs second only to Niagara among the Western outposts. The Jesuits had penetrated the wilderness of Onondaga, and had established mission stations among the dreaded Senecas, or as the black-robes called them, the "Sonnontouans," of the Genesee. Communications were opening, and Irondequoit Bay was the natural inlet to the land that lay to the South. Furs occasionally had been transported from the inner reaches, and there were rumors of a river that led inland toward the south, and joined another river of vaster proportions, known vaguely as the Oheeyo, beyond the nation of the Raccoon. La Salle was well aware of these things, and when his wild visitors pointed vaguely toward the Southwest, a plan began to mature

in his fertile mind. He would investigate this river route and the fabled Oheeyo of the Raccoon people.

The Genesee Country at that period offered a difficult problem for New France. The only white people who had penetrated its fastnesses were the Jesuits, and their tenure was for many years a doubtful one. About this time the Dutch at Albany and the English at New York were beginning to realize the value of the region from a strategic point of view; and perhaps the Iroquois themselves had a glimmering of their position as keepers of the balance of power. The land was held by the Senecas, who with no small reason had been awarded a foremost position as fighters. Their villages were few in number, but powerful in population. The tribe guarded the "Western Door" of the Iroquois Long House, and were perfectly well aware of their importance. For many years small success had attended the efforts of the Jesuits to penetrate their confines, but the pertinacity of these missionary zealots finally brought about the apparently impossible, and three missions were established in the principal villages of the Sonnontouans. To these villages La Salle resolved to go.

The only source upon which we can draw for the records of this daring journey is the journal kept by Galinée. Fortunately this chronicle is a circumstantial one, and full of quaint descriptions that throw a vivid light upon the life and habits of the ancient inhabitants of our acres. To the industry of the late Orsamus H. Marshall we were first indebted for a careful translation of the original document, and from this source the main incidents of this narrative have been drawn.

The expedition landed at Irondequoit Bay on the 10th of August, 1669. Galinée does not state the exact spot, and its location is a matter of conjecture. Twenty years later De Denonville disembarked his army at the sand-bar and built a palisaded defense upon it. But he came bearing war, and the selection of the site was governed by motives of common prudence. La Salle came in peace, and fearlessness was one of his strongest defenses against the treachery of the barbarian. This fact impels the deduction that the landing place was rather at the Ox Bow south of the Float Bridge, than upon the lake beach. That was the gathering spot of the Senecas themselves,

and lay at the convergence of the inland trails which led to the villages that La Salle sought. His guides must have known it well, and probabilities point strongly to the spot as the scene of the Frenchmen's camp.

La Salle was not disappointed in his welcome. The Indians received the voyagers with the gifts of good-will; and Galinée says:

"We had no sooner arrived in this place than we were visited by a number of Indians, who came to make us small presents of Indian corn, pumpkins, blackberries and whortleberries, fruits of which they had an abundance. We made presents in return of knives, awls, needles, glass beads and other articles which they prize, and with which we were well provided.

"Our guides urged us to remain in this place until the next day, as the chiefs would not fail to come in the evening with provisions to escort us to the village.

"In fact night had no sooner come, than a large troop of Indians, with a number of women loaded with provisions, arrived and encamped nearby, and made for us bread of Indian corn and fruits. They did not desire to speak to us in regular council, but told us we were expected in the village, to every cabin of which word had been sent, to gather all the old men at a council which would be held for the purpose of ascertaining the object of our visit."

The next day a council was held, and La Salle decided to penetrate to the Indian's main village with Galinée and a small party as a bodyguard in case of need. This, however, appeared to be an unnecessary precaution, for Galinée lays stress upon the excessive politeness of their barbarian hosts, who insisted upon the party resting at the end of every league. The chronicle proceeds:

"About half way we found another company of Indians who had come to meet us. They made us presents of provisions and accompanied us to the village.

"When we were within about a league of the latter, the halts were made more frequently, and our company increased more and more, until we finally came in sight of the great village, which is in a large plain, about two leagues in circumference. In order to reach it we had to ascend a small hill, on the edge of which the village is situated."

The welcome that greeted their advent was all that the most critical could have demanded. There were speeches from the old men, and attestations of friendship and delight; and the most commodious cabin in the village was placed at the guests' disposal. The village, Galinée explains, was nothing but a

random collection of cabins, surrounded by palisades of wood twelve feet high, bound together at the top and supported at the base by shorter pieces as shores and stays. This enclosure, he adds, was square and at some distance from water.

The next afternoon the chiefs began to come in from the other villages for the great council. Here our French scribe becomes statistical. He informs us:

"The Seneca Nation is the most populous of all the Iroquois. It comprises four villages, of which two embrace about one hundred cabins each, and the other two about thirty each, containing in all perhaps one thousand or twelve hundred men, capable of bearing arms. The two larger are about six or seven leagues apart and each six or seven leagues from the shore of the lake. The land between the lake and the easternmost of the larger villages to which I went, consists for the most part of fine large meadows, in which the grass is as tall as myself, and in places where there are woods, the oaks predominate. They are so scattered that one can easily ride among them on horseback. We were told that this open country extends toward the East more than one hundred leagues, and towards the West and South to an unknown distance, especially toward the South, for upwards of one hundred leagues. The Indians who have visited those localities say they produce very good fruit and Indian corn extremely fine."

On the 13th the grand council met. The chiefs and headmen and other lesser dignitaries numbered sixty, Galinée says, and as all found room in the guest cabin, some idea of its extent may be gained. The usual preliminaries were observed, and the business of the day began. Galinée observes that the moment the chiefs sat down, each lit his pipe, which he never moved from his mouth during the session of the council. "They say," dryly comments the priest, "that good thoughts are produced by smoking." The council was, alas, a barren one. Little was gained, and the grave chiefs deliberated with what must have been a leisure exasperating to the ardent La Salle. Gifts were exchanged, and there was much vague assurance of good will. Unfortunately, the Frenchmen had no interpreter, and La Salle was sore put to it to make himself and his wants understood. This leads us to a curious situation, and one not devoid of humor of a kind that must have been little relished by the anxious leader of the French party. I have pointed out that the Jesuits, at that time, had established missions in three of the towns of the Sonnontouans. Three priests divided the territory among them, Totiakton, or Sonnontuan, was the mission head-

quarters of Father Jacques Frémin; while Julian Garnier, and Pierre Raffeix supervised the missions in the other towns. Now it so happened that a convention of Jesuit missionaries in the Iroquois country had been called for the 29th of August at Onondaga. Father Frémin departed on the day before La Salle's party arrived at the village, but left behind him his personal attendant, who could speak French. Such a course may have been dictated by necessity and with no ulterior motive whatever; but, considering the fact that Frémin was a Jesuit of the Jesuits, and that in the opinion of the order La Salle was a recreant, the situation assumes the proportions of grim comedy. La Salle, ignorant of the Sonnontouan tongue, was compelled to rely upon the personal attendant of the Jesuit. "There was no one," says Galinée, with undoubted appreciation of the turn affairs had taken, "save this servant of Father Frémin who could act as an interpreter." The council broke up in a state of indecision. There was a captive, the young men had made from the people of the Oheeyo country, but he was absent eight days trading with the Dutch. Until he returned there was naught for the Frenchmen to do but bide their time in patience.

The eight days of waiting were passed by La Salle and his party in a series of industrious activities on the part of their Sonnontouan hosts. The Indians took their guests about and showed them all the sights that nature could afford; besides one or two so highly artificial that Galinée's tender heart and Christian instincts were greatly outraged. There were dinner parties, which Galinée detested; and there was an elaborate execution of a prisoner by fire in the most approved Iroquoian manner, all of which our chronicler describes with a detail that occasionally racks the nerves. In a word the Sonnontouans were extremely polite. Their efforts at times, seemed almost to verge upon the anxious. The reason is not hard to find and is a manifestation of that crude but extremely effective diplomacy that marks so much of the dealings of the Iroquois with the French, and that has never received its just dues at the hand of historical writers. La Salle and his Frenchmen represented the restless power of Onontio, the governor, at Quebec. As such, they should be treated with all possible respect. In the meantime a new factor was making itself felt from the Southeast in a most effective manner and Dutch brandy and English guns were

ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE

In his scholarly book, "An Old Frontier of France," Dr. Frank H. Severance published the above alleged portraits of La Salle with the following explanation: "The first of these is reduced from an engraving by Waltner, published in Margry's volume 'Voyages des Francais.' (Paris, 1879). Margry says the original was one of two portraits preserved with papers relating to La Salle, and he chose the one which seemed most likely to be the explorer! If it is a portrait of La Salle, it shows him in his youth, before hardship had set its stamp upon him. The second is from a plate in Gravier's 'La Salle' (Paris, 1870), said to be copied from an engraving in the Bibliothéque de Rouen entitled 'Cavilli de la Salle Francois.' A woodcut reproduction is in Winsor, IV, 244. No satisfactory evidence of authenticity of either picture is submitted; nor is any authentic portrait known."

industriously spreading northward in a fashion that boded no advantage to New France. Hence, caution was highly necessary, and such an errand as La Salle's required careful consideration. The Frenchmen were in the heart of the Iroquois country, and every effort was extended to keep them in good nature and contentment, until the matter could be properly adjusted.

As I have hinted the eight days passed eventfully. A deep impression was made upon Galinée's gustatory economy. "They entertained us as best they knew how," he plaintively observes, "and rivaled each other in dining us according to their customs." And he adds:

"But I assure you that I was many times more desirous of rendering up what I had in my stomach, than of taking into it anything new. The principal food in this village, where they rarely have fresh meat, is the dog, the hair of which, they singe over coals. After having thoroughly scraped the carcass, they cut it in pieces and place it in a kettle. When cooked, they serve you with a piece weighing three or four pounds, in a wooden dish, which has never been cleaned with any other dishcloth than the fingers of the mistress of the house, which have left their impress on the grease that always covers their vessels to the thickness of a silver crown. Another of their favorite dishes is Indian meal, cooked in water, and served in a wooden bowl, with a small portion of tournesol, nut or bear's oil."

But in spite of their hardy diet, the heart of Galinée was touched by the apparent eagerness of everybody in the village to make the visitors welcome. He can hardly blame them, for what was after all, their best efforts. He says:

"There was not a little child, who was not quick to bring us his little gift sometimes stalks of Indian corn, and again pumpkins, and the small fruits they knew where to gather in the woods."

Then, one day, Galinée and La Salle, with two guides took a trip to a burning spring—a most extraordinary one, Galinée explains—four leagues south of the village. He goes into quite a long description of this spring, and the natural wonder made a deep impression upon his imagination. This incident is particularly interesting to us, for the reason, that the same spring exists to-day, and can be visited with as much ease as La Salle and his chronicler experienced, two hundred and fifty years ago. These burning springs were sources of great amazement to the

worthy Jesuits and the bold explorers of the early French days. More than one reference is found in the Jesuit Relations to this identical spring that La Salle visited, and that, beyond a doubt, he had heard described by his Indian guests at La Chine. Many of the early maps bear the supposed location of the phenomenon, and in some cases the old cartographers were surprisingly accurate. Galinée thus describes it:

"Issuing from a moderately high rock, it forms a small brook. The water is very clear, but has a bad odor like that of the mineral marshes of Paris, when the mud on the bottom is stirred with the foot. I applied a torch and the water immediately took fire and burned like brandy, and was not extinguished until it rained. This flame is, among the Indians, a sign of abundance or sterility according as it exhibits the contrary qualities. There is no appearance of sulphur, saltpetre, or any other combustible material. The water has not even any taste, and I can neither offer or imagine any better explanation than that it acquires this combustible property by passing over some aluminous land."

The spring is in the Bristol Valley, in one of the rocky glens of that wild country, just a short distance south of Bristol Center. Sullivan and his invading army passed near it, one hundred years later, and to this day its activities are as odorous and inflammable as when the French explorer and his Sulpitian friend tested the truth of the Indian tale.

This leads to the location of the village in which the Sonnontouans so carefully cherished the comfort of their French guests. Orsamus H. Marshall was quite positive in placing its site upon Boughton Hill, the Gandagorah or Gannogaro of De Denonville eighteen years later. But in this, Mr. Marshall was in error. Two points which he failed to note in the text would have set him right, but a confusion, not unnatural from a perusal of De Denonville's journal, and a lack of contemporaneous maps undoubtedly led him to a wrong conclusion. The first point is the description Galinée gives of the village itself. He points out that a rise had to be surmounted and then a town appeared, situated on a big plain, with a palisade especially noticeable. Now, no one, not even a French Missionary, would have described the climb to the summit of Boughton Hill as "a little eminence." The Abbé de Belmont, an experienced campaigner, writing twenty years later, mentions three distinct

terraces that had to be surmounted before the top was gained. Nor, again, was the village of Gandagorah situated upon a "large plain," nor was it surmounted, even partially, with palisades. Only one village of the Sonnontouans answers Galinée's lively picture, and that is Totiakton, whose site is at Rochester Junction. Greenhalgh, writing in 1677, paints a picture of the place, almost identical with Galinée's briefer description, and, as the second point which Mr. Marshall overlooked, Totiakton, or Sonnontoun as the Jesuits called the village, was Father Frémin's mission headquarters. He called it La Conception, and made it his base of operations in Christianizing the wild Senecas. The Boughton Hill town, was in charge of his assistant, Father Julian Garnier, and also with him in the work was Father Pierre Raffeix, who several years later, made a fine map of the Genesee Country, and located all the villages by names. Galinée was himself a map-maker of no mean ability, and drew a chart of his wanderings along the Great Lakes, but for accuracy, it does not compare with the Jesuit's.

La Salle and his friends visited the other Seneca villages, although nothing descriptive appears in the journal of their appearance or people. Nor does the French chronicler say a word about the Genesee or its falls. This reticence on the part of one so interested in natural phenomena would lead to the conclusion that the river was not visited: yet, on the other hand, Galinée is careful to indicate the "Saut" on his map, and adds a sporting note to the effect that a kind of "turbot" is caught here very plentifully just below the cataract.

Galinée's description of the "mistigouche" or burning of the prisoner as a part of the hosts' programme of entertainment at Totiakton is graphic and horrible. The good priest abounds with sage reflections, and mentions with loathing the cannibal conclusion of the savagery, which, he observes with indignation, was incited and augmented largely by "Dutch brandy." Indeed the celebration rapidly assumed the most dangerous character, and La Salle himself became apprehensive. By skilful maneuvering the Frenchmen withdrew in small parties from the drunken riot and took up quarters in neighboring villages at a safe distance from the great town. There they awaited for the alcoholic fury to spend itself, which followed with the usual evidence of remorse, and everybody beat on hollow logs with

clubs, and shrieked and sang to frighten away the spirit of the tortured prisoner, which might be lurking in some cabin corner for revenge.

This was the end of their stay, and of La Salle's attempt to penetrate to the Oheeyo by way of the Genesee and its upper waters. More than the necessary time has been expended and the Sonnontouans showed their hands. No thoroughfare existed for the French through Seneca territory. But, they were very polite about it and managed the matter beyond criticism. The journey gradually assumed stupendous proportions. The chiefs explained that it would require six days packing by land of not less than twelve leagues each, through a terrific wilderness. Galinée blandly reports:

"This induced us to believe that we could not possibly reach it in that way, as we would hardly be able to carry, for so long a journey, our necessary provisions, much less our baggage. But they told us at the same time, that in going to find it, by the way of Lake Erie, in canoes, we would have only three days' portage before arriving at that river, reaching it at a point much nearer the people we were seeking than to go by Sonnontouan."

This was what the head men said to La Salle and Galinée and D'Ollier. But they took more determined steps with the Dutch interpreter. They proceeded to frighten that unfortunate almost into convulsions. Galinée indignantly writes:

"What embarrassed us, however, more than all else was that which the Indians told our Dutch interpreter. They said he was devoid of sense to be willing to go to the Toageunha, who were very bad people, who would search for our camp-fires in the evening, and then come in the night to kill us with their arrows, with which they would riddle us ere we had discovered them. Beside this, we would run great risks along the river Ohio, of meeting the Ontastois who would surely break our heads. That for these reasons, the Senecas were not willing to go with us, for fear it would be thought they were the cause of the death of the French, that they had, with great reluctance decided to furnish a guide, fearing that Onontio would impute our death to them, and afterwards make war on them out of revenge.

"These discussions continued among them without our being able to understand their nature, but I was completely astonished to see the ardor of my Dutchman abate. He continued to insist that the Indians where we wished to go, were of no account and would surely kill us. When I told him there was nothing to fear, if we stationed a good sentinel, he replied that the sentinel being near the fire, could not see those who came at night under cover of the trees and thickets.

Finally it was apparent from all these speeches, that he was alarmed, and in fact, he did not discharge his duties as guide with as much zeal as before. In addition to all this, it was evident that the savages were bribed. Thus they trifled with us from day to day, saying that their people delayed returning from their trading expedition longer than they had anticipated.

"We suffered much from this detention, because we lost the most favorable season for travelling, and could not hope to winter with any nation, if we delayed much longer—a contingency which M. de La Salle regarded as certain death, because of the difficulty of obtaining provisions in the woods. Nevertheless we have, thank God, experienced the contrary.

"We were relieved of this difficulty by the arrival from the Dutch, of an Indian who lodged in our cabin. He belonged in the village of one of the Five Iroquois nations, which is situated at the end of Lake Ontario, for the convenience of hunting the deer and the bear, which are abundant in that vicinity. This Indian assured us, that we would have no difficulty in finding a guide, that a number of captives of the nations we desired to visit, were there, and he would very cheerfully conduct us thither.

"We thought it would be very well to take this course, not only because we would be on our way, approaching the village whither we desired to go, but as the village had only eighteen or twenty cabins, we flattered ourselves that we could easily become its masters, and exact through fear, what would not be willingly accorded us through friendship. It was under the influence of these hopes that we left the Sonnontouans."

We have quoted thus at length from the worthy Frenchman's text, for the passage is well worth pondering, in view of what was pointed out above anent Iroquois diplomacy. I think Galinée was somewhat suspicious at first; he may have been all the way through the sorry farce. But, no indication appears of any such feeling on La Salle's part, astute as he was. His mission, however, failed—and the record is one that reflects no small credit upon the political shrewdness of the Iroquois leaders.

Henry A. Ward

REMINISCENCE AND APPRECIATION

By Rev. Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, October 11, 1921.

Editor's Note: Rev. Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., opened the 1921-22 lecture season of The Rochester Historical Society at Catharine Strong Hall, University of Rochester, on October 11, 1921, with the address here published, reviewing the life-work of his old friend, Professor Henry A. Ward.

This was Doctor Strong's last public appearance in Rochester. On that occasion there was no shadow. He was at his best.

Three weeks later he departed for Chicago where he delivered five addresses opening the Wilkinson lectureship established at the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary. He lectured also before the McCormick Theological Seminary and the University of Chicago. On Sunday morning, November 6th, he made a brief Communion day address at the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, thus delivering eight public addresses on varied themes between November 2nd and 10th—a wonderful valedictory!

Resuming his regular winter journey to California in apparently good health, he arrived at Pasadena to be taken suddenly ill, dying November 29, 1921, at the age of eighty-five.

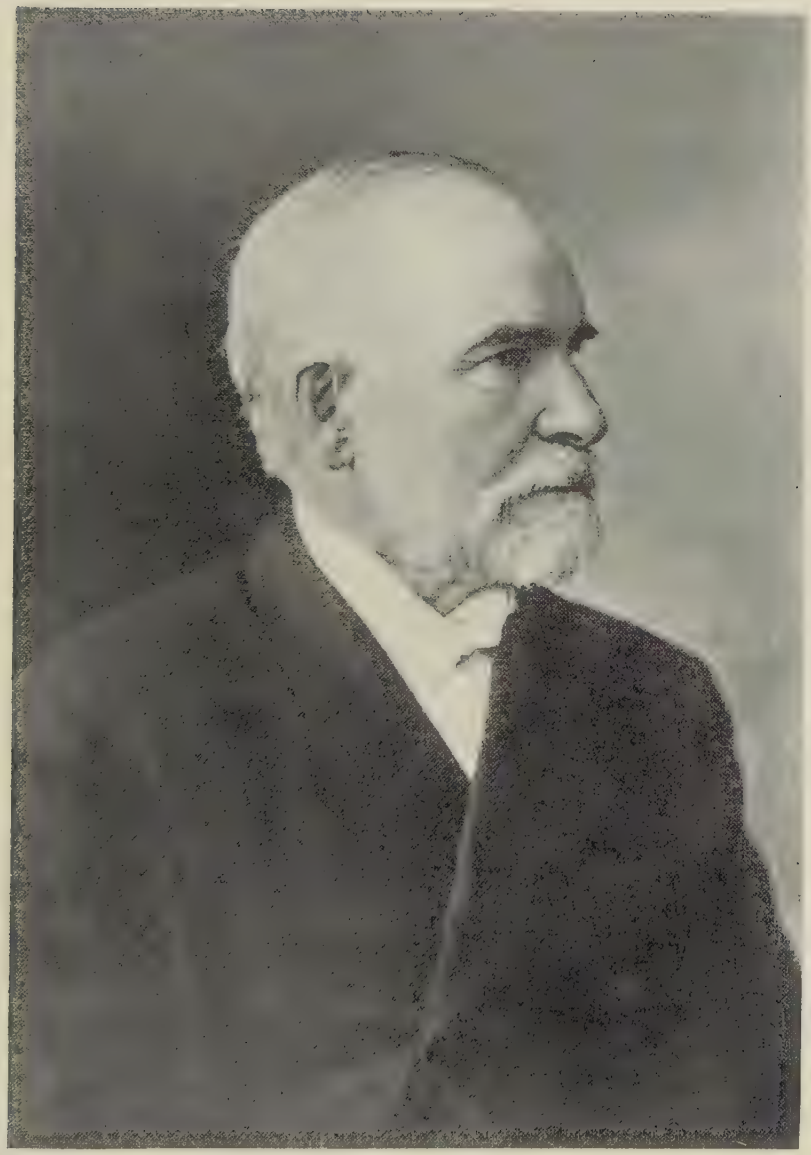
On Sept. 13, 1927, ownership of Ward's Natural Science Establishment of Rochester, New York, passed to the University of Rochester as a munificent gift of surviving members of the Ward family. The late William T. Hornaday referred to the Ward Establishment as "the greatest scientific emporium in the world;" and under the terms of gift the University of Rochester will preserve the museum features of the Establishment and carry on its scientific work. This gift has revived public interest in Professor Henry A. Ward, the great "Museum Builder," and in Doctor Strong's appreciation of his life and character:

TWO men of genius have done much to make Rochester a famous city. They are Lewis H. Morgan and Henry A. Ward. No two men could have been more unlike in circumstance or in natural bent. But they were alike in their sense of a calling and in their uniqueness of purpose. Lewis H. Morgan was by inheritance and by thrift what in his day was called a rich man. Henry A. Ward was poor, and careful in expenditure except when it helped his scientific ends. Both

were in their ways genuine men of science. But their ways were very different. Morgan could exile himself from civilized society and live as an Indian among Indians, in order to add to the world's knowledge of primitive methods of human descent. Ward could live the life of an explorer and a wanderer, in order to build up museums of geology and paleontology. Both have left monuments of research and learning, Morgan in the books he has written, and Ward in the collections he has gathered. They were alike in their heroic and enthusiastic devotion to their individual aims, and in the singleness of heart with which they set themselves to their accomplishment. Rochester may well be proud of them both.

Dr. Charles A. Dewey has given us a comprehensive and able account of Lewis H. Morgan's life and work. Professor Herman L. Fairchild has printed in the Proceedings of the Rochester Academy of Science a Memoir of Henry A. Ward, availing himself of the graphic descriptions of W. T. Hornaday and presenting a valuable picture of the great Museum-Builder. I welcome the presence of Dr. Dewey and Professor Fairchild this evening. When President Rhees requested me to write my personal recollections of Henry A. Ward, I thought only of putting on paper some of the stories of adventure which Ward had told me. But, as I reflected, his life and work loomed up before me as never before, and I felt that there was yet lacking a proper understanding of Ward's position in the scientific world, and of the value of his labors. So I have given my essay the more serious title of "Reminiscence and Appreciation," and have endeavored to make my humorous "Recollections" only tributary to a general view of the man and of his work.

Great doors turn on little hinges, and Ward's future career was, in his own mind, determined by the finding of his first specimen. At the age of three years, as he himself says, when his father still lived in Rochester, he found on the site of the present Jewish synagogue in Gibbs Street, a pebble of gneiss hornblende, only three or four inches long, whose glistening sides were marked by black crossed and parallel lines resembling those of a Scotch plaid. This was in 1837. He preserved this pebble carefully, and it now is a part of the collection of the University. In 1852 or 1853, as one of the Commencements of



Henry A. Ward.

the University was about to open, and all the professors were seated on the platform of Corinthian Hall, Dr. Chester Dewey, professor not only of botany but of all the natural sciences, a graduate of Williams College and a man of great presence and dignity, was the most conspicuous figure. He was really the only scientific authority in Rochester. The exercises were prefaced by music. While the band was playing, a stripling, with eagerness depicted in his face and with a bit of stone in his hand, rushed up the steps of the platform, and before all that audience, exhibited to the professor of science the geologic specimen which he had unearthed fifteen years before. Dr. Dewey knew the times and seasons for such exhibitions, better than did Henry A. Ward. He refused to examine the precious specimen, told Ward to retire, and sent the young geologist humiliated back to his seat in the unscientific crowd. Whether that rebuff was the reason, or not, Henry never took his College Course here, but went soon after to Williams College, where he was a classmate of our former townsman, Mr. Charles E. Fitch.

Two years and a half at Middlebury Academy in Wyoming, however, preceded this incident, and furnished the beginnings of Ward's education. There he was a schoolmate of our Professor Morey; but there, unlike Professor Morey, he lived on mush and milk, and supported himself by digging and cleaning wells for the farmers. Then he came back to Rochester and enjoyed the civilizing and socializing influences of his uncle, Mr. Levi A. Ward, who did much for him afterwards in financing his travels and collections. Before his college course began, I was a schoolmate of Henry A. Ward in N. W. Benedict's Academy on Plymouth Avenue. The old Collegiate Institute on Lancaster Street had burned down, and Professor Benedict, its Principal, had set up a partial substitute in his school for boys. I had been an advanced pupil of his in the Academy, and I now read privately with him Herodotus, Aeschylus and Aristophanes just before I went to college. I owed much to Dr. Benedict's wide acquaintance with Greek authors. Though he was no great drillmaster in grammar, he imbued me with a love for classic literature. Henry A. Ward was at that time a rather rough specimen of humanity. He had more taste for modern languages than for Latin and Greek, but his chief interest was in rocks, fossils and shells. His studies were mostly in natural

science, and textbooks in that line were at that time few and far between. The result was that I saw but little of him, except in the general exercises of the school. But what I did see of his industry and inquiring mind, and of his pushing but quiet good nature, laid the foundation for a friendship which lasted through all his life, and which even now makes me eager to add my little tribute to his achievement and his worth.

For in some ways there were elements of greatness in him. He came to have a deep conviction of his duty to hew out a career, to accomplish a unique task, to add an instrument of education that the world had never seen before. There loomed up before him the ideal of a Teaching Museum, in which the sciences of petrography, mineralogy, geology, paleontology should be represented as factors in the one history of planetary life. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there were museum-builders before Ward. Mr. Hornaday has told us how Henry, when an impecunious student at Williams College, walked twenty-eight miles to Pittsfield to hear a lecture by Professor Louis Agassiz. He had not the necessary seventy-five cents to ride with the other students in the band-wagon. He came in too late to hear the beginning of the lecture, and this had to be explained to him. But he was introduced to Agassiz, and was invited to visit him at his hotel. "The direct result of the fifty-six mile walk to hear one lecture," says Mr. Hornaday, "was that the walker went at once to Cambridge, and became a pupil of the great Swiss naturalist."

But Ward was not a mere imitator of Agassiz's methods. He learned the value of great collections in which the sciences were visualized, but he saw the defects of the existing systems. Agassiz's enormous museum of fishes seemed to him a useless multiplication of unimportant specimens, and to be lacking in its connections with the evolution of life in general. Gradually there grew up within him the idea of a museum in which each science should be represented only by typical forms, and in which all the natural sciences should be bound together in such a way that the student could see the process of evolution clearly and see it as a whole.

I make claim for Henry A. Ward, that he was the pioneer in this particular line of work, and that he deserves thanks for this from all the world. Not only the collections of America

have benefitted by his labors, but also the great Museums of London, Petrograd and Paris. Ward was an explorer, as well as a planner. Extraordinarily poor, and therefore economical, he very early formed the habit of going for his specimens in geology and mineralogy to the quarries from which these specimens were taken. There he could select and buy, from quarrymen who knew nothing of their value, the most unique and beautiful of their findings. His first successes were in the gypsum and chalk quarries of northern France. He made friends with Madame Cliquot, and gained permission to take from her great wine-producing estate all the fossils he could collect with the help of workmen employed at forty cents a day. He would gather a load of minerals and fossils, pack them in his trunk, cross the channel to London, and sell them to the British Museum. Then, in Cornwall and Cumberland, he would collect British fossils, and would return to France to sell them to the Imperial Museum in Paris. By thus combining original findings with subsequent exchanges, he enriched not only the great museums but also himself, to the extent that he could continue his studies in the School of Mines in Paris and make at least some progress toward his great ideal. Ward was not for long a College Professor, nor did he write text books. His ambition was to construct visible memorials of the past, organized collections of its typical forms, museums that would teach the masses of men the progress and the unity of creation.

One of his first collections was that now possessed by the University of Rochester. Consisting, as it largely does, of the original and unique specimens which he had gathered with his own hands, it is probably unsurpassed, as a well-proportioned and complete exhibition of geological history. The financing of this early work, which first gave him standing in the scientific world, was due to the large-hearted liberality of his uncle, Mr. Levi A. Ward. The collection itself, though not so often visited as it should be, is one of the chief treasures of Rochester. But to the very end Ward set his face toward something larger. The Field Museum of Chicago, originally exhibited at the World's Fair and sold by Ward to Marshall Field for $100,000, comes nearest to realizing the ambition of its founder. Enriched recently, since Ward's death, by his priceless collection of meteorites, it is probably the most symmetrical and complete Teaching

Museum in the world. The Vienna Museum is possible larger, but the Field Museum of Chicago is better organized, and consists more exclusively of typical specimens. To help his system of exchanges, as well as to advertise his work, Cosmos Hall in Rochester was founded, from which not only individual casts, but collections large and small, have been furnished to nearly all the museums of the world.

The mention of meteorites leads me to speak of his passion for their collection, a passion which grew more and more consuming to the end of his days. What I know of this illustrates so well the character of his mind that I am tempted to relate two instances of its peculiar working. He read one day in the morning paper that a meteorite of some size had fallen, in Indiana or Illinois. He took the first train to the spot, found the farmer on whose grounds the heavenly visitant had lodged, and offered him twenty-five dollars for the find. No other investigator had yet appeared; but the farmer was shrewd enough to haggle for a larger price. Fifty dollars were offered and refused. But at last seventy-five dollars were accepted, and Ward carried off the stone. He told me, gleefully, that he had sliced off bits of that stone already that had brought him in twenty-five hundred dollars, and that two-thirds of the mass were yet left. But that is not the end of the story. The sawing of a meteorite is a long process. Only the finest steel makes any impression. In the course of that sawing, an unusual incident occurred. The saw could make no progress, but was itself cut and furrowed by some harder subtsance within the stone. Ward leaped to the conclusion that it must be a diamond. And so it proved. A minute diamond was finally detached and committed to the corner of a folded envelope in Ward's vest-pocket. Here was a wonderful discovery. This bit of cosmic dust might explain the beginning of vegetable life on this planet. Diamond is compressed carbon, and carbon is the product of vegetation. Visions of cosmic unity rose before him. Life upon this planet may have come from another sphere. He rushed to the office of a Rochester journal to announce his great discovery, as a possible link of connection between this and other worlds. He plunged his fingers in his vest-pocket to demonstrate the fact to the editor, but, to his horror, the diamond was missing. Somehow it had escaped from its frail tabernacle, and was probably now lost in the mire of the

streets. I am told that before his time microscopic diamonds had been found in the Canyon Diablo siderites of the Meteor Crater in Arizona. But our friend evidently thought himself the first to demonstrate the importance of this fact by the exhibition of a considerable specimen, and so its loss left him to mourn his narrow escape from immortality.

The second illustration of his passion for meteorites I find in his visit to Persia, in hope of securing either the whole or a part of the famous siderolite that fell on the plain of Veramin, twelve miles east of Teheran, in February, 1880. (Siderite = iron; siderolite = iron + stone; aerolite = stone). It was in the private collection of the Shah. Everyone knows that this Oriental monarch has a proud sense of his personal dignity, shuts himself out from the sight and intercourse of ordinary humanity, and is surrounded by all the ceremonial of royal etiquette. Even to see the meteorite was not so easy; to capture it was impossible. The American Consul was aghast, when asked to help so presumptious an undertaking. But this particular Shah knew a little French, and had a little more knowledge of the world than had most of his predecessors. Ward's year in Paris had made him quite a master of French; he had indeed a rattling acquaintance and possession of a dozen other languages. It occurred to him that, if he could only come face to face with the Shah, he could interest and persuade him. And so it proved. Introduced as the great American traveler, presenting to him the then new talking machine, the phonograph, and telling the Shah some stories of his adventures, he won the heart of the monarch. Then, with diplomatic adroitness, he brought the conversation 'round to the purpose of his coming to Persia. He could not venture to ask for the greatest treasure of the Shah's collection, but might he not be permitted to detach a fragment of it, which through casts, would proclaim to the great museums of the world the value of this jewel of the Shah's Museum? The Shah's vanity was tickled. The proposition put his collection side by side with the great collections of the West. He graciously assented. But his assent was signified in such a manner as to make this the most thrilling part of the interview. The Shah turned to one of the officers standing with drawn scimitar by his side and drew his own hand rapidly across his shoulder. Ward thought it might be an order to have his

head cut off. But it was only permission to slice off a portion of the meteorite. Ward did actually saw off a piece of the siderolite, and he afterwards declared that the bits of that meteorite, which he had sliced off and sold, had more than paid for all of the expenses of his journey to Persia.

The extent of Ward's investigations in the matter of meteorites may be judged when I say that Australasia and Asia, Africa and South America, furnish to his collection 85 per cent of all their known meteorites; North America furnished 99 per cent, and Europe 97 per cent of theirs, respectively; while Japan, Australia, Russia and Mexico are each represented by a larger number of specimens than are to be found in any one of their own collections. Out of 677 meteorites known and identified as to the time and place of their falling, 602 are represented in whole or in part in Ward's collection. He had before his death secured by purchase the two largest private collections in Europe, the Gregory in England and the Siemeschko in Russia. Dr. Brezins of Berlin, the most noted European student of meteorites, says of Professor Ward: "He has succeeded in reaching the highest number of localities now united in any collection." He did this at great expense financially at times, and often at great risk of life, as when in the plaza of an interior city of Colombia, in spite of the gibes and threats of the populace, he sawed off from a meteorite which stood as a pillar in the marketplace, a piece which weighed 320 pounds—and which was regarded by the ignorant as a specially sent gift from heaven. Ward may even be said to have arranged for a meteorite, before it fell. In India, he learned that there was annually a fall of the stones; and he succeeded in staving off a rejection of one of his collections, by predicting the coming of another stony shower. Fortunately the shower came at the appointed time; and, largely on the credit of it, Ward sold his collection.

The making of casts, together with their multiplication and distribution, was as unique a product of Ward's mind and work as was his gathering of meteorites. He perceived very early the value of the great paleozoic forms, in scientific education. When he had, by sale or exchange of fossils gathered by his own hands, gained the confidence of Museum Curators in London, Paris and St. Petersburg, he applied to them for permission to make plaster of Paris casts of their most celebrated

specimens. And so Ward possessed himself of moulds from which were reproduced copies so like the originals that the novice could hardly tell the one from the other. It was a remarkable achievement, the result of which is that many museums in our colleges present to the eyes of the student the Megatherium, the Dinotherium, the Glyptodon, the Mastodon, and other gigantic types of prehistoric life. I count this as great a benefit to American science as was the benefit to American art, derived from the importation of pictures by the old masters.

Henry A. Ward did not enjoy his oral teaching, so well as he enjoyed the impartation of knowledge by object-lessons. Not that he was lacking in control of his classes during the five years of his professorship in our University, for Rossiter Johnson bears witness that he kept up, not only interest, but discipline. His light humor, happy spirit, love for all nature, made his pupils helpers in his teaching. He took them with him in three several excursions: one down the Genesee River between the Lower Falls and Hanford's Landing, where fucoids and wave-marks were the main fossil relics; another to the sand-hills of which Mt. Hope and the Pinnacle are the chief representatives; and a third to the River between Mt. Morris and Portage Falls, where the banks are 400 feet high and abound in septaria, or turtle-stones. In all these excursions he never merged his teaching obligation in mere sociality; though he illustrated what was before the eyes of his scholars by incidents of his own experience, from the shooting of toucans in Central Africa, to the dodging of cannibals in Tierra del Fuego, from the crossing of an atoll in the Pacific, when some chemical was eating away the bottom of his boat, to his lodging for a night under an arch of London Bridge—which he called his "London Bridge Hotel." He could tell about the oriole and the cobra, about trilobites, ammonites, nautili, or the dinosaurus, with a minuteness of detail that left no doubt of his keen observation and his scientific judgment. He told of a balloon ascension over the city of Paris, which from a great height revealed to him the basin-like geological formation, in the centre of which the capital of France is situated. He had a proper sense of his own dignity and rights as a professor. President Anderson had a way of coming into

his lecture and interrupting him with some inference or reminiscence of his own, which took up all the rest of the professor's hour. Ward retorted by going into the President's lecture, and consuming most of Dr. Anderson's time. The result was that the President never came again. Yet Ward was a modest man. Shy and absorbed in his work, he shrank from publicity, and seemed to forget himself in his desire to instruct others. In everything but formal lecturing he was a teacher, to the manner born. Whether he made collections for colleges or for schoolboys, whether he was furnishing great museums or toy cabinets, all his products were equally scientific and accurate. No one was ever misled by the asserted place or date of a specimen. The result was that his work inspired universal confidence. Many institutions in Europe, as well as in America, depended upon him for their supplies. It it not too much to say that he had hunters, taxidermists, collectors, in all parts of the world. He revolutionized the methods of the museums; and turned them from mere aggregations of material into organized representatives of a wonderful and mighty past.

Only once did Ward turn aside from this unique work of teaching. Three years, from 1866 to 1869, he devoted to gold-mining. In Montana he discovered what he thought a remarkable deposit of gold ore. It occurred to him that to reduce that ore to absolute powder, and then to treat it with mercury, was the one thing needed to ensure an El Dorado. Judge Selden of this city was a distant relative of Ward, and the Judge put his Western Union proceeds into the Midas Gold Mining Company. Ward became a Mining Engineer. He did not invent the stamping-mill; that had been introduced into California in 1861 by A. B. Paul; but the first mill of this sort ever used in Montana was hauled from Sacramento, California, through a tribe of hostile Indians, who made things lively for the expressmen, and delayed delivery for ten whole months. In the meantime the mine itself was found to be richer on the surface than it was further down; and the mill remained as the only asset, while Judge Selden looked in vain for dividends. For a time Ward's reputation was under a cloud. But fortunately, Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago had heard favorably of Ward's gifts. McCormick had a gold mine in North Carolina, which he wished to develop. He induced Ward to take charge of it.

But the result there was the same. All is not gold that glistens. Ward became convinced that gold mining was not his forte, and after one more year of engineering he, fortunately for his own credit, returned to collecting.

A brief account of Ward's travels seems necessary to the understanding of what I am to tell of him as a *raconteur*. General Wadsworth, of Geneseo, had a wayward son, whom he thought Ward could reclaim. He sent him in charge of Ward to Paris; and afterwards paid all the expenses of their tour in the Orient. So our friend went through the Mediterranean, and as far as the second cataract of the Nile in Egypt. This tour only set the pace for his future wanderings. After a few years in Paris, where he became master of the French language, and was often taken for a Frenchman, and after the death of Charles Wadsworth, his former pupil, he went a second time to Egypt, and ascended the Nile to the Fifth Cataract, thence crossing the desert to the Red Sea, and crossing the Red Sea to Mocha and Aden, the hottest place on earth. He encountered a storm on the Red Sea in which, as he said, two dozen of the good Arabs prostrated themselves in prayer while the other two dozen bad Arabs tried to manage the boat and weather the gale—a lovely example of co-operative industry.

Returning to the African coast, Ward made his way southward to Abyssinia, Zanzibar, Zululand, and Cape Colony. From Cape Town he went northwesterly to Griqualand, fully 800 miles, and visited the diamond mines where Kimberly now stands. Then 400 miles up the river Niger into the heart of Africa. At Fernando Po, off the Camaroons, he was stricken with yellow fever, and narrowly escaped with his life—of which I will speak more hereafter—returning to America by way of Algiers and London. Some of us will remember his appointment by President Grant as naturalist of the Commission to San Domingo, which it was hoped to acquire as a naval base for our United States. The vessel carrying the members of that commission was wrecked; but all of its members, including Professor Ward, escaped with their lives. Still later he was engaged by the younger Agassiz to collect Australian corals, and in that journey he visited Java, Borneo, New Zealand, Hawaii and Japan. For the gathering of corals, a peculiar steamer was

provided, of very light draft and with bottom of glass, so that the single hour or two between the incoming and outgoing tide could be utilized both for observation and for capture. The grasping and lifting of those fragile and widespreading corals, through the clear and quiet water of those few halcyon hours, were things about which Ward talked with enthusiasm, for they were unique triumphs of his collecting skill.

An illustration of his prodigality when great issues were at stake was given at Rio de Janeiro. He found there some fossil skeletons of extinct megalosaurians; and he telegraphed the younger Agassiz if he might buy them. He thought it needful to explain the nature and the value of the purchase, and his telegram cost Agassiz three hundred and twenty-eight dollars. He expected a lengthy reply. When the reply came, it consisted of a single word, but that single word was "Yes." The incident was equally characteristic of the man of science and of the man of business, and that was the long and the short of it.

It was only from 1870 to 1890, that he had the leisure and the means freely to indulge his love for travel. Those years were full of adventure. In them he made at least five visits to South America, in one of them crossing the continent over the Andes from Valparaiso to Argentina before there was any railway, and from Rio de Janeiro taking ship to Senegal in Africa, and returning home by way of Lisbon and Bordeaux. In all, he crossed the Atlantic about fifty times, on about twenty-five different expeditions; and each one of his voyages left in his memory so wonderfully vivid impressions, that to listen when he gave reports of them was a delight. He had before his death compassed more lands, and captured more of their treasures for science, than any other man before him. Humboldt never saw so much of the Cosmos as did Henry A. Ward. Not a single State of our American Union but furnished some fruit of his researches, in the way of minerals or fossils. Many years ago he made for me a little cabinet of three hundred specimens, no one of which is more than three inches in diameter. It cost me three hundred dollars, but to my mind it is now worth three thousand, because it furnishes, in miniature, from all parts of the world, a unified object-lesson in geologic history, beginning with Eozoon Canadense, and ending with a blind fish of the Mammoth Cave.

HENRY A. WARD

Picture taken at Santa Rosa, Columbia, 1906. Presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mrs. Sherman Clarke.

I met Ward on East Avenue one afternoon. I had not seen him for many months. I accosted him with the words: "What part of the universe are you from now?" He replied: "When I have enough money, I take a long journey; but this time I had only a little, so I took a short one" "Well," I said, "Where did you go?" "I went only to the Pacific Coast," he answered; "and that was soon over, and of little account. But only a few months ago I went to South Africa, and visited the Boers." Then he told me the story of his stay over Sunday with one of the Boer magnates, an important official of the Government before its revolt from Great Britain. He described this personage as a tall and stalwart man, in long white beard, who prefaced every meal with prayer for a blessing. "That Sunday afternoon," he said, "I looked out of my window, and saw, on the stones of a rough fence, what seemed to me the striae of glacial action. As I had in my collection no proofs of such action south of the equator, I begged my host to give me one of those stones. He gladly consented, and told me to take as many as I liked; but said that he had often amused himself by looking out of the window and seeing the elephants rubbing their hides against those stones. So the theory of glacial action was suddenly exploded," said Ward, "and I lost my interest in the stones."

"But," he continued, "I looked out again, and saw what appeared to me one of the conies mentioned in the Old Testament, of which I had no representative. I said to my host, 'Give me a gun, so that I may shoot one and take it home.' 'Not on the Sabbath day,' he replied. 'Well, let me do it all by myself. You need not see.' 'Better not,' he said; 'you would be arrested, and could not get away. I will have one shot for you tomorrow, and will send you the cony at Durban.' So the matter was settled, and I received the specimen as he promised."

"I looked out of the window a third time, and saw a lot of yellow children playing. 'Whose children are those?' I asked. 'They are my children,' he replied. 'How many children have you?' I inquired. 'I have six by my wife,' he answered, 'but I have forty-nine or fifty of those.' They were the children of his Kaffir concubines." Here was this pious Boer magnate, rich and prosperous, a Sabbatarian and a polygamist, living over again in the nineteenth century the life of the patriarch Abraham, and thanking God for his numerous offspring.

I received a letter from Ward, written at Punta Arenas, the southern-most part of South America, looking across the straits of Magellan toward Terra del Fuego. He told me of his voyage along the west coast of Patagonia. It was in June when, instead of our summer, it was the middle of the Patagonian winter, and the lady passengers were wearing their furs. He was on deck, clad in his overcoat, when a canoe from the shore put off to meet his steamer. That canoe was a large dug-out, and it held as many as thirty Patagonian natives, men, women and children. Not one of these had anything that could be called clothing. Only the men had a strip of rawhide hanging down their backs and depending from a thong which encircled their throats. It was for ornament, but not for warmth. Among the occupants of the canoe was a naked woman with a baby. The child cried, and the mother was angered. She seized the child by one of its feet, held it over the sides of the canoe, doused it up and down in the briny deep, and then flung it down in the bottom of the boat. The baby sputtered and squirmed, but curled itself up with snowflakes falling on its naked body, and made no more trouble, but apparently fell into a peaceful slumber. "Such," said Ward, "are the tender mercies of the heathen."

On one of my return voyages from Europe, I unexpectedly found Ward a second class passenger. We were half way across the Atlantic before I discovered him, for the reason that my cabin was one of the first class. But the latter part of our voyage was memorable to me for the opportunity of hearing my friend recount some of his adventures. Let me say here that Ward was the most interesting *raconteur* I have ever known. If he could have overcome his shyness before an audience, he could have made a fortune by public travel-talks. It was difficult to set him talking, even in presence of a few. At a meeting of the Pundit Club at the house of Dr. E. M. Moore, he one evening appeared. I was booked to read a paper. But, when I saw Ward enter, I knew that the opportunity of hearing him must not be missed. I postponed the reading of my paper, and asked several members of the Club to prod Ward with questions about his trip across the Andes before there was any railway. The ruse succeeded; we got Ward to talking; there flowed an incessant stream of information and incident, from nine o'clock till midnight. It was one of the greatest meetings the Club ever had. But only

after it came to its end, did Ward seem to realize what he had been doing. He said he had never been so ashamed of himself in all his life, and he would never again attend a meeting of the Club, and I think he never did.

I was about to tell you some of the stories of travel which he related on the deck of that Atlantic steamer. One of them seemed to mitigate my views of dark-skinned people, and to increase my zeal for missions.

Ward called himself "a Christian agnostic." He was not an orthodox believer. He had accepted the evolutionary hypothesis of the earth's origin and history, and he regarded Christ and Christianity as products, in a process of natural and universal law. But he could not rid himself of the conviction that this natural law must somehow have a God before it, behind it, and in it; and though he made little of religious forms, he had in him a considerable respect for the Christian spirit. He told me of an occasion upon which he avowed himself a Christian, but with humiliating results to himself. It was in Algeria. Eight Mohammedan pilgrims, bound for Mecca, presented themselves before him. They were all in rags, and they were lean and gaunt with hunger. He ranged them in line, and gave to each one a small copper coin worth about half a cent. Each one, after receiving it, knelt down, prostrated himself before him, and kissed his feet. After all had risen, Ward began what was probably as nearly a sermon as he ever preached. "I am glad, my brothers, to salute you, and to help you on your pilgrimage. We have one common Father, though you are Moslems, and I am a Christian." But no sooner had he uttered that hateful word, "Christian," than the leader of the band drew the copper farthing from his ragged girdle, spat upon it, threw it into the dust at the preacher's feet, turned his back upon him, and marched proudly off. The second and third followed his example, until Ward was left standing alone without an audience. He told me that he never till that day knew the power of religious bitterness. I replied that this was not religious, but irreligious bitterness, and that many men, Prince Bismarck for example, had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity for less heroic service in the ministry than his.

One experience on the Coast of Africa softened Ward's heart and gave him respect for missionary enterprise . He had gone

up the river Niger into the heart of Africa. But he was seized with the African fever, and embarked upon a vessel bound for England. The captain thought him just ready to die, and put him ashore, as the only means of saving his life. There on a sandy beach he was left alone, with a little food and water, but with hardly strength enough to reach it. It was the island of Fernando Po, near one of the mouths of the great river Niger. Providentially, as it seemed, a negress, the only convert, on the island, of a Christian Mission on the mainland, and the only woman who could speak a little French, descried the helpless outcast on the beach, and had compassion on him. She carried him in her arms to her rude hut, nursed him for many weeks like a mother, until he regained strength enough to hail a passing ship and so made his way back to civilization. Ward never afterwards spoke slightingly of Christian missions.

There was an unexpected result of all this. When he reached London he found that a few men of scientific tastes had learned of his travels and his collections. He was invited to a reception, given by Sir Roderick Murchison to David Livingstone, who was at that time preparing for his journey of exploration across the then unknown Mid-African Continent. Ward had no evening dress; and the flunkies who represented Sir Roderick refused to admit a man in plain frock coat. The story goes that Ward went out of their sight, pinned the skirts of his coat and the flaps of his waistcoat back far enough to imitate a dress suit, and on his return duly passed the gauntlet. Once admitted, he pressed into the circle of which David Livingstone was the centre of attraction, and heard the great missionary lament that there was no one alive who could give him information about the Niger and the region which he intended to penetrate. To the surprise of the whole company this roughly attired stranger broke the stillness with a clear voice, replying: "I think I can tell you, Sir, for I have just come from there." David Livingstone pounced upon him, as if he were a messenger from heaven; drew him into a corner, and had no ears for any other guest for the remainder of the evening. Ward always prided himself upon facilitating Livingstone's wonderful trek across the dark continent, and upon doing something toward opening Central Africa to humane and civilizing influences.

He went to Paris. There he saw, in the window of a hairdresser, the stuffed figure of a little monkey. The creature was of a unique type, and unlike any that Ward had up to that time met. He entered the shop and asked the price of it. The hairdresser replied that it was not for sale. This only stimulated our collector's eagerness. He made the man a reasonable offer, but it was refused. He increased the amount offered; and at last, after much dispute, made it his own. The delicate question arose as to the proper method of conveying this stuffed monkey to his lodging. The barber suggested wrapping it in paper, and carrying it under his arm. But no accessible paper was wide enough. Two large pieces were needed, one for the lower, and another for the upper part of the body. With his burden covered and tied, as he thought securely, Ward went out into the street, the monkey's head projecting far behind his shoulders. Unfortunately, the paper covering the head fell off, without Ward's knowledge. Long before he reached his lodgings, he heard an immense giggling behind him; and, when he turned to see its cause, found that he was leading a long procession of the gamins of Paris who were making merry at his expense.

A somewhat similar experience was his in the city of New York. Ward made frequent inroads upon the Fulton Market. There he often found new specimens of fish. One day he discovered a beautiful new variety of eels. They were so small and portable, that he bought them. Then again the difficulty was that of transportation. Little eels are harder to manage than a stuffed monkey. But Ward had an umbrella. It occurred to him that by slipping the eels into the closed umbrella, and by tying a string around the ferules at the end, he could easily carry these little treasures home. So, holding the umbrella by its handle, and letting it fall downward, he safely reached Broadway. There he got into an omnibus and took his seat. Being naturally tired and unconscious of danger, he fell into a doze, and when he awoke he found, to his horror, that the umbrella had fallen to the floor, and that two of his eels had escaped and were wriggling at his feet. The omnibus was full of women. He foresaw an explosion, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he picked up his umbrella and got out. Then it occurred to him to follow the omnibus, and he went upon the sidewalk. The denouement soon came. Piercing screams, and cries of "Snakes!

Snakes!" were heard from the vehicle, and a dozen women holding their garments about their knees, were seen mounting the seats in terror for their lives. But the author of all this disturbance looked on calmly and smiled.

Some years ago a friend of mine, traveling in Mexico, met Ward on a railway train, and afterwards saw him frequently at a hotel. Ward was apparently acting as courier for a wealthy lady of Chicago, whose company consisted of her mother and two fine boys, sons and grandsons respectively of the two ladies. My friend and he had the memory of a slight acquaintance formed in Rochester in the early days of the University. Ward introduced him to his lady patron and he became for a little time a member of the party. Ward was the most intelligent and attentive of couriers; indeed he seemed to be paying a sort of court to his lady principal. On his return to Chicago and upon his relating this impression, a keen critic said to my friend: "Ward took unfair, but vain, advantage of his opportunities; but she turned him down." I supposed he meant that Ward sought vainly to add the lady to his collection. This proved to be an unwarranted conclusion, for the lady soon after added Ward to her collection, and Mrs. Coonly became Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonly Ward.

So Henry A. Ward was blessed in his last years with a wife who brought him freedom from financial care and, what was better, a noble companionship. I called upon him at Cosmos Hall and he showed me some of his recent acquisitions. When I rose to go, he stopped me and said: "Stay! I have something yet to show you." Going into another room, he brought from there a photograph. In it there were pictures of four generations: a small child, a mother, a grandmother, and a great-grandmother. I examined it, and praised it, not thinking that it had any special relation to him, when he astonished me by saying, "It is the grandmother that I am going to marry." In the photograph she seemed no older than forty-five, and she was a woman of sympathetic presence that was better than mere physical beauty. I was the guest of them both at Wyoming. As Ward and I came to the carriage that was to convey me to the station at parting, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, with tears in his eyes: "Isn't she splendid?" When asked, after his marriage, how he was getting on, he replied that he was now

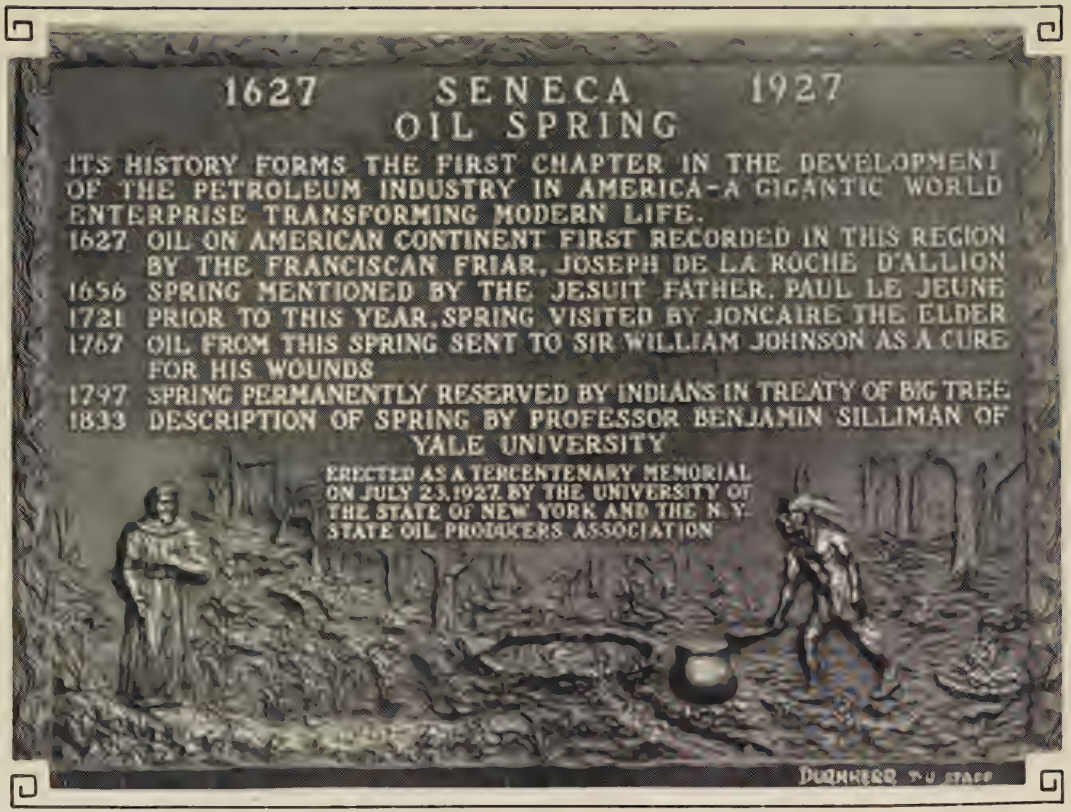
"learning to eat with his fork." Ward's exhibition of that photograph was like his reply forty or fifty years before: One of his students had asked him what was the last addition he had made to his collection. Ward answered by drawing from his pocket a photograph of a baby. So he intimated to the inquirer that the latest addition to his collection was his first-born son, Charles.

He did well to show that photograph. It was a case of heredity. Both of his sons have taken up his work and have carried it on. Charles is making casts in Rochester, to-day. Henry has been the highly respected Director of the Public Museum of the city of Milwaukee since 1902. For some time I took a report from the pen of Henry to be the work of his father. It is an account by Henry L. Ward of an exploration of his own, so gruesome and thrilling that he could give it the title: "A Visit to Hell in the Interests of Zoology." Dante himself could not have improved it as a piece of definite and vivid description. The scene is laid in the Mexican State of Vera Cruz in 1891; the locality is a cave called the Infernillo, or Little Hell; the inhabitants of the cave are bats. Henry L. Ward finds the cave swarming with bats; they hang overhead in hundreds; they seem to come from a deep hole in the floor, and then to venture toward the light which shines at the entrance of the cavern. He resolves to explore that hole; finds that it is the outlet to an underground tunnel or corridor a thousand feet long; and that in all that length its ceiling is hung with living bats, thousands in number, but quiescent or asleep until some noise awakens them. The heat is stifling, but the odor is more dreadful, for the floor to the depth of eighteen inches is one mass of guano, the product of hundreds of years of bat digestion. Ward's assistant follows him with candles, and with a canvas bag in which to imprison the captured specimens. He himself with lighted candle plunges onward, though his feet sink in the guano at every step. To stir the bats hanging above and to bring them down, he needs to fire his shot-gun, but that arouses so many, that the fetid air is full of them, and the outrush of the army is so overwhelming as to prostrate the investigators and to extinguish their light. But when the rush is over and all is quiet, the candle is relit, and the search goes on, until a faint shining of daylight is perceived at the further end of the tunnel. Ward's watch tells him that

his time is up, and that he must return to the point from which he started, in order to catch a railway train. His night in hell has given him four species of bats which he can identify, and a larger knowledge of bat-life than the majority of investigators possess. I doubt whether the annals of scientific exploration can furnish a more telling illustration of dare-devil enthusiasm than does this exploit of Henry L. Ward. To face an army of bats when they swoop down upon you by thousands, put out your light and knock you into a bed of soft guano, requires bravery, especially when the residence of the bats is in the bowels of the earth, and the extinction of your candle leaves you dark as Erebus.

Henry A. Ward, the father, had a curious superstition, if I may so call it, that he must die and be buried near Rochester. Shortly before his death he brought over from Canada what Mr. Hornaday rightly calls "a massive and shapely boulder of jasper congolmerate," to be his final monument. Only his name was to be carved upon it. It has rested at Mount Hope for these fifteen years, the fitting memorial of a man who had one purpose in life, and who devoted himself resolutely to it. It seems a pity that his life should not have ended peacefully in his own home. But Providence otherwise ordered. Struck suddenly by a motor-car in Buffalo, he lived but a few hours after. His remains were cremated, as he wished, and they rest in an urn in a niche of the great glacial boulder of jasper conglomerate which he had brought from Canada. Of very few men can it be said so confidently that "his works do follow him." Almost all the Museums of the world contain objects gathered by him; the order and scientific method of these Museums are largely due to his initiative; and some of the greatest Museums owe to him their very existence. Honor to whom honor is due!

Editor's Note: In the Library of The Rochester Historical Society is an interesting pamphlet, entitled, "Notice of the Ward Cabinets of Mineralogy and Geology lately presented to the University of Rochester, (Rochester, Press of Benton & Andrews, 1863). This brochure gives the history of the cabinets, with detailed descriptions; these are followed by the opinions of scientific men as to the value of the collections. The Ward Cabinets were purchased for twenty thousand dollars by friends of the University, chiefly citizens of Rochester, after a vigorous campaign led by President Martin B. Anderson. The complete List of Subscribers appears in the pamphlet above mentioned.


1627 SENECA 1927
OIL SPRING
ITS HISTORY FORMS THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY IN AMERICA-A GIGANTIC WORLD ENTERPRISE TRANSFORMING MODERN LIFE.
1627 OIL ON AMERICAN CONTINENT FIRST RECORDED IN THIS REGION BY THE FRANCISCAN FRIAR, JOSEPH DE LA ROCHE D'ALLION
1656 SPRING MENTIONED BY THE JESUIT FATHER, PAUL LE JEUNE
1721 PRIOR TO THIS YEAR, SPRING VISITED BY JONCAIRE THE ELDER
1767 OIL FROM THIS SPRING SENT TO SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON AS A CURE FOR HIS WOUNDS
1797 SPRING PERMANENTLY RESERVED BY INDIANS IN TREATY OF BIG TREE.
1833 DESCRIPTION OF SPRING BY PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN OF YALE UNIVERSITY
ERECTED AS A TERCENTENARY MEMORIAL ON JULY 23, 1927 BY THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK AND THE N. Y. STATE OIL PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION

Photograph of Bronze Tablet erected near Cuba, New York, July 27, 1927.

Tablet designed and executed by Mr. A. A. Kolb, of Rochester, New York. Medallist of the Rochester Numismatic Association. The border represents flame and smoke; the figures in relief reveal a Franciscan Friar and a Seneca Indian on either side of the Oil Spring. This tablet was erected through the initiative of Mr. Lewis H. Thornton, of Wellsville, New York. Author of "Tercentenary of Oil in America." (Privately printed, 1927). This pamphlet tells the story of the first discovery of oil in 1627.

The Massacre of Cherry Valley

By Mrs. William S. Little

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, December 12, 1890.

"There are fatal days indeed
In which the fibrous years have taken root
So deeply, that they quiver to their tops,
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day."

THE question is often asked: "Where is Cherry Valley, and why is it so well known?"

First, let us look at its location, for this goes far to explain its prominence. It is situated fifty miles southwest of Albany, as the crow flies, just over the crest and on the southern side of the watershed between the Mohawk and Susquehanna Rivers. Cold Spring, a mile from the village limits, is the head waters of one of the tributaries of the Mohawk River, which is twelve miles to the north, and in the spring of the year its waters almost mingle with those of one of the longest branches of the Susquehanna River, the Cherry Valley Creek, flowing in a southerly direction.

Six miles away, to the west, over a steep hill, lies Otsego Lake, whose beautiful waters and wooded shores have been immortalized by Fenimore Cooper's pen. The village, now containing only a thousand inhabitants, lies nearly midway between Sharon Springs, Richfield Springs and Cooperstown, those famous resorts of health and pleasure seekers.

It was through the picturesque valley of the Cherry Valley Creek, with hills rising on either side, that the Six Nations, from the earliest historic days, had the most important of their trails, the one leading down to their great colony, Oquago, in what is now Broome County, from their settlements along the Mohawk River. This valley, about sixteen miles long and from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width, is nearly fifteen hundred feet above tide water, and its high lands on the eastern side may

be justly considered as belonging to the Catskill range of mountains. They terminate abruptly three miles northeast of the village in Mount Independence, whose summit is two thousand feet above the sea. From thence a marvelously beautiful scene is opened, more than a hundred miles in extent. Before one the entire Mohawk Valley with large parts of the Adirondack regions is spread out and on a clear day the Green Mountains of Vermont can be distinctly seen.

Now as to the wide-spread knowledge of this town. In the old days of stage-coaching two important roads met in the little village, one the famous turnpike leading west from Albany, the other the turnpike from the Mohawk River down the Susquehanna Valley, following the old Indian trail. Over these roads went the emigrants to the great west, and the cattle and produce from the west went east to the Albany market. Sixty years ago, within the memory of the generation just passing away, Cherry Valley was well known to all travelers on these two routes, and the praise of its old taverns is still sung, not with thirsty memories, I judge, as in 1830 there were twenty-nine licensed places for selling liquor in the village. These same travelers remember, too, that they often saw from thirty to forty "prairie schooners," objects familiar to every one who has traveled in the west, resting over night in the village square.

When the Erie Canal was opened, the first blow was dealt to the prosperity of Cherry Valley; and that was speedily followed by the building of the great Central Railroad, and the line of travel has been entirely changed. Surely we may be forgiven for sounding for awhile the praises of the "good old times." The oldest book in the world is the Egyptian book of the "Maxims of Ptah Hotep," going back as far as the fourth dynasty, about three thousand years before Christ, to a period so remote that everywhere else it is lost in the night of time; and in this book, the same cry is heard, as to the degeneracy of modern times and the glory of those that are gone!

The first classical school west of Albany was established in Cherry Valley, before the Revolutionary War, and its advantages in subsequent years brought many people to the village for the purpose of educating their children. At the head of this academy in 1795 was the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, afterwards the dis-

tinguished president of Union College and one of the greatest educators our country has ever known. He was the pastor of the little church and combined the duties of teacher with his ministerial labors. Under his management the academy flourished, and in after years continued, through his interest in it, to be a training school for Union College. As one of the college trustees wrote: "Only in rare instances did a young man, fitted for college in that academy, think it possible for him to go elsewhere for an education." To quote from the same writer, W. W. Campbell:

"This old Cherry Valley Academy had a peculiar charm for Dr. Nott. He never forgot it; he never ceased to live for it as well as for the people of his first charge. More than half a century later he made a special visit, at the request of the people, to aid in raising funds to enlarge the academy building, and fit it for more extended usefulness. The scene in the church was one never to be forgotten. Dr. Nott, then most venerable in appearance, bearing the dignity of high renown, and far advanced in years, though with intellect still vigorous and unclouded, arose to speak. After looking around for a moment or two, he said, 'I feel today that I am like an old soldier, long returned from the wars, and who can only shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won. In looking over this assembly, I can see only here and there a gray head, the feeble remnant of those among whom I labored, as preacher and teacher more than fifty years ago. A new generation has come on the stage, with whose liberality in giving, with whose devotion to the cause of learning I am not acquainted; but if I had your fathers as auditors today, I should know on whom I could depend.' Such was his opening. The tact as well as feeling of the old man eloquent may readily be seen. The victory was won. Men went out with their purse strings loosened, saying, 'The money must be raised;' and so it was."

This Cherry Valley Academy, chartered by the Regents in 1796, discontinued in 1865 and again revived, has just been reinstated as a member of the University in good standing. The original parchment charter submitted in its application was signed by John Jay, chancellor, and DeWitt Clinton, secretary, of the Regents in 1796.

Before the Harvard Law School was opened, when in the north there was only a law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, Cherry Valley had its law school, and the cities of New York and Albany alone had bars equal to that of the little village. Here lived Jabez D. Hammond, author of "The Political History of New York," Alvan Stewart, the great apostle of abolition, Levi Beardsley, James O. Morse, Isaac Seelye, William W. Campbell, author of "The Annals of Tryon County," who all, as lawyers,

judges or authors, had more than local reputation. Many all over our State have heard, too, of the famous Dr. Joseph White, President of the State Medical Society, and his no less well-known sons, Delos and Menzo, who all, as physicians and surgeons, achieved great success, and were in many ways in advance of their times in their practice.

These men and many others we have no time to mention, all contributed to the former greatness of the village, but while deploring its changed condition now, we must not fail to speak of the noble support given by its sons to the Union during the War of the Rebellion, when the descendants of the revolutionary heroes proved themselves worthy of their parentage on many hard-fought battlefields; and, still nobler and harder to do, while languishing in Southern prison pens.

As we look up and down the quiet streets of Cherry Valley and over to the peaceful, everlasting hills, how can we realize what a tragedy was enacted here a little over a hundred years ago, a tragedy which has made the place forever historic ground! In a recent article on the "Border Warfare of the Revolution," Professor John Fiske says:

> "The Village of Cherry Valley in Central New York was destroyed November 11, 1778, by a party of seven hundred Tories and Indians. All the houses were burnt and about fifty of the inhabitants murdered without regard to age or sex. Many other atrocious things were done in the course of the year, but the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry Valley made a deeper impression than any of the others. Among the victims were many refined gentlemen and ladies, well known in the Northern States, and this was especially the case of Cherry Valley."

The Cherry Valley massacre was an event of peculiar interest for several reasons. There had always been the closest friendship between the Indians and the people of this place, and some were even on intimate terms with Joseph Brant, the great Mohawk chief. Indeed, all the land had been bought in the Province of New York from the Indians and no treachery had ever been shown them. Unlike the Wyoming settlement, that of Cherry Valley was on good terms with the neighboring settlements. No civil strife disturbed its peace and prosperity. The massacre was the direct result of the Revolutionary War. What causes, then, led to this melancholy result, the destruction of the town and its people; and first, who were these people?

During the religious persecutions of the seventeenth century in England and Scotland, many families went to the north of Ireland where they were at liberty to worship God as they chose. These families were afterwards called Scotch-Irish; and it is interesting for us to know that the late President Anderson's ancestors were among the number. Many of them settled in Londonderry, where some endured the fearful siege in 1689. In the next century a number of the younger generation emigrated to America, and part of them settled in New Hampshire, in a place to which they gave the name of Londonderry. Here they were living when, in 1740, the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, came and told them that he had been offered several hundred acres of land as a gift, in what was then the far west, on condition that he would settle upon it, and induce some of his friends to buy land near and do the same. This land lay in the unbroken wilderness south and west of the settlements along the Mohawk River, which at that time only reached about to the place where the village of Herkimer now stands.

"The whole region to the south was untouched by the hand of civilized man until one came to Central Pennsylvania, where the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and Germans had already settled, and to the westward without limit save that a few French Jesuits and traders had formed scattered missions and trading-posts at Detroit and along the lakes."

Two years before, in 1738, a patent for eight thousand acres of this land had been granted by Lieutenant-Governor Clarke to four men, one of whom was John Lindesay. The next year, Governor Clarke and Mr. Lindesay obtained an assignment of this patent from the others, and after having laid it out in lots, Mr. Lindesay settled on a farm himself and called the place Lindesay's Bush. He had doubtless been attracted to the locality by its wild, romantic scenery which reminded him of his native Scotland, but he did not at all appreciate the difficulties of living in a spot so remote from any settlement, and in the first winter, when the snow fell to an unusual depth, he and his family nearly starved to death. Their condition was discovered by an Indian, who came by chance to the house, and who immediately went on his snowshoes to the Mohawk River, twelve miles away, and brought back provisions for them upon

his back, and for the rest of the winter he continued to relieve them in the same way. This experience doubtless led to the offer made by Mr. Lindesay to the Rev. Mr. Dunlop and which resulted in about thirty persons with their families, among them David Ramsay, William Gault, James Campbell and William Dickson, moving from New Hampshire, in 1741, buying farms and settling down upon them. They were hardy and industrious people, well fitted for the difficult task before them.

When writing some letters soon after, Mr. Dunlop asked Mr. Lindesay where he should date them. On the name of a Scottish town being proposed, Mr. Dunlop, looking down the beautiful valley and on some fine wild-cherry trees in blossom, said: "Oh, let us give our place an appropriate name; let us call it Cherry Valley." Soon, on the hillside near Mr. Dunlop's house, was put up a log church, which also did duty as a schoolhouse. In this church was the first English preaching west of the Hudson river. Mr. Dunlop taught the classics to the boys of the settlement and to others who came from the scattering villages on the Mohawk River, and who made their home in his house. It is said that he often guided the plow while listening to the boys scanning Homer and Virgil as they walked in the furrows behind him. Here a number of men were educated who afterwards became very prominent in the Revolution. Mr. Dunlop seems never to have hesitated to undertake anything that he wished to do. Until the year 1745 the Presbyterians in this country referred their ecclesiastical matters to the mother church in Ireland. At that time they formed a Presbytery, and it is said that Mr. Dunlop took the long journey to New Hampshire to attend one of its meetings. Nor was this all. When he left Ireland to seek a home in the new world he was engaged to a young girl, with the condition, however, that if he did not return within seven years she could consider herself at liberty. Now that he had a home for her, he returned to Ireland knowing that the seven years were almost run out, and that doubtless many were suing for her hand. After making the slow voyage safe from pirates and the dangers of shipwreck, he was delayed in landing and only reached his betrothed the last day of the appointed time to find that she was to be married on the morrow to another man. He claimed his bride, however, and was joy-

fully accepted as one from the dead, and soon he brought her to his home in the wilderness. It was well for them both that the veil was not lifted from the future, to reveal the sad fate of the gentle lady in 1778.

For about thirty years the settlers of Cherry Valley enjoyed comparative prosperity; fresh men gradually joined their number, one of the most prominent of whom was John Wells, who bought Mr. Lindesay's place, and who afterwards married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Dunlop. The church, under its faithful minister's care, prospered, and after a time outgrew the log house, and a frame church was built within the limits of the burying ground which lies near the southern edge of the village.

"In this quiet graveyard many a rude slab, split from the limestone ridge hard by, still marks the spot where a pioneer lies wrapt in his long slumber, but whose name no hand skilled with the chisel was there to engrave."

These hardy frontiersmen were not only lovers of religion and learning, but were something like the Puritans, of whom it is said that next to going to church they loved to fight. In the French and Indian War, in spite of the dangers surrounding them from the incursions of the Six Nations who were not all loyal to their British allies, all capable of bearing arms were in the army on the British side, and every man became in some sense a soldier. Then, when complaints arose as to the treatment of the colonies by the British crown, no protests were more bold, no resolutions more patriotic than those made in the little valley church in the spring of 1775, ending with these words:

"It is our fixed resolution to support and carry into execution everything recommended by the Continental Congress and to be free or die."

There were three members from Cherry Valley in the Committee of Safety of Tryon County, of which John Frey was Chairman. A word as to the limits of Tryon County. This county, taken from Albany County in 1772, was named in honor of William Tryon, then governor of the province. It embraced all that territory in New York State lying west of a line drawn north and south through the center of the present county of Schoharie. The county buildings were at Johnstown, where

Sir William Johnson's residence was. In 1784 the name of the county was changed to Montgomery. Its entire population was estimated at ten thousand, of whom not more than twenty-five hundred could have been capable of bearing arms. Now, when we remember that the Six Nations alone, who lived around and among these people, numbered over two thousand brave and skillful warriors, while in the whole department there were over twenty-five thousand savages trained in the use of arms, we will gain a faint idea of what it meant when the yeomen of central New York espoused the cause of liberty.

These three committeemen were God-fearing patriots, as the following letter to the Committee will show:

"Cherry Valley, June 9, 1775.

"Sirs: We received yours of yesterday relative to the meeting of the Committee on Sunday, which surprised us not a little, inasmuch as it seems not to be on any alarming circumstance; which, if it was, we should readily attend. But as that does not appear to us to be the case, we think it very improper; for unless the necessity of the Committee sitting, superexceed the duties to be performed in attending the public worship of God, we think it ought to be put off till another day; and therefore we conclude not to give our attendance at this time, unless you adjourn the sitting of the Committee until Monday morning; and in that case we will give our attendance as early as you please. But otherwise, we do not allow ourselves to be cut short of attending on the public worship, except the case be so necessitous as to exceed sacrifice. We conclude with wishing success to the common cause and subscribe ourselves the free-born sons of liberty.

"John Moore.
"Samuel Clyde.
"Samuel Campbell.

"If you proceed to sit on the Sabbath, please read this letter to the Committee, which we think will sufficiently assign our reason for not attending."

Now, we come to the main cause of the massacre. Before the battle of Oriskany, which battle turned back the tide that threatened the Mohawk Valley with destruction, the Six Nations were persuaded to join the British forces by promises made them of unlimited opportunities for scalping and plunder, and the assurance that they would not have to fight. Instead of this, they met a determined foe, and hand to hand fought for many hours, losing about a hundred of their bravest warriors. They swore vengeance for this loss, and the tale we are to tell of Cherry Valley, is one of the results of that bloody 6th of August, 1777.

After General Herkimer was wounded and unable to direct the movements of his army and Colonel Cox was killed, Colonel Campbell of Cherry Valley was in command of the forces and led them off this fatal field. By his side, too, stood another brave officer, Major Clyde from the same place. These prominent acts, and the fact that John Moore of Cherry Valley was a member of the provincial Congress, directed the special attention of the Indians in their plan of revenge, to Cherry Valley. To the Tories, also, the patriotism of this little town was a rebuke, and they hated it, and so were ready to join hands with their savage allies. We can hardly speak with patience about the actions of these same Tories. Some may have been truly anxious to do right, and have thought that they must support their king; but there is no excuse for their dastardly treachery, and their turning to the right and the left upon their neighbors and friends with more than savage cruelty. Again, what can be said of the action of the English government in inciting the murderous attacks of the Indians upon the colonists? To what act in history can it be compared? It is not just, however, historians tell us, to ascribe this wicked dealing to the British commanders in general; it must be charged, they say, to the account of Lord George Germaine and a few unworthy men who were willing to be his tools. "Alone, either the Indians or the Tories would have been comparatively harmless; united, they ranged like fiends over all Tryon county."

Realizing the danger they were in, the people of Cherry Valley in 1777, threw up a rude embankment of logs and earth around Colonel Campbell's house and two large barns which stood on a side hill commanding a full view of the valley. The doors were doubled, strong window shutters were provided, and the whole rendered bullet proof. Two small blockhouses were erected within the enclosure. Here the people gathered and a company of rangers secured their safety during the summer; and in the fall they returned to their homes, as little danger was to be feared from the Indians during the winter. But in the spring of 1778, General LaFayette was in Johnstown; and he, appreciating the importance of Cherry Valley's position, ordered a fort to be constructed in the town. Before this was built, however, early in May, while the inhabitants were in their old quarters at Colonel Campbell's, Brant planned a descent upon

the village with the special object of killing or taking prisoner some of the principal persons, especially the members of the committee, he having been informed truly that it was at that time without a guard of soldiers. Approaching stealthily through the forest from the east he gained the summit of Lady Hill, from which he could look down upon the stockaded house of Colonel Campbell. To his dismay, on the green in front of the house he saw a company of soldiers parading. He abandoned his projected attack, saying to his followers: "Colonel Campbell has got his house well guarded, I see;" only to learn afterwards that he had been deceived by a sight of the boys of the settlement dressed out in paper hats, with wooden weapons, who were thus early practicing the arts of war. Brant withdrew his force to a place on the main road, about two miles to the north, where he himself hid behind a great rock and waited, hoping to learn something definite about the soldiers he had seen, and their preparations for defense. This rock is still to be seen, and is called "Brant's Rock." That same day Lieutenant Matthew Wormuth, a militia officer and personal friend of Brant, had come up from the Mohawk river to bring some news about the movements of Colonel Klock and his regiment. As he set out to return home, he was accompanied by a bearer of dispatches, Peter Sitz. As they neared Brant's hiding place, they were challenged by him and ordered to halt. They paid no attention, but spurred their horses on until Lieutenant Wormuth fell, wounded, and his frightened horse turned and rushed back to the village. Brant coming up to his old friend, in his haste tomahawked him with his own hand, mistaking him for a continental officer. Sitz was captured, but managed to destroy the dispatches that gave a true account of the state of the garrison, and give up a false set which he carried; so Brant went away for that time, and the valley had a short interval of peace.

During the summer the fort was built; it was rude, but sufficient for frontier warfare. The site chosen included the burying ground, and the church itself was used for the headquarters of the troops. The people stored their valuables within its walls, and themselves took refuge there at times. The work was defended by four pieces of artillery and between two and three hundred troops of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment were quar-

tered here under the command of Colonel Ichabod Alden of Danbury, Mass., in whose honor the fort was named.

Within a few years a manuscript journal has been found and published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, that was kept by a Lieutenant William McKendry, of this same Sixth Massachusetts regiment. It is full of interest, beginning as it does at Albany in October, 1777, and closing after the great Sullivan Campaign, in January, 1780. His first entry after going to Cherry Valley, July 24, 1778, is as follows: "Arrived at 4 P.M. The regiment was received with much joy, with firing a blunderbuss and one round from the militia and inhabitants, which were posted at Cherry Valley." On the next day he writes: "Drew two days provisions and went to Rev. Mr. Dunlop's and drank sillabub with discoursing the old gentleman about sundries affairs." On the 27th he says: "Began to board with Mr. James Richey, twenty rods from Fort Alden." On the 6th of August he writes: "The troops moved from Colonel Campbell's to the fort." On the 7th: "Began to build the redout at Fort Alden." On August 25th: "Went to Colonel Campbell's and saw ye Dominie's bee wool breaking;" and so on with accounts of regimental horse races and field days, a wedding and other festivities, as if with no thought of danger.

And indeed it seems as if life might now have gone on safely in the village but for the foolhardiness of Colonel Alden, who, as well as his under officers, presumed too much on the dread the Indians had of artillery and of regular troops. Lieutenant McKendry, as we have seen, had his quarters outside the fort, and the same was true of Colonel Alden, Lieutenant Colonel Stacy, and other officers. On the 6th of November, just as the people were beginning to breathe freely again on account of the approach of winter, news was sent to Colonel Alden from Fort Schuyler of a projected attack on the village within a few days; but even then the Colonel was not aroused to a sense of danger. In vain did Colonels Campbell and Clyde beg him to allow the inhabitants to take shelter in the fort, where there was plenty of room for them. Colonel Alden said they need fear nothing, that the Indians would never dare to come where there were disciplined troops and that he would send out scouts in every direction.

The people had to be contented, much against their wishes,

with the Colonel's decision, and that it was not a selfish one is shown by the fact that he still stayed at Mr. Well's house, on the sloping hillside just below the village with Lieutenant Colonel Stacy and a small guard. It adds to our interest in Mr. Well's place to know that it was the original "Lindesay's Bush," owned and occupied by the first settler, and that in later days, until her marriage and removal to Rochester, it was the home of Mrs. Roswell Hart, whose brother, Mr. Edward Phelon, still lives upon it.

The scouting-party sent down the valley was surprised by the Indians and taken prisoners on the night of the 10th of November, and in the early morning hours of the 11th a band of about five hundred Indians and two hundred Tories, under the command of Joseph Brant and Captain Walter Butler, came into the settlement. The snow was several inches deep on the ground and rain falling in the early morning; the atmosphere was thick and hazy, thus helping their designs. Their number was large enough to admit of surrounding each house in which an officer was lodged, and at the same time allowing the main body to attack the fort.

A man coming up the valley on horseback was fired upon and wounded by the Indians. He spurred his horse on up to Mr. Well's house to alarm Colonel Alden. The colonel was still incredulous, thinking it only a straggling party, and he ordered the guard called in. This delay gave the Indians time to rush by. The advance guard was mostly made up of Seneca Indians, at that time the wildest and most ferocious of any of the Six Nations. Colonel Alden escaped from the house and was pursued down the hill towards the fort by an Indian who called upon him to surrender. This he would not do and turned to fire upon the Indian, but his pistol only snapped. The attempt enraged Brant, for he it was, and he threw his tomahawk at him, and then rushing up, scalped him. Thus the unfortunate officer was the first victim of his sad mistake. Lieutenant-Colonel Stacy was made a prisoner, and every one of the guard was either killed or captured.

The scenes in Mr. Well's house which the Colonel fled from were heartrending. The whole peaceful family was massacred, consisting of Robert Wells, his wife, his mother, four children, his brother and sister and three domestics. The only member of

the family to escape was a son John, who was with an aunt in Schenectady, and who lived to become one of the most distinguished lawyers in New York. This one might, indeed, have said in the words of an English poet:

"They left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth,
No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,
Escaped—that 'morn' of blood upon our plains;
All perished! I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remained,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

A Tory afterward boasted that he killed Mr. Wells at prayer. Rev. Mr. Dunlop's house was about a mile away, and there too the savages were relentless. Mrs. Dunlop, whom we last saw as a happy bride, was killed, and one of her arms thrown into an apple tree. Her husband's and daughter's lives were preserved by a chief called Little Aaron. Even he, however, could not entirely protect the aged man. An Indian in passing seized his hat and ran off with it. Little Aaron followed him to recover it when another Indian attempted to scalp Mr. Dunlop, and was only deterred from his purpose by intense astonishment when the minister's wig came off suddenly. Mr. Dunlop's captivity lasted only a few days, but the shock, grief and exposure had been too much for him and he lived only a few months longer.

On the Clyde homestead, about a mile beyond Mr. Well's house and on much higher ground, lived the Colonel Clyde of whom I have spoken, with his wife and eight children. Mrs. Clyde was a niece of Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was a very remarkable woman. She had been accustomed in her youth, which was spent in the eastern colonies, to Indian modes of warfare, and had felt with her husband that Colonel Alden was not wise in his feeling of security. The night before the Indian onslaught Mrs. Clyde dreamed three times that the Indians were upon them, and that Molly Brant, whom she had once known well, appeared to her and warned her to escape. She was so impressed with the dreams that she aroused her husband and begged him to go once more to the fort and entreat Colonel Alden to allow the people to come within its shelter.

Colonel Clyde started out and had scarcely reached the fort when the attack began. His wife heard the shrieks of her friends, the Wells family, mingled with the hideous Indian war-whoops, and then saw a band of savages coming towards her house. She started with her children, one of them an infant, to gain the shelter of the woods. With them went an apprentice boy about sixteen years old, and a little dog. In running, the oldest daughter, Agnes, became separated from the rest of the party, and was alone, hidden under a great fallen tree for twenty-four hours. Over the tree passed Indians and Tories, but without discovering her. There was snow on the ground, and the rain which had fallen that morning had turned to sleet, which added to her sufferings, thinly clad as she was. Her mother and the other children went about two miles and there were concealed in the dense woods; but oftentimes the Indians passed by them; at one time one of their guns trailed on the log that covered Mrs. Clyde and her infant. Meantime she saw the smoke from the homesteads burning around her and heard the whoops of the savages as they pursued their diabolical work in one part of the settlement after another, and did not know whether or no the attack on the fort was successful.

In her case providential circumstances seemed to mock the malice and wrath of men. Her baby did not scream, the little dog did not bark when their enemies were near them, and although they suffered bitterly from exposure and cruel anxiety, the morning of the 12th found them alive, and when the frightened boy went to the fort by a circuitous route, having been warned by his mistress to see if the flag was still flying before venturing near, he was able to tell Colonel Clyde the welcome news of the safety of most of his family.

Colonel Clyde asked the commanding officer for a force to go out with him and bring in his family. The officer said that he would not order any men out on such duty while bands of marauders were still on all sides, but he would call for volunteers. Fourteen brave men offered their services, and led by the boy they went for Mrs. Clyde. She was so benumbed that she could scarcely move, but with help started and walked on bravely, until in passing through Mr. Dunlop's place she saw her murdered friend's arm in the tree. This, with the thought of the fate that might have overtaken her own daughter, threatened

to overcome her, but she rallied her forces and pressed on, passing bravely the spot whence she could see the charred, smoking ruins of her own home. A creek in the open meadow was to be crossed before the fort could be reached, and while two men were helping her over the log that served as a bridge, the Indians fired upon the party and some of the shots struck the bridge, but did no harm to them.

About the time of Mrs. Clyde's safe entry into the fort with her family, her daughter Agnes also started from her hiding-place. Her progress was through the open fields, and she was repeatedly fired upon. On account of the bitter cold the sentries on the fort had wrapped themselves in blankets. The young girl when she came near enough to see them thus clad, turned to flee again to the woods, thinking that the Indians were in possession of the fort; but she was recognized, and called to come back and at last reached shelter unharmed.

Colonel Campbell was that day at the Mohawk River, but his wife's father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Cannon of Newtown-Martin, were visiting their daughter. As soon as the savages were seen approaching the house, all the negro slaves fled in terror, except one faithful woman who caught up the oldest child, William, ten years old, and hid with him in the garret behind some flax. Captain Cannon was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, so he took his station behind a tree and fired rapidly at the assailants, until wounded in the leg and taken prisoner by a son of Catrine Montour, who admired the gallant defense of the one old man so much that he spared his life. The following year Catrine Montour, who will be remembered as one of the furies in the awful Wyoming massacre, reproached her son in Mr. Cannon's presence for his humanity, saying, "Why did you bring that old man a prisoner? Why did you not kill him when you first took him?"

Mrs. Jane Campbell, her four children and her mother as well as her father were taken prisoners, and the house and barns set on fire. When the negro woman saw the flames she took William down from the garret. At the foot of the stairs stood a Tory, whom the boy recognized in spite of his paint and disguise and called by name. The man said: "That is not my name, but here, pass out this way and run to the woods." Long afterward, William, who lived to be surveyor general of New York State,

and a regent of the university, would tell of the misery of that day when he lay hidden in the forest, and that night when he went through woods and by untrodden ways to the settlements on the Mohawk River. He did not dare to go into any house for fear of meeting enemies instead of friends, but pressed on, hungry, cold, and full of distress at the unknown fate of his mother, brothers and sister, only cheered by the woman, who, when he was ready to drop by the wayside and die from fatigue, urged him on, saying, "When good massa come home, and find de missus and de chillun all dead, and the house gone, oh how glad he be to find massa Willie alive! Come, den, now, less go on; we'll soon git somewhar."

This same woman wrapped the family Bible in a blanket and hid it behind a fence, where it was found after a few days.

When Colonel Campbell hurried home, alarmed by guns fired at the fort, to find only the smoking ruins of his house and no one to tell him the fate of any of his dear ones, who can picture his desolation? The only living thing which he saw was a colt which came running towards him with great joy, kicking up its heels, but falling down dead before it reached him.

It would be too painful to tell all the details of this horrible tragedy, but one more incident may be added to show its character.

Hugh Mitchell, from the field where he was working, saw a party of Indians on the way to his house. As he was too far away to help his family, he fled to the woods for a time, and thus saved his own life. When he returned to his burning house he found the dead bodies of his wife and four children. He first put out the fire, and upon discovering that there was life still in one daughter, about twelve years of age, he took her to the door, and bending over her, sought to restore her to consciousness. Just then another party of savages approached, and he had only time to conceal himself behind a log fence, before their entrance. From his hiding place he saw an infamous Tory, Newberry, with a blow of his hatchet, destroy the last spark of life in his child. The next day, without any assistance, Mr. Mitchell took the dead bodies of his loved ones, on a sled to the fort. Well might Captain Warren exclaim in his journal:

"Such a shocking sight my eyes never beheld before of savage and brutal barbarity; to see the husband mourning over his dead wife and four dead children lying by her side, mangled, scalped; and some the head, some the legs and arms cut off, some the flesh torn off their bones by their dogs."

On the 12th of November, the day after the massacre, two hundred militia came from the Mohawk River, but they were too late to do more than disperse the straggling parties of Indians and aid the garrison in their sad duty of bringing in and burying the dead. In the old churchyard a deep trench was dug and there in a common grave most of the martyrs were laid to rest. On the one hundredth anniversary of this day a monument was unveiled in their honor.

The fort, as we have seen, was not taken, and if the inhabitants had only been sheltered there, many valuable lives would have been saved. Lieutenant McKendry in a brief way, says that fourteen men of the 6th Massachusetts regiment were killed and a number taken prisoners; and he gives their names. In all it is estimated that about fifty lost their lives. The principal part of the enemy, with their captives, between thirty and forty in number, spent the night of the 11th about two miles down the valley.

"To the prisoners it was a night of wretchedness never to be forgotten. A large fire was kindled, around which they gathered, with no shelter, not even, in most cases, an outer garment to protect them from the storm. There might be seen the old, the infirm and the middle-aged, and 'Shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms; couchless, but for a mother's breast.' Around them gleamed the watch-fires of the savages, who were engaged in examining and distributing their plunder. Along up the valley they caught occasional glimpses of the ruins of their dwellings, as some sudden gust of wind or falling timber awoke into new life the decaying flames. An uncertain fate awaited them. If they augured from the scenes they had that day witnessed, it was death. Their minds were filled with fearful forebodings, a secret fear, which one dare not whisper to his fellow, that they might be reserved, as the victims for a more deliberate and dreadful torture."

The morning broke upon a sleepless group; they early resumed their march down the Cherry Valley Creek, divided into small companies. This day Brant made another attack on the fort, but was repulsed, and concluded to give up the attempt to carry it. On the 13th, joy filled the hearts of the captives on learning that Brant had decided to send back the women and children. This was accordingly done, except in the cases of Mrs.

John Moore and her children, and Mrs. Colonel Campbell and her four children, who were told that they must go to the land of the Senecas with their captors on account of the active part their husbands had taken. As soon as the prisoners returned to the fort and joined those who had escaped, it was decided to abandon the settlement. Most of them moved to the Mohawk Valley, and there, until the close of the war, did noble service. The garrison remained in the fort until the following June.

In Lieutenant McKendry's journal mention is made from month to month of dead bodies found in the woods or men who died in camp from the effect of wounds received the day of the massacre. I think the exact number of the killed on that day will never be known. He also records various alarms given of hostile Indians in the neighborhood. Other foes came, now that the place was deserted. On April 5th, 1779, he says: "One of the soldiers killed a wolf." On May 5th he notes, "Some squalls of snow today;" and on June 3rd, "A very hard frost last night which killed the blossoms at this place." On the 18th of June the regiment left the fort and marched to Otsego Lake to join General James Clinton's division of Sullivan's army. Soon after, a band of maurauders set fire to the church and so the last vestige of the place was destroyed.

The hand of retributive justice soon overtook the Tory Newberry, who was convicted the year following on the testimony of Hugh Mitchell and hung as a murderer.

In 1781 Captain Walter Butler, the real author of the massacre, suffered the very fate he had so often meted out to others. Fleeing up the Mohawk River, after a disastrous defeat at Johnstown, he swam his horse across the West Canada Creek and then turned to face his pursuers. An Oneida Indian, whose rifle ball brought him wounded to the ground, cast aside his gun and blanket and crossed the stream. His answer to Butler's beseeching cry for mercy, was only: "Sherry Valley, remember Sherry Valley," and a cut with his tomahawk that cleft his skull. The place is called still Butler's Ford.

On the other hand, Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, whose remarkable career deserves an extended notice, lived in Canada many years after the massacre, where he was honored by the British government. From Brantford, Ontario, named for him,

the following dispatch was sent a few years ago to the New York *Tribune:*

"A monument to Joseph Brant, Chief of the Six Nations, who was chiefly instrumental in securing the adherence of the Six Nations to the British cause in the Revolutionary War, was unveiled here today. It was erected by the Six Nation Indians of the Mohawk village near Brantford. The center piece is a heroic figure of Brant, nine feet high. At either side of the Cornish gray granite pedestal are groups of three figures each, representing chiefs of the Mohawk, Tuscarora, Oneida, Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga tribes."

Any comment upon this is unnecessary.

We will now go back to the Indians and their captives. As Mrs. Campbell's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Cannon, could not keep up with the Indians in their march, one of them tomahawked her, before her daughter's eyes, and left her body by the wayside. The same Indian drove Mrs. Campbell along with his bloody, uplifted hatchet and threatened her with a like fate if she lagged behind, carrying as she did an infant son of eighteen months. Just after Mrs. Cannon's awful death, Mrs. Campbell saw an Indian tear a baby from its mother's embrace, dash its brains out against a tree and cast its body on one side. Soon another savage approached Mrs. Campbell and without saying anything took her child away and disappeared with him in the forest. She said to herself: "That Indian is more merciful than the other one and has taken my boy so far away that I cannot hear his screams when he kills him." All day she marched on, her heart full of grief, but at night when tired and footsore she reached the camping ground, the first thing she saw was her boy in the Indian's arms, and he was being fed and warmed by the great fire. All the rest of the long way this same Indian carried her child, bringing him to his mother at night.

They marched between two and three hundred miles, during the rest of the dreary month of November. Their route was down the Susquehanna River to its junction with the Tioga River, thence up the Tioga to a place near its source, thence across to the head of Seneca Lake and along its eastern shore to the Indian castle and village of Kanadesaga, a few miles from the present village of Geneva. Here all of their children were taken from Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Campbell, not even excepting the

infant, and given to different families among different tribes of Indians. Mrs. Campbell was then given to a family in Kanadesaga to take the place of one who had recently died. It was composed of squaws, with the exception of one old warrior, who could no longer hunt or go on the war path. In their smoky hut, destitute of every comfort, the first winter of her captivity was passed. Some one said to her afterwards: "How could you live through all this?" "Oh," said she, "one can't always die when one longs for death." As soon as she recovered her strength a little, she began with great tact to make herself very useful to the members of the household, and little by little she gained many privileges. The squaws were ignorant of the most common arts of life, and she sewed for them and also made garments for the families near them who in return gave them corn and venison.

There was only one kettle in which to cook everything, and the hut boasted of one broken plate and one spoon. Mrs. Campbell persuaded the women to let her do the cooking also, and thus ensured the cleanliness of the food; and they, perceiving after a time what her wishes would be, allowed her to help herself first, on the plate, before putting their hands into the kettle in true savage fashion. She was also allowed to stop working on Sunday, when she told them how sacred that day was to her, and in many ways they showed her kindness. By means of a notched stick she had been able to keep the count of the days, and so knew when Sunday came.

She had no change of clothing, and it was with difficulty that she could wash and mend her few garments, wrapped meanwhile in blankets. Towards spring the British officers at Fort Niagara learned that there was a white captive at Kanadesaga, who needed clothing, and they sent a man on horseback to the village with a bundle for her. Something having been said one day about her cap, an Indian said to her: "Come to my house and I will give you a cap." Her adopted mother motioned her to follow him. When she went into the hut, the man pulled a cap from behind a beam and gave it to her, saying in English: "I got that cap in Cherry Valley. I took it from the head of a woman." To her horror, she recognized it as one belonging to her friend, Jane Wells, and knew that the man was her murderer. The little cap was stained with blood and had a cut in the crown

made by his tomahawk. She kept it carefully and was able afterwards to give it to a cousin of Miss Wells.

The last time that the great Indian festival and sacrifice of the "White Dog" was celebrated in Kanadesaga was during her residence there.

Meanwhile Colonel Campbell had been doing all in his power to effect his family's release, aided by his friends, Governor Clinton and General Schuyler. In the spring of 1779, he was able to send an Indian messenger to Colonel John Butler at Fort Niagara to tell him that the latter's proposition had been accepted by our government, and that Mrs. Butler and her children would be allowed to join General Butler in Canada as soon as Mrs. Campbell and all her children were safely returned.

When the Indians adopt prisoners in place of dead relatives, they are very reluctant to give them up. Colonel Butler was obliged to go himself to Kanadesaga to plead for Mrs. Campbell's release. A council was called and as near relatives in the Genesee village had to be consulted, the old Seneca king, Guyanguahta, or Grahta, offered to be the messenger and go on foot to ask their consent. He had always been kind to Mrs. Campbell, and when he brought her the welcome news of his successful mission, he said to her, "You are now going home and I rejoice. If I live till the war is over, I will come and see you." Soon after the old king's return Mrs. Campbell was taken to Fort Niagara in the Seneca village of Niagara, near the present site of Youngstown. Over the trail from Kanadesaga she went, and whether she passed the site of Avon and descending into the valley of the Genesee crossed the river a few miles above the Avon bridge, or whether she was with the party of Butler's rangers who were known to have crossed the Genesee River at its mouth, I do not know, but for many years my interest in driving past these fertile fields of Western New York and through our valley, well named Genesee, or the beautiful, has been heightened by the thought that I was passing over the very ground once trodden by my great-grandmother in her captivity, long before the white man had made his home here.

In Fort Niagara Mrs. Campbell spent about a year, treated as a British prisoner of war. Rations were given her from the government supplies, but as she desired to buy clothing and some comforts not provided, she made linen shirts for the officers

with fine ruffles on the bosoms and cuffs, being paid by them the price of a yard of linen for making one. From crying so much and from the smoke of the Indian hut her eyes had become almost useless, so the officers presented her with a pair of spectacles, which she used while a prisoner and for some little time afterwards. After laying them aside she was unable to see out of the spectacles again until she was nearly ninety. She was thirty-four years old at the time of her captivity.

Meanwhile Colonel Butler was instituting a very diligent search for the four children. It would have been doubtless impossible to recover them but for the fact that the Indians were driven into Fort Niagara on account of General Sullivan's successful expedition against them.

In that day these western clearings were not only the home of large bodies of Indians whence they made forays on the defenceless in all parts of the country, but they were the great sources of supply for savages in the eastern as well as the western part of the colony. Corn in great quantities grew here, and remains of many orchards are still to be found. For these reasons Sullivan's soldiers were justified in their relentless work of devastation, laying the country waste as they did for an extent of nearly two hundred miles. Until his campaign the Indian power over this whole region of country was supreme.

After many months Mrs. Campbell was sent to Montreal with her daughter and two of her sons. One of these two boys had been adopted by an Indian chief, who tried to hide him away from Butler's Rangers, and when he came back his dress was ornamented with two breast pins which had no doubt been taken from some captive.

The other son, James, my grandfather, who was six years old when the massacre took place, was not found for a long time. He had been placed with a branch of the Mohawk tribe, living at Caughnawaga, the Indian village that is still to be seen in passing down the St. Lawrence River, the place where the steamers used to take on an Indian pilot, Jean Baptiste. James was very happy in his captivity, being kindly treated by all, and learning many things from the Indians, forgetting, however, the English language. He was adopted into a family by the name of Williams, and one of his playmates was the father of Eleazar Williams, who is thought by some to have been the lost Dauphin

of France, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He was delighted with the making of maple sugar and with fashioning "mococks," the little birch bark baskets which the Indians filled with the sugar. He was working busily on some of these "mococks" the morning that a party of Colonel Butler's Rangers found him, and when urged to go to Montreal with them, he refused entirely, until bribed with the promise of being dressed in a suit of rifle green like their own uniforms. When he reached Montreal, Mrs. Butler took him into a great room where his mother was. Besides her there were many wives of English officers and other ladies. Mrs. Campbell was asked not to say anything in order to see whether or no James would remember her. He was told to go and sit by any lady he chose, and to his mother's great joy, the little fellow soon went to her side, and although he could not understand what she said to him, he showed plainly that he remembered her.

At Montreal they were kept waiting for several months for their discharge as prisoners of war, and for the other exchanged prisoners. At last they set out on their journey home. Several young ladies from Albany, who were in boarding-school in Montreal when the war broke out, and had been unable to return home hitherto, were placed under Mrs. Campbell's care. They were taken to Lake Champlain and put on a cartel boat. As they were nearing the end of their journey, by mistake the boat was fired upon. Mrs. Campbell said that nothing in her whole experience had been more dreadful to her than the thought of again being captured, when she and her children were so near their home and safety. When the alarm occurred and it was feared that the boat would not be allowed to proceed, Mrs. Campbell and her party were landed and put in charge of Colonel Ethan Allen. Colonel Allen told them that they should not again fall into the enemy's hands, so putting them on horseback, he sent them across the country to Albany, escorted by a hundred men. Here great kindness was shown Mrs. Campbell, and she was soon joined by her husband after a two years' separation. Then they went up the river to where West Troy is situated, where they lived until the spring of 1784, when they returned to Cherry Valley.

Here they began life anew, only their land being left to them.

They took with them various articles of household furniture, among others a tall clock which was bought with the warrants issued to Colonel Campbell for his services during the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Campbell had brought pear and apple seeds with her from Canada, and some of the trees that grew from these seeds are still on the place.

Colonel Campbell built a log house on the site of his old home, and here during the summer he and his wife entertained over night General Washington, Governor Clinton and some distinguished officers of their party who were with them. They came up the valley to see the site of the massacre and went from there to Otsego Lake. Mrs. Campbell gave her guests tea out of doors under an apple tree whose trunk is still standing covered with vines. The next morning General Washington spoke of Mrs. Campbell's sons and she said to him: "I will give them to my country's service whenever they are needed." But the general answered that they had seen so much of war and its miseries that he hoped peaceful days were before them now. One family after another came back to their old homes, and little by little the settlement was rebuilt. It is interesting to note that the Clyde family, whose narrow escape we have mentioned, occupied again their farm, and that it is still, as well as the Campbell farm, in possession of descendants of the same name.

One of the first acts of the people, as a whole, was to call the members of the old congregation together in the "meeting-house" yard, to choose trustees to look after the temporalities of the church, in accordance with a recent law passed by the legislature for the help of congregations situated like themselves. The call is dated March 19, 1785, and begins thus: "We, the ancient inhabitants of Cherry Valley, having returned from exile finding ourselves destitute of our church officers," and so on. What a scene the first meeting of the people must have been! As they stood about the blackened ruins of their old church, near the grave where so many of their kinsmen and friends were buried, without a pastor, without elders or deacons, they must indeed have felt like returned exiles. By 1790 they succeeded in erecting a new building, of the barest possible description, however, if we can believe the testimony of a traveler who on seeing it said, that "he had many times seen the house of God, but never before had he seen the Lord's barn."

To return for a few moments to Colonel and Mrs. Campbell. They spent many happy years on the old homestead, living to see their children's grandchildren. One of their grand-daughters, Mrs. Turner, still remembers visiting them when a child, and says that her grandfather would go out early in the morning to attend to his farm, and about eleven o'clock would come into the house, take a glass of bitters, and then sit down and read aloud to his wife while she was spinning flax on her little wheel. She remembers their great interest in Scott's novels as they came out. Colonel Campbell died in 1824, but his widow survived him twelve years. His character through life was irreproachable, and for many years he was a consistent professor of Christianity. The same grand-daughter says, too, that it was not until within a few months of her death that her grandmother's erect frame showed any signs of age or her face any wrinkles. To the last months of her life she would drive over the steep hills to Cooperstown to visit her youngest son, Robert Campbell, Esq., whose beautiful home on the shores of Otsego lake is still occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Turner, and while there would visit old friends who could talk over the days of the war, who, like herself, had gone through many trials and privations. In "Women of the Revolution," Mrs. Ellet says of her:

"She was the last survivor of the Revolutionary women in the region of the head waters of the Susquehanna. Her latter days, to the close of a life marked with so much of active enterprise and stirring incident, were days of industry. Like the Roman matron, she bore the distaff in her hand, and sat with her maidens around her, and her characteristic energy was infused into everything she did. Her memory unimpaired, she was a living chronicle of days gone by, the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed during the war having brought her into personal acquaintance with almost all the prominent men engaged on both sides. The feminine and domestic virtues that adorned her character, rendering her beloved in every relation, were brightened by her unaffected piety. It was the power of Christian principal that sustained her through all her wanderings and trials, and in a lonely captivity among a barbarous people. It was this which cheered and supported her when, on the verge of a century, having survived the companions who had commenced life with her, surrounded by her children, and her descendents to the fourth generation, she passed calmly to her rest."

James S. Campbell, the son who succeeded to the farm, lived there until his ninety-eighth year, seeing his seven sons and one daughter grow up to manhood and womanhood. On the

sixtieth anniversary of his wedding day, an unbroken family circle, they gathered at the old homestead. When he was over eighty, just seventy-five years after his release, he went with his son, Judge William W. Campbell, to the old Indian village Caughnawaga, where he had been a captive, and tried to find some one who would remember him. It was pathetic to hear him tell that he felt like a veritable Rip Van Winkle when he found only one woman who remembered hearing her grandfather talk about the old times. His adopted mother was still living, but was away on a visit among the St. Regis Indians. There was only one stone building that was familiar to him, the cottage where he had lived. During the War of the Rebellion, although an old man, his interest and patriotism were remarkable, and his eyesight was so good that he was able to read all the newspapers, and study the maps of the seat of war. He used to say, in speaking of the sufferings of one of his grandsons in rebel prisons: "Oh, the Indians were not so cruel as are the Southerners to their captives." When the war closed and General Grant came to Albany to take part in the great celebration there of the national victory, Mr. Campbell was visiting a son who lived on the banks of the Hudson River near the city. The committee in charge of the ceremonies sent for him and asked him to sit on the platform with other distinguished guests. At this time he was ninety-three years old. He had quite a conversation with General Grant, who manifested much interest in the old man, and in the fact that he was talking with one who in his youth, was a prisoner in the Revolutionary War, and who remembered talking, after that war was over, in his own home, with General Washington.

AUTHOR'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

The writer wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to the kind criticism and suggestions of her relatives and friends, as well as to the following sources of information:

1. "Annals of Tryon County, or the Border Warfare of New York during the Revolution," by William W. Campbell, LL.D.

2. "Central New York in the Revolution," Address delivered by Douglas Campbell, Esq., at the unveiling of a monument in commemoration of the massacre of Cherry Valley.

3. "An Historical Account of the Presbyterian Church at Cherry Valley, N. Y.," by Rev. H. U. Swinnerton, Ph.D.

4. "The Journal of Wm. McKendry, a Lieutenant in the army of the Revolution, and an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati," published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and furnished by the courtesy of Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis of the American Antiquarian Society.

5. A Book of "Memorabilia," relating to Cherry Valley, collected by Mr. Rufus A. Grider, of Canajoharie, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Soon after Mrs. Little read her paper on "The Massacre of Cherry Valley," the following letter was received which is now in the manuscript collection of The Rochester Historical Society:

"Buffalo, N.Y., December 9, 1890.

"WM. F. PECK, Secretary of the Rochester Historical Society:

"Dear Sir—Some two years ago I chanced to get access to a mass of papers relating to colonial and revolutionary times, which were preserved by the descendents of Col. Daniel Claus, at Niagara, Canada. Among them was a letter dictated by the famous Molly Brant to Col. Claus, announcing the departure of the expedition to Cherry Valley. It was written from Niagara, and stated that the "Old King," or Sayengueraghta, was in command. He was the ruling sachem of the Senecas, and led the Indians at Wyoming. I think the letter has never been printed, and that the author of the paper to be read on Friday evening, may like to see it. The letter was written in the Mohawk tongue, and was translated, a few years since, by my Indian friend, Isaac Bearfoot. Claus, you will remember, was a son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and a trusted servant of the crown. I have always known that the tradition of the Brant family and the Mohawks generally, affirmed that Brant was not the leader on that occasion; that on his return journey from the Mohawk Valley, he met the expedition by chance, and was persuaded by Butler and the Old King to turn back with them, together with a small band of his Mohawk followers, and that he exerted himself to restrain the ferocity of the Senecas and Tories. My adopted Indian mother, Catherine Johns, the daughter of Brant, so understood the facts. Although an American, I think Brant has not been justly dealt with by our historians, although Col. Stone has probably erred in painting the old chief in too softened and flattering colors.

"I send a copy of the letter referred to, as it in some sense, confirms the family tradition. Mrs. Johns, by the way, never heard of the letter in her lifetime, and none of the family descendants, to my knowledge, know of its existence.

"Yours very truly,

"WM. C. BRYANT."

"My Elder Brother:

"I received just now a letter from Miss Mary Deyonwadonti* Niagara. She says: Tell the governor that I have heard that Oraghgwatrihon† is coming back again. She says, I want to hear what happened to his band who were with him on the lake. She says, Governor Asharekowa‡ I greet, and thank him much for what he did. His message is here at Niagara. His words are pleasant. Tell him, therefore, that the people of the Long House are much gratified. She says, we are now awaiting what will happen to the whole Long House. About 500 left here Oct. 28th for Karitongeh.§ They said in 8 days Karitongeh shall be destroyed. Sakayeugwaraghdon¶ is their leader."

"To Col. Claus, Montreal, I, John Deserontyon# have written this."

"Dec. 3, 1778."

*Mary Brant, or Deyonwadonti—"Many opposed to one."

†Oraghgwatrihon—"A young officer and friend of Molly."

‡Gov. Asharekowa—Gov. Haldimand, "Big Sword."

§Karitongeh (Cherry Valley)—"Place of the oaks."

¶The usual Mohawk orthography of Old King's name or title, meaning "Disappearing Smoke."

#Deserontyon—"Captain John" or Deseronto, meaning "The lightning has struck."

From Spark's MS. in Harvard College Library. Extract from Capt. Benj. Warren's Diary, Cherry Valley, 1778.

About the first of November Gen. Hand, who was ordered to the command of the Northern Department, came to direct us to determine on the expediency of quartering troops here during the winter. He called for a return of what ordnance stores, ammunition, etc., I had in the garrison; meanwhile an express arrived from Fort Stanwix, informing that one of the Oneidas was at a Council of war of the enemy's, in which it was determined to visit Cherry Valley. The General had the regiment turned out and reviewed them; he payed us a high compliment in orders and in consequence of the express, he went down and ordered Col. Klock to send us immediately 200 men to re-inforce us, which the Gen. wrote, was to have been here the 9th of November and ordered up a large quantity of provisions and ammunition store, which, however, did not come to hand nor any reinforcement of men, and on Wednesday, the 11th, about 12 o'clock, the enemy to the number of 650, rushed upon us, surrounded headquarters and the fort immediately and pushed vigorously for the fort, but our soldiers behaved with great spirit and alertness, defended the fort and repulsed them, after three hours and a half smart engagement. Col. Alden in endeavoring to reach the fort was killed; Col. Stacy made prisoner together with Lieut. Holden, Ensign Garrett, the Surgeon's mate, and a Sergeant, about 12 or 14 of the regiment; twelve of the regiment beside the Col. killed and two wounded.

November 12th.—No reinforcements till about 9 or 10 o'clock. The Indians came on again and gave a shout for rushing on, but our cannon played on them brisk; they soon gave way; they then went round the settlement, burnt all the buildings, mostly the first day, and collected all the stock and drove the most of

it off; killed and captivated all the inhabitants, a few that hid in the woods excepted, who have since got into the fort.

November 13th.—In the afternoon and morning of the 13th we sent out parties after the enemy withdrew; brought in the dead; such a shocking sight my eyes never beheld before of savage and brutal barbarity: to see a husband mourning over his dead wife with four dead children lying by her side, mangled, scalped, and some their heads, some their legs and arms cut off, some torn the flesh off their bones by their dogs—12 of the family all killed and four of them burnt in his house.

Saturday, 14th.—The enemy seemed to be gone. We sent out to collect what was left of cattle or anything; found some more dead, and buried them.

Sunday, 15th.—This day some provisions arrived, being the first supply after the first attack, when we had not a pound of bread for man in garrison, for 4 or 5 days, but a trifle of meat. In the afternoon a scout, we thought, had been taken by them, a sergeant and eight arrives in safe. By some they took prisoners they let go again informed they had a number wounded and we saw a number of them fall, so that we have reason to think we killed more of them than they killed of our regiment, though they butchered about 40 women and children, that has been founded. It came on to storm before the engagement began, first with rain, but for this day past it has been a thick snow storm.

From Boston Gazette and Country Journal, Monday, Dec. 7, 1778.

From an officer who was in the fort at Cherry Valley, November 11th, when it was attacked, we have the following account, viz:

On Saturday night, 8th November, an express arrived from Fort Stanwix, informing them that an Oneida Indian had acquainted them that he sat in Council in the Seneca Country with the Six Nations, and other tribes, and that they had concluded to attack Fort Alden, in Cherry Valley. On Sunday morning a sergeant and 12 men were sent on the road by Beaver Dam, towards the enemy, to continue five days; another scout with a non-commission officer and five men, were sent on the road to Springfield, to continue four days; these two roads being the only avenues from the enemy's country to this place, except an old Indian path which had been neglected by us; at the same time we sent by the same roads, scouts in the morning, which returned at night. On Wednesday, the 11th, it rained very hard; the enemy came by the above-mentioned path, past by two houses, and lodged themselves in a swamp, a small distance back of Mr. Well's house, headquarters.

* * * * *

The fort was commanded after Colonel Alden's death by the brave Major Whiting of Dedham, and the two cannons under the direction of the brave Capt. Hickling of this town, who was chief engineer in building the fort, and whose assistance contributed in saving of it.

From Boston Gasette and Country Journal, Jan. 4, 1779.

Extract of a letter from Tryon County, Nov. 24, 1778:

"Sir—I have had no opportunity to give you an earlier account of the destruction at Cherry Valley, where I arrived the day after the tragedy was acted, and did not return home till last night, having been busied in collecting and burying the

dead, and getting the distressed inhabitants brought off. I was never before spectator of such a scene of distress and horror.

* * * * *

"Of the wretched surviving inhabitants, there are 182 who have neither house nor home, nor a morsel of bread; are almost naked, and a great part of them without a penny to purchase any of the necessaries of life. And in all this massacre there were but 3 men of the place killed, all the rest being helpless women and children. * * * We have now not one settlement left in this country at any distance from the south side of the Mohawk river, and have the greatest reason to fear, that in a very short time we shall not have one on it, unless very speedy and effectual measures are taken to check the savages and worse than savage Tories.

* * * * *

"You may depend on this as fact, and as near as I could possibly collect the particulars of this doleful affair, wherein I have a sister and her amiable daughter carried off by the enemy." "M. R."

THE OLD HANFORD TAVERN

This building stood above Hanford's Landing at the corner of Hanford's Landing Road and the Boulevard. It was built by Abram Hanford in 1809, and torn down in 1884. He was one of seven stalwart brothers who emigrated originally from Connecticut. The Journal which DeWitt Clinton kept while on the exploring tour with the other Canal Commissioners, in 1810, says: "We dined and slept at Hanford's Tavern, who is also a merchant, and carries on a considerable trade with Canada." This building was a rendezvous for American soldiers and sailors during the War of 1812. Photograph taken by James M. Angle, 1883.

Reminiscences of McCrackenville

AS RELATED BY MRS. HIRAM LAVIRA BLANCHARD

By Charles Hastings Wiltsie

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, March 13, 1891.

Editor's Note: It is the duty of a local historical society to delegate representatives to interview the survivors of earlier days, to preserve their reminiscences of pioneer community life. It is the record of such interviews that make the published works of Orsamus Turner of permanent value. At the time when he compiled his books the Genesee Country was full of pioneers who had felled the first trees, built the first houses, schools, churches and stores, and finally, had constructed the canals and railroads. The stories of these pioneers are of thrilling interest, and Mr. Turner had opportunity to render public service of great importance in collecting them.

In the Library of The Rochester Historical Society is a mass of similar material, and the article here published is typical. Mr. Charles Hastings Wiltsie was delegated by The Rochester Historical Society to interview Mrs. Hiram Lavira Blanchard, and presented the following report to the Society, using the first person of the narrator:

I WAS born in Batavia, in the year 1812. William J. McCracken was my father, and moved to the city of Rochester, when I was about three years of age. We first lived in a house which stood on the site of the present Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg depot, on State Street. While we lived there, my father built the old North American Hotel, which stands on the corner of Brown and State Streets. State Street was then known as Carroll Street. Brown Street was once called Court Street; but in 1828 the Village Trustees changed the name to Brown Street, after Dr. Mathew Brown. Brown's Square also received its name from him. The name of his younger brother, Francis, is perpetuated in Frank Street.

My father was the owner of the North American Hotel for many years; and, at various times until the year 1837, he was also its landlord and manager. But my mother had a great dislike to living in the hotel, and so it happened that during these years we lived in a number of different houses on the west

side of the river. While I was yet a child, perhaps seven or eight years of age, we lived in a house adjacent to, and next north of a church, which stood on the west side of State Street. and midway between Mumford and Market Streets. Our back yard was primeval forest, in which I often gathered chestnuts. I think this church was Presbyterian in denomination, for I remember a current anecdote of those days, that Dr. Mathew Brown, who was one of the few educated men in Rochester, took such violent offense, on one occasion, against the preaching of a minister, who promulgated the doctrine of infant damnation in its most lurid form, that he arose in disgust to leave the church, when his wife, who had a truer sense of the proprieties of the place, pulled him down by the coat tails.

This church stood on wooden stilts or piles, three or four feet high;* under it we children found a snug and cozy place for our play-house. Among my playmates under this old church, were Mrs. Harriet Peck, who resides on South Clinton Street, Mrs. Charlotte Gregory, late of Alexander Street, and the late Mrs. Jane Rochester. No boys were admitted to this abode of our dolls and toys. Speaking of play-houses, I remember also that one of my favorite places was in the stump of an old tree between Platt Street and my father's hotel. The stump stood partly in State Street. So few people passed along the street at that time, that my play-house was never in danger of being molested. The whole street and all that part of the city was then full of tree stumps. I remember well a large one that stood in front of the house which we occupied while living next to this church.

One or two years while we lived in the hotel, I attended school in a little yellow frame building on the corner of Mill and Platt Streets. That portion of the city was then known as Frankfort; it received its name from Francis Brown, the younger brother of Dr. Mathew Brown. In those days it was an open question whether the centre of population and of business activity would not be at Frankfort, and around my father's hotel, rather than at Rochesterville, and around the old Eagle Tavern, which stood where Powers Block now graces the city. Old

*Editor's Note: This was the first building of the First Presbyterian Church. The American Express Company's building occupies the site now (1927).

inhabitants will remember an exceptionally large willow tree, which formerly stood on the west side of State Street, somewhere near the present Eastman Company's factory. From childhood I remember the story that this tree grew from a small riding whip or cane, which Dr. Brown brought on a pedestrian or a horse-back trip from Canandaigua. The story is, that he cut the stick in Canandaigua for the day's use, and that on arriving in Rochester he shoved it into the ground as the easiest way to get rid of it; the soil was so wet and swampy, that the stick soon took root and rapidly grew into this mammoth willow.

When I was about ten or twelve years of age, my father lived in a house on the hill or low elevation behind the North American Hotel. He then owned the entire square or block in which the hotel stood. There were in those days two very handsome gardens in Rochester. One of them was owned by Dr. Mathew Brown, and occupied the corner of State and Brown Streets, extending a considerable distance west and south of those streets. It filled nearly a whole block opposite the hotel, and was kept in such beautiful order, that it became the pride of the neighborhood. I well remember that as children, Elizabeth Brown, afterwards Mrs. Barron Williams, and I considered it a great favor when we were permitted to walk through this garden and to pick some of its flowers. Dr. Brown at that time lived on the hill, and adjacent to my father's residence. The other garden was owned by Mr. Saxton, whose house then stood on the corner of Mumford and Mill Streets. The lot faced on State Street, so that the garden was in front of the house, which stood far back, and to the north of it. In approaching the house it was necessary to pass through the garden, which was always kept in handsome condition. The site of that beautiful garden is now covered by the block on the corner of Mumford and State Streets, which I believe belongs to the Sawyer estate, and is occupied by Barrowclough's drug store.

I once attended school in a building that stood where the present Free Academy does, or in a small building, which was a part of, or adjacent to, St. Luke's Church. I remember that while I went to school here, there was a corduroy road through Fitzhugh Street, and that we children used to go down back of where the Powers Hotel, and where the Monroe County Savings Bank now stand, to gather water-cresses and cowslips; in that

part of the city the ground was very low and wet. Between Fitzhugh and State Streets, and about where the Monroe County Savings Bank now stands, there was a rope walk or factory for many years. After that I attended the well known private school of Zenas Freeman, which was then the principal and most advanced school in Rochester. At one time it was conducted in a building on the North side of West Main Street, and about where the Durand Block now stands; at another time it was on the west side of Front Street, and very near to Main. Behind the school, or near it, there was a tannery owned by Mr. Graves. I remember that the school children had a fondness for playing about the building, and sometimes tumbled into the vats.

At another time I attended school in a school-house in Brown's Square. The square was originally given for school purposes; the rough gray stone building stood nearly in the centre of the present square, and was two stories high. While attending there, we children often went to see the workmen excavating or digging in the original Erie Canal, about where Brown Street crosses the present canal; that must have been about the year 1824 or 1825. I remember that shortly after the canal was opened, General Lafayette paid a visit to Rochester, and a great number of the children and young people in the city gathered on South St. Paul Street, at the place where it is considerably higher than the canal, and where the canal bends to the west to cross the aqueduct, and gave the hero a hearty welcome with waving flags and banners. We all wore scarfs and badges which bore the words: "Welcome Lafayette, the Nation's Guest." Lafayette was entertained at the Christopher House on State Street; this hotel was known later as the Mansion House, and stood on the corner of State and Market Streets. Market Street, however, had not been opened at that time.

Among some of the noted guests who have been entertained at the North American Hotel, are General Winfield Scott and Governor De Witt Clinton. I remember how amused I often was as a child in seeing emigrant wagons pass westward covered with white canvas tops, and with children's heads sticking out of them on all sides. A lot of cooking utensils were always dangling from the axle-trees, while a codfish or a ham or a piece of smoked meat kept them company. Of course, these wagons were the opportunities for the gamins of the town to hoot and

yell, and it was the facetious saying of one of the street arabs of that day, that when emigrant travelling was poor he nearly starved, as he depended upon the free lunches which he could steal from the axle-trees for a good part of his living.

I have often heard my mother tell of an Indian scare, which her family had when I was a babe of only six months; she and my father were then living on a farm about six miles from Batavia. The war of 1812 was then pending, and alarming reports were one day brought from Buffalo that the Indians were on a raid through Western New York, and would soon be at their settlement. In their haste to reach the stockade at Batavia, in which place all the settlers were gathering for defence, my mother placed a pan of raw dough, as she was just preparing to bake, between two feather beds in a wagon. She tried to save all of our effects that she could, and in her provident character sought to save the dough, hoping that in a short time she would have an opportunity to bake it; on the road to Batavia it was found to be running through the bottom of the wagon. The heat of the feather-beds, and of the family on top made the dough rise too high. The Indian alarm proved to be a false one, and we soon returned to our pioneer home.

The famous marksman, Captain Martin Scott, married my cousin, Lavina McCracken, who was a daughter of Gardner McCracken. The old Gardner McCracken homestead was on the south east corner of Lake Avenue and McCracken Street; the house stood back some distance from the street in a grove of large trees. The Dr. David McCracken homestead was opposite on the west side of Lake Avenue. Captain Scott was for many years a recruiting officer in this city. His skill as a crack-shot was so great, that some wag of that day perpetrated the famous coon story, which must be known to every one, who has ever heard of the Captain at all. The story goes that even the game in the forest knew his fame as a marksman; in the course of a day's hunting he spied a fine coon in the branches of a tree. The levelled rifle made the coon realize the peril of his situation: "Oh there, who is that going to shoot, Captain Scott? Oh, Captain, if that's you, don't shoot, I'll come down." The Captain was stationed at Fort Mackinaw in Michigan, after he left Rochester. He was shot during the Mexican war on Sept.

22nd, 1846, at the battle of Monterey. His wife also met a violent death; she perished in midocean in the ill-fated and lost "Arctic" in the year 1854.

EDITOR'S NOTE: After the reading of this paper at the meeting of The Rochester Historical Society, March 13, 1891, Mr. Josiah W. Bissell stated that the narrative about the Saxton Garden, on the Corner of State and Mumford Streets, was true; also that four lots there were bought by John Mastick, our first lawyer, before any building had been erected, under an agreement that he should build a house on each within a year. Being a shrewd man he built one house so that it stood in the center where the corners of the four lots met, and so it happened that the house of Mr. Saxton mentioned by Mrs. Blanchard stood far back from the street.

Mr. Gilman H. Perkins stated that the Hotel where General Lafayette was entertained, was always called the Mansion House, but that it was then kept by a Mr. Christopher.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A letter from Mrs. Mariette McCracken Langworthy, sister of Mrs. Hiram Lavira Blanchard, was read before The Rochester Historical Society, January 13, 1893. Mrs. Langworthy was born in Batavia, March 22, 1815; she was brought to Rochester when a baby, four months old, and lived here till she was thirty, when she moved west, passing the remainder of her life in Wisconsin and Michigan. Her letter was witty and sparkling, for an old lady of seventy-eight. She discussed the same times covered by her sister, Mrs. Blanchard, but in an original style, describing the dances which the young people enjoyed in the early days, and the dresses the girls wore, declaring that "the crowning glory was the pantalette which was very distinctly visible from under the dress, as it fairly dragged down upon the instep." She was one of twenty-four little girls, all dressed in white, to welcome General Lafayette; she saw Sam Patch's leap; she remembered the excitement over the abduction of William Morgan; and she had so much fun as a girl that she concludes: "I would not give a copper to be a young lady now."

George Henry Harris

"THE PATHFINDER"

By A. O. Bunnell

Read before The Livingston County Historical Society, January 18, 1916. Contributed for Publication, Volume VI, Publication Fund Series, of The Rochester Historical Society, 1927, by Hon. Lockwood R. Doty.

WHEN I was asked to prepare, for The Livingston County Historical Society, a sketch of the late George Henry Harris, the historian of Western New York, I gladly accepted the task as a labor of love for a dear and worthy friend. This is an outline of the life of a modest, unassuming man of rare attainments, of enriched and enriching personality, too little comprehended and appreciated during an arduous life. He deserves all the posthumous fame fond friends can give. He is pronounced by men who knew him best, including historians of national and international celebrity, to be the best authority on the aboriginal and pioneer life of the Genesee Country. He was personally familiar with the many and mighty changes which have taken place in this region. The twilight forest trails along which the red warrior sped with step as noiseless as the wary wolf have become great state highways across the continent; the Genesee River over which the bark canoe swiftly glided, now runs in narrowed bound to do the bidding of white men; the pioneer cabins have given way to the palatial residences and towering blocks of Rochester, a city of metropolitan potentialities. The connected history of these transformations, tinged by tradition and romance, has been faithfully written by the master-hand of George H. Harris.

At the tenth annual meeting of The Livingston County Historical Society, in Nunda, in January 1886, Mr. Harris delivered the annual address on the Aboriginal and Pioneer History of Western New York, and it is an interesting coinci-

dence that just thirty years thereafter and in the same place this belated sketch of his life should appear.

Mr. Harris was born in West Greece, Monroe County, N.Y., December 29, 1843, a descendant of some of the oldest pioneer families of Rochester. In 1856 the family removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where the father managed extensive lumber mills with logging camps. Being frail, the lad spent a year in the forests and on the streams about Green Bay and became expert in the use of the rod and line, rifle and canoe. At the Oneida Reservation, a few miles distant, he met many members of the Oneida and other tribes of Indians. In 1858 his father apprenticed him to a watchmaker, who was a student of literature and history. The apprentice had access to his employer's fine private library and passed his evenings reading standard authors that gave him scholarly instincts and a good vocabulary.

When eighteen years old he returned to Rochester and entered Pierce's Military Academy. He became enthusiastic in military drill and tactics and later joined the 54th Regiment as Orderly Sergeant. He was with the regiment at Elmira to guard rebel prisoners. In 1867 he went to Omaha, remaining west over two years, during which time he was on the plains, meeting with many adventures and coming in contact with Indians of various tribes. Mr. Harris was employed on the night force of the Omaha postoffice and was the first mail clerk between Omaha and St. Joe.

He returned to Rochester after a severe illness in 1869. He then studied surveying, drafting and landscape gardening, under Superintendent George T. Stillson of Mt. Hope Cemetery and became an expert.

March 7, 1872, he married Julia E. Hughes, then principal of Public School No. 19, of Rochester. They moved to Peterboro, Ontario, where Mr. Harris laid out and beautified Little Lake Cemetery. While at Peterboro he investigated the shell heaps of Rice Lake and studied the Massasauguas and other Indians. In Peterboro two daughters were born, Orient D. and Maria Fidelia. In 1875, the family moved to Detroit, remaining for a year, and then returned to Rochester. Here, in September, 1877, Mr. Harris entered the employ of M. F. Reynolds, the owner of Reynold's Arcade, one of the oldest landmarks of Rochester. Here he remained until his death, October 5, 1893, at which time

GEORGE HENRY HARRIS

"The Pathfinder"

his daughter Orient was appointed manager of the Arcade, which position she creditably filled until death, March 31, 1899. His youngest daughter, Georgia H., was born in the Arcade building, May 2, 1881, and died, January 28, 1899.

When of age, Mr. Harris became a member of Toronto Lodge, I.O.O.F., and of Genesee Falls Masonic Lodge. When Orient Lodge was formed from members of Toronto, Mr. Harris became a charter member and its first secretary. His love for the order and this lodge caused him to name his eldest daughter Orient, and the lodge honored her in many ways during her short life.

Through his interest in canoeing, Mr. Harris organized the Rochester Canoe Club and later joined the Genesee Club as well, and was purser of each club from first till last. For a time he was a member of the First Naval Reserves of Rochester, and an honored member of the 108th Regiment. He wrote the history of this regiment which was finished at the time of his death.

Soon after his return to Rochester from Detroit he began the study of early American history, or particularly such as pertained to the aboriginal and pioneer settlement of Western New York. He zealously searched for Indian trails, town and camp sites, for traces of people still earlier than the Iroquois. These researches he verified by the relics he found personally or by those that had been previously secured by the owners of the lands he searched. He talked with old residents who kindly allowed him to dig for suspected traces of occupation and even saved known camp or town sites and burial-places until he found leisure to join them in investigation. He collected data pertaining to pioneers prior to the permanent settlement of Western New York, and acquired a knowledge of the former prominent chiefs of the Senecas. For his interest in them, and his efforts to trace the network of trails that crossed Western New York before white occupation, the Senecas showed their appreciation by adopting Mr. Harris into their tribe. They gave him the name Ho-tar-shan-nyooh, "He has found the path," or "The Pathfinder." As the Indian father, Chester Lay, was of the Wolf Clan, Mr. Harris was recognized as such by the Indians.

A. E. Lawton, of Manning, N.Y., testified:

"No man ever possessed more of the respect and reverence of the Indians who knew him than George H. Harris. His knowledge of the various treaties, leases and deeds exchanged between the Six Nations and the white settlers helped him in many instances to show the Indians where they were being misled and deceived by unprincipled whites. He saved them many dollars in counsel fees for investigating claims that had no foundation."

Mr. Harris was for many years a contributor to the various city papers, giving freely to editors and reporters the results of his trips of investigation and discovery. His first and only publication in substantial form was done in 1884 as the first fifteen chapters in William F. Peck's Semi-Centennial History of Rochester. These chapters cover the geology and aboriginal occupation of the Genesee Country and the history of the Rochester postoffice to that date. As the history itself was large and expensive Mr. Harris copyrighted his portion of the work and had a limited edition printed for his private use. These he gave to libraries, historical societies and to personal friends. I am one of the fortunate recipients.

Mr. Howard L. Osgood, in a Memorial Address before The Rochester Historical Society, said:

"These chapters form an accurate and thorough account of the period which they cover, and must remain a permanent and authoritative statement. It made a reputation for Mr. Harris, and he was immediately in demand as a writer and lecturer on aboriginal and local history."

Mr. William H. Samson, the editor-historian, said:

"Those chapters of his in the History of Rochester will have a place in literature as long as the English language is read."

Many and distinguished engagements were filled by him in Rochester and other places in the state. As above noted, in 1886, Mr. Harris delivered the annual address before The Livingston County Historical Society. He was made an honorary member of this society, and also of the historical societies of Buffalo and Waterloo, and an active member of The Rochester Historical Society, the Academy of Science and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

In making researches Mr. Harris became impressed with the

importance of Horatio Jones in Indian, pioneer and permanent later history, and finally completed his life down to 1791. Dr. Frank H. Severance kindly finished the sketch, which was published by The Buffalo Historical Society, by permission of Mrs. Harris.

During the period of his research Mr. Harris made many prized and helpful friends, including William C. Bryant, George S. Conover, Anson J. McCall, Lewis H. Morgan, William L. Stone, Gilmary O'Shea, Francis Parkman, O. H. Marshall, Ely Parker, John S. Minard, Rev. John Sanborn, A. O. Bunnell, William H. Samson, Howard L. Osgood, and John M. Norton, most of them of high authority in historical matters. Mr. Harris invariably gave credit for any information or quotations used, no matter how much or how trifling. (I wish I could say as much for the many who rifle the rich treasury, the fruit of his labors, without credit.) All these men testified to the accuracy and importance of the researches and writings of Mr. Harris, encouraging him in his important work and trusting to his judgment.

This beautiful tribute to Mr. Harris was written by John M. Norton:

"Mr. Harris had a striking and attractive personality and a charm of manner that won all hearts. In contemplating his character we are impressed by its symmetry and completeness as measured by high ideals of what a man should be. Entrusted by Mr. Reynolds with the management of his large and varied interests, Mr. Harris was careful, diligent and conscientious in the performance of every duty, while his sincere courtesy and kindness gained for him the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. But while his training and ability enabled him to fill this arduous position, it was evident to those who knew him best that his interests had a wider range and his energies a fuller development in the field of historical and scientific research. It was here that his rare talents found their most congenial occupation and brought forth the richest results.

"He was a true lover of nature and found the fields, the woods and the streams never-ending sources of instruction and delight. His keen eye was sure to detect any sign of an Indian trail, or village site, and his judgment in such matters was well-nigh infallible. No student of nature ever brought to his work a more honest purpose to be guided by the actual and unbiased truth. His search for facts was not to support some pet theory, but to add to his store of knowledge and enable him to reach a true solution. So he was always on the alert to secure new evidence and never in haste to draw conclusions while any source of information remained unexplored. This gave a special value to whatever he said or wrote and made him

an acknowledged authority at home and abroad on the aboriginal and pioneer history of Western New York.

"Men eminent in learning counted the moments precious that they could spend in communing with him of the secrets that time had hidden from common eyes. The farmer felt a new interest in the fields he tilled after listening to the graphic recital of Indian warfare or pioneer adventure that the researches of Mr. Harris located within his boundaries. The dusky sons of the forest loved him as a brother and sought his aid, his counsel and his hospitality as freely as though he was by birth instead of by adoption a member of their tribe.

"His keen intellect, brilliant talents and untiring industry won our admiration, but it was his pure and noble nature, his generous and unselfish devotion that gave him so warm a place in all hearts. His home life was blessed and made beautiful by the most perfect confidence and tender affection. Here his hopes and aspirations centered and here his happiest hours were spent. Here he delighted to welcome his friends with a generous hospitality that once experienced could never be forgotten.

"Mr. Harris was always so helpful and full of enthusiasm, with a mind so active and clear, that it was impossible to realize how slender was the hold he had upon life. We hoped that a period of rest and freedom from care would restore his failing strength and prolong his useful life for many years. But it was not to be; he is gone, leaving us to mourn our irreparable loss. We are fortunate in having known and loved him while he lived and in the rich legacy bequeathed us by the example of his pure, unselfish life and the memory of his friendship so constant and true. So, as we mourn, we will gather up these sweet tokens of remembrance and in our hearts erect a shrine sacred to the memory of our dear departed friend."

Editor's Notes: On November 10, 1893, Howard L. Osgood, read a Memorial Address before The Rochester Historical Society, eulogizing George H. Harris. This was published in pamphlet form, and a copy is in the Library of the Society. April 12, 1894, The Rochester Historical Society, purchased from Mrs. Harris, the George H. Harris Collection of Indian Relics; these relics are now exhibited at the Municipal Museum. In the Library of the Society is the original manuscript of the first fifteen chapters of Peck's History of Rochester, contributed by Mr. Harris; also considerable material in the form of correspondence and clippings, left by Mr. Harris. November 14, 1893, John G. D'Olier read a Memorial of George H. Harris, before The Rochester Academy of Science, which was published in Brochure 3, of Volume II, Proceedings of the Rochester Academy of Science (1894) pp. 224-228. This memorial contains a list of the writings of George H. Harris, as follows:

Western New York. Sketches, Incidents and Historical Events of the Early Inhabitants. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* August 17 to December 21, 1879.

Site of an Ancient Town Discovered near Rochester. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* December 7, 1879.

Mound Builders. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* October 31 and November 7, 1880.

An Ancient Fort. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* January 25, 1880.

Aboriginal Remains on the Genesee. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* October 23, 1881.

A Canoe Cruise Down the Genesee. Rochester *Sunday Morning Herald.* October 29 to November 26, 1882.

Western New York. The First Newspaper. *Victor Herald.* August 10, 1882.

Was He a Mound Builder? Rochester *Post-Express.* March 12, 1882.

Aboriginal Occupation of the Lower Genesee Country—being the first fifteen chapters of Peck's History of Rochester, 1884.

Early History of Western New York. *Livingston County Herald.* January 28, 1886. Rochester *Post-Express.* January 13, 1886.

Joseph Brant. Rochester *Post-Express.* October, 1886.

Invasion of '64. Rochester *Post-Express.* February 7, 1887.

Denonville's Expedition. Rochester *Morning Herald.* July 27, 1887.

An Historic Elm. The Story of the Great Elm on the Markham Estate. Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle.* May 13, 1888.

Aboriginal Terminology of the Genesee River. Proceedings Rochester Historical Society. 1892.

Pioneers of the Genesee Valley—the Markhams. Read before The Rochester Historical Society, November 9, 1889. Published in Proceedings of The Livingston County Historical Society, 1916.

Aboriginal History of Irondequoit. Rochester *Union and Advertiser.* March 9, 1889.

Traces of the Red Man, Shall the Parks be Named in Their Honor? Rochester *Morning Herald.* March 26, 1889.

Letters from the Pathfinder. Rochester *Post-Express.* September 14-15, 1889.

Root Foods of the Seneca Indians. Proceedings Rochester Academy of Science, Vol. I, pp. 106-117.

Indian Bread Root. *Waterloo Observer.* May, 1890.

Indian Implements found in Irondequoit. Rochester *Post-Express.* June 9, 1891. (Note in Proc. Roch. Acad. of Sci., Vol. I, p. 181).

Guy Markham; A Talk with the aged Pioneer. Rochester *Post-Express.* January 3, 1891.

Guy Markham; Ninety-first Anniversary Celebrated in a Log Cabin. Rochester *Post-Express.* September 18, 1891.

Pioneers of the Genesee Valley; Van Campen and Church. Rochester *Post-Express.* May 21, 1892.

The Removal to Mount Hope Cemetery, in 1841, of the Remains of Lieutenant Thomas Boyd and other Soldiers of General Sullivan's Army. Journals of Gen. John Sullivan's Indian Expedition.

Elihu H. Grover. Sketches of His Life, with Historical Reminiscences. Rochester *Post-Express.* May 2, 1892.

Campaigns of Baron La Hontan. Rochester *Post-Express.* August 4, 1892.

Ellison Park Territory

MOST HISTORIC GROUND IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY

By A. Emerson Babcock

Contributed for Publication, Volume VI, Publication Fund Series, of The Rochester Historical Society.

Editor's Note: Mr. A. Emerson Babcock is an authority on the history of the territory now comprised in the town of Brighton. As a life-long resident of this region he is thoroughly familiar with all of its physical features and with its romantic story. Upon invitation of The Rochester Historical Society, Mr. Babcock is writing a complete history of Brighton and vicinity from earliest times. This history will be published upon completion. In Volume 1, Publication Fund Series, appear two articles from his pen, "The City of Tryon and Vicinity" (pp. 112-149); and "The Landing Road" (pp. 188-209).

The sketch published below was prepared to excite public interest in the park lands recently acquired, including the old Indian Landing, through the munificent gift of Mr. Frank T. Ellison.

NO town in Monroe County has a more interesting and eventful history than that territory which in time became the Township of Brighton. It is difficult for this generation to realize that at one time this whole section was a wilderness inhabited only by savages and the wild beasts of the forest. It is also hard to realize that our large and rapidly growing City of Rochester was not the site of the first settlement but was an uninhabited swamp when Brighton lands had a white population and a development well under way for a great commercial city. The histories of New France have great interest, but one must be a close student to find much information about this section which we now know to be the most important in the history of Western New York.

We have to contend locally with the loss of many valuable records that have been destroyed by accidental fires, and ruthlessly destroyed in the same way. This is notably the case in the history of Ontario County which embraced this whole section clear through to the Niagara River. When the new

Court House at Canandaigua was built many years ago, in removing the records from the old Court House to the new, many records were deliberately burned. This was a great loss, and of such great importance as to make it necessary to seek information in other states that could have been found here at home if these records had been preserved. Pittsford, owing to its early settlement, was the leading town of Northfield, and practically all the town-meetings of Northfield were held in this town. Its town records, along with those of Northfield, were in the custody of its Town Clerk, Mr. Crump, at his store. One day the store burned and a large amount of the Northfield records there were destroyed. I have copies of all that are left, but the source of much valuable information is gone. The fire at the State Library at Albany also took from us a large list of valuable documents that are gone forever.

I was not born in the Town of Brighton although I have lived in my present home on Clover Road for sixty years this 1927. Having lost my mother when but ten days old, the doctors and nurses gave me up to die as I was a very sick baby, and was the only child who lived that year that was born in Charlotte. My father encouraged my living the out-of-door life and with gun and fishing-rod I spent much time in the woods and in the Irondequoit Valley hunting and fishing. I probably caused my teachers in school much concern as I found the confinement irksome and longed to be afield. I got my lessons because I must; but my thoughts wandered to the solitudes of the woods and waters of Irondequoit and I soon knew all the spots of interest in these places; which were made especially interesting by the companionship of some of our old pioneers who went with me on many of these expeditions, as my father would not let me go alone when I was very young. Father was always pleased when I had as a companion Squire Barnes of Allyn's Creek. He was an encyclopedia of the history of the Irondequoit Valley. He was a highly educated man and very fond of children, kind and gentle in his ways, and a splendid companion for a growing lad. He was upright and clean in all things and I never heard him say anything not suitable for the ears of a young boy. I will never forget those days, and my memory of him is clear and perfect. He was one of nature's noblemen; a

FRANK T. ELLISON

This photograph was taken as the generous donor was making his speech of presentation at the official dedication of Ellison Park, Saturday, October 1st, 1927.

very fine looking man, six feet in height, with a spirit that was always uplifting and happy. He did not care for physical work like some although he conducted his mill successfully all his life. This mill is still in operation owned by a grandson and must be very close to its centenary. Here Squire Barnes lost his life in an accident; I remember the time and the great sorrow of his friends. He delighted in literature, and he could take a poem and read it and then closing the book recite it with dramatic force. I was very fond of both him and his son who was one of my best friends. His father, Isaac Barnes, was one of our early pioneers and an investor in the lots of the City of Tyron.

At the age of sixteen I was stronger than most men, and many a time I have hunted the hills along the Valley of the Irondequoit with dog and gun clear to the lake and repeated the experience next day.

The first historian who gave considerable attention to Brighton history was Mr. Orsamus Turner who in 1851 and 1852 published his writings. They sold slowly, which must have been a disappointment. Now his books command very high prices and they are difficult to find. Mr. Orsamus H. Marshall also contributed much valuable history and after his decease his library sold in New York City for forty thousand dollars. Others have supplied us with valuable historical material, but the Irondequoit Landing has not had the attention it deserves. I have known the Irondequoit Landing section practically all my life. The old Indian landmarks, trails and camping places I have not forgotten. I saw some of the ruins of Tryon City as well as many of the disintegrating old cabins. This section being the land of the Senecas, the most powerful tribe of the Five Nations, was the direct key from the Landing to their towns in the interior a few miles distant, and was also the direct waterway communication with Canada and other places. Over these waterways went their war-parties against their enemies up to the time Denonville destroyed their villages, and later. This condition made the Irondequoit Landing the most important place in Western New York all through the period of the history of New France. It was at this place the French and the English fought their battles for supremacy in acquiring the fur trade of the Indians and their friendship and allegiance in case

of war. Irondequoit Creek was called by the French the River Sonnontouan, the name they gave to the Senecas and their country. In those days the Bay and the Creek, from the lake to the Landing, afforded a broad and deep waterway, which forty-ton schooners had no difficulty in negotiating. Later the stream was called the Irondequoit River, and still later Irondequoit Creek, deep enough in my day for small pleasure steamers. Now this stream is small, fordable in places with rubber boots, and gives but little evidence of its former size and importance.

One of our historians, the late George H. Harris, recognized the great importance of the Irondequoit Valley. He was a great friend of Squire Barnes and the two spent weeks together hunting for buried facts of local history. I knew him slightly and he told the truth when he made the statement as to Irondequoit Landing, in his contribution to Peck's History of Rochester, that "this spot may be regarded as the most important point in all the lower Genesee Country." The Irondequoit Landing, being the head of Irondequoit Bay, was the starting-place for the many trails which crossed our region in every direction. The Portage Trail from there to the Genesee River at South Park was very much used in times of peace and war and if we only knew of the many expeditions that followed this line of communication we would have an interesting story. Through the Irondequoit Valley came hostile tribes of Indians at war with the Sonnontouans; also the Jesuits, in their visitations to the towns of the Senecas; and explorers and prominent people in our early history. Over this route went the Senecas in their many wars, and in 1687 they could muster twelve hundred warriors. After the end of the Indian troubles, over this route came our earliest pioneers, mostly from New England. During the War of the Revolution the Butler army of irregulars was frequently at the Landing and they had numerous camping-places there.

The waterway route I have mentioned from the country of the Sonnontouans to Canada and other places was in constant use until after the War of 1812. Everything looks to be very peaceful and quiet in the Irondequoit Valley today, but years ago it was far different. Today the trees are gone from the hills, and these hills, that formerly were considered useless, with the timber removed are now in a condition of fertility,

made so by the industry of the Holland people, who grow garden-truck and fruits for the Rochester markets. When I first saw the dugways on the creek, the valley was well filled with marsh and water and the forests were dense and impressive. The roads were narrow and built of dirt and washouts of these roads occurred about every spring.

The history of New France is one of almost continuous wars. France claimed the most of America and was clear-sighted enough to acquire control of its waterways. England, always ambitious and eager for more territory and cordially disliking France, had more limited possessions in this country. Both governments made their influence felt on Brighton soil, and the Valley of the Irondequoit and Lake Ontario doubtless saw many startling events about which we know little, during this old-world battle for territory. Battles took place on Brighton soil about which our only information is what the plow has turned up and what was found by our pioneers when they cleared their lands of timber and investigated the many unusual mounds. The old site of the Oak Hill Country Club has produced evidences of an ancient habitation; the same near the Red Creek Outlet; and from Red Creek to the Rapids, now gone. Mr. Boughton when he first came into Brighton territory made many startling discoveries; bullets, swords and guns were found. At the eastern bank of the ravine near the camping-place in Kelley's Woods, a large mound was found which was about five feet high and possibly fifteen feet long. Mr. H. J. Peck when a boy, with some other boys, attempted to open this mound. He told me they found nothing but he was certain they did not dig deep enough. When I was a child the elder Stoneburner showed me an Indian burying-ground on the west side of Irondequoit Creek at the Rich's Dugway. I lost the location and have never been able to find it. On Mr. Peck's fruit farm there was a large village and many Indian relics have been found there. Captain Abner Buckland, a soldier of the Revolution, told Mr. Peck that on his farm he found many trees full of bullets.

Our greatest interest today is in the recent gift of our highly-esteemed citizen and neighbor, Mr. Frank T. Ellison, of his large farm near the Irondequoit Landing to the Board of County

Park Commissioners for a County Park. This farm has on it many valuable historic places and it is a princely gift. Shortly after Mr. Ellison had promised it to the Park Commissioners, he was offered one hundred thousand dollars for it. However, he had given his word, and this was sufficient. Over the top of the high hill on this place came the East Side Trail from the Lake Shore to the Landing. This hill originally extended from the Landing straight through to the mainland on the east. When our pioneers dug the raceway that follows from the Atlantic Avenue southerly to the mill and creek on the Rich's Dugway Road, it made of this hill an island, and the action of the elements has completed the job of isolation. This trail follows the improved road from the lake shore past Inspiration Point to the Float Bridge Road, where it found an ancient fortification, and thence on a straight line to the Landing. This trail is centuries old and every foot of it is historical. On the west side of the Landing we find the West trail up the bay from the lake shore to the Landing. This trail started on the west side of the French fort established at the Sea Breeze known as Fort des Sables, or fort of the sands, built in 1716. The trail followed a straight line parallel with the Woodman Road, passing a little east of the Forest House on a straight line to Culver Road, Merchants Road, and Blossom Road, to the Landing Road, and thence south on a straight line through the camping-place in Kelley's Woods to the large Indian town, Gannogaro, now known as Boughton Hill, near Victor. A map showing this trail was made by the Jesuit, Father Pierre Raffeix in the year 1688, and was found in recent years in the Department of Marine in Paris. This trail is probably more important than the one on the east side and is about two miles shorter than the other from the lake shore. I believe the weight of evidence will establish as a fact that the route of the Denonville Expedition from Lake Ontario was along this trail on the west side of the Bay.

At the Irondequoit Landing is the site of the English fort built in 1721 and commanded by Captain Peter Schuyler, Jr., who, under the orders of Governor Burnet of New York, was to fortify this place, keep his eyes wide open, watch the French, and try to get the Indians to go to Albany to trade. His large guns commanded the Landing and every trail and approach. I

believe that this fort stood on the site of an ancient fortification. *

Some of the most interesting historical facts relating to the old Indian Landing may be summarized, briefly, as follows:

Early White Visitors: Priests, Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumont, 1657; Pierre Raffeix, 1679; Jean Pierron, 1673; Jacques Frémin, 1668; Julien Garnier, 1668; René de Brahant de Galinée, Aug. 10, 1669; Louis Hennepin, 1669, and many other times; Pierre François Xavier de Charlevoix, April, 1721; and others.

Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, visited the Landing in 1701. His wife, with three others were the first white women to cross the great lakes, and the Indians fell down and worshipped them.

Here the French and English contested for the furs of the Indians, and it was the most important place for trade with the Indians in the early days. Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, visited the Landing several times. At one time La Salle's brigantine mounting twenty guns rode at anchor in the Ox Bow for ten days. His first visit to this section was August 10th, 1669.

Here was the expedition of General Bradstreet with Sir William Johnson, second in command, in 1764. With this army was the notorious Col. John Butler, also Phillip Schuyler, General Putnam and others prominent in the patriot cause during the War of the Revolution.

Saw the Prideaux expedition move against Fort Niagara in 1759, where General Prideaux was killed and Sir William Johnson, His Majesty's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, acted as chief mourner, and assisted in the Masonic burial services. Sir William Johnson was many times at the Landing. These circumstances he mentions in his daily journal.

Saw all the wars of the Senecas and invasions by their enemies. Saw the French and English in their constant wars and many an armed boat of theirs came into this section.

Saw the first ship-building plant next to old Sugar Loaf, as well as the business of a pioneer city.

From the Irondequoit Landing ran a wide trail in a straight line to Stone's Tavern on East Avenue kept by Major Orringh Stone, which was the only hostelry this side of Canandaigua. At this place Major Stone got his supplies for his hotel

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*Editor's Note: Governor Burnet's instructions to Captain Peter Schuyler, Jr., are printed in full, with the names of his company, in Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York (Vol. V, pp. 641-642; see also, foot-note, id., p. 666).

Major Abraham Schuyler also was assigned to the Seneca Country, (Col. Doc., Vol. V., p. 666); but O'Callaghan's foot-note is in error (Documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. 1, p. 443) in placing Major Abraham Schuyler in command at Irondequoit in 1721.

The references above noted, reveal that Peter Schuyler, Jr., remained at Irondequoit about one year (Oct., 1721 to Sept., 1772) and that, later, Major Abraham Scuyler was dispatched to the "Sinnekees Country" with the same instructions as those previously given to Peter Schuyler, Jr.

from the schooners that unloaded at the Landing. Over this waterway came the most of the early pioneers who stopped at Stone's Tavern. After the close of the wars, the Indian Chieftain Brant stopped with Stone over night.

Saw the dangerous element of the squatter class who were probably largely soldiers of the Butler army who had married squaws in the Indian fashion. They had large families, and were gradually forced westward by civilization.

Saw the founding of the City of Tryon in 1797.

Saw the camps of the Butler army. During the War of the Revolution this army disappeared and could not be located. At this time they were secreted near the Landing and near the old ferry on the Genesee River at Windsor Beach.

The Landing Road which originally extended down the hill at this place on a straight line to the old store and wharf was built by Major Orringh Stone the first Commissioner of Highways of the town of Northfield, which was composed of all the towns in the eastern district but Rush and Henrietta, and was formed April 4th, 1797, at a Town Meeting held in Pittsford, when Captain Silas Nye, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, was elected Supervisor, and Major Orringh Stone Commissioner of Highways. This road was built about 1800 and changed the line of the old Indian trail to Boughton Hill.

The old store which was the first and only store this side of Canandaigua was patronized by all our early pioneers. I was the first to examine its store books which were in the possession of one of Oliver Culver's descendants, Mrs. Howard Smith, and are now in the possession of The Rochester Historical Society. This store was built in 1799, with John Tryon & Co., its first proprietors. Later, its firm name was changed to Tryon & Adams. Oliver Culver had a financial interest in this store. Lynch law governed the affairs of the City of Tryon and there were many convictions. The first large warehouse at Tryon cost fifteen thousand dollars.

Here was the home of Oliver Culver, one of our earliest pioneers, where he settled after his marriage to Miss Alice Ray, daughter of Isaac Ray of Pittsford. He came to the Landing in 1796 and married Miss Ray in 1805. At this time there was not a house in the territory which is now the City of Rochester. Later Mr. Culver established a home on East Avenue near the present Culver Road.

There was a large camp of the Senecas on the present farm of Squire Kelley, where a large amount of war material was found. At this place the numerous springs divide. One set flowing to Irondequoit Creek and the other to Allyn's Creek. As late as two years ago some valuable relics were found at this place. It was on the main trail to the south and is a very historic place. A road once ran on the north side of this place from the Landing Road to Irondequoit Creek, where it crossed, and continued onward into Penfield. This road was very much used by our early pioneers. Another camping-place is along the Landing Road just this side of the Rich's Dugway Road. A bushel of bullets was found at this spring. In the early days it was a common practice to secrete ammunition by burying it in the ground until it was wanted.

In 1789 came the first permanent settler on the east side of the Genesee River and in the territory now included in the County of Monroe, John Lusk of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and later, New York. John Lusk served in the patriot army from the beginning to the close of the War of the Revolution. He was a patriot, a good soldier, an upright citizen and our first permanent settler. He deserves a

monument and he is going to have one on the site of his old home at the Landing. John Lusk owned the site of the City of Tryon which he sold to Salmon Tryon the founder. Salmon Tryon sold out to John Tryon and more than doubled his money in making the sale. Salmon's sister married the late President Harding's ancestor, Hulda Tryon. Her husband owned the Dryer farm at the big Rattlesnake Spring on the Landing Road. This ancestor of the late President was a distinguished commissioned officer in the patriot army during the War of the Revolution.

The first formation of the Town of Brighton under a legislative Act, changed the name from Smallwood, which previously had the name of Boyle, named for a place in Ireland. This latter name seemed quite appropriate when we consider the political history of our town. Brighton took its name from the well-known watering place of this name in England. The First Town Meeting of the new Town of Brighton was held April 5th, 1814, at Stone's Tavern on East Avenue, and Oliver Culver was elected Supervisor and Nehemiah Hopkins, Town Clerk. At this time the town preserved its eastern and southern boundaries and included in it practically the most of the City of Rochester on the East Side of the Genesee River and also the later town of Irondequoit. In 1817 the Congregational Church of Brighton now the Presbyterian Church, was formed at Stone's Tavern.

The first decked boat ever to descend the St. Lawrence River came from the Irondequoit Landing, and also the first flour received in the City of Montreal. The shipping trade from the Landing was heavy in those days as well as supplies for the stores of Canandaigua which early came over this waterway. During the War of 1812 the Landing was a very busy place. Settlers had been coming freely until the War of 1812 started and then stopped until the war was over because of the fear of the Indians, and it was no idle fear. When Buffalo was burned the settlers at the Landing were very uneasy and some moved away. In Western New York it became a panic and many left their homes without taking their household goods or supplies.

The water power of the Genesee changed the prospects for the growth of Tryon, and the advent of the Erie Canal settled the matter. Many of the settlers who had invested their money in the City of Tryon development lost all they had invested.

I have given these few facts of our local history to excite interest in this wonderful territory. Upon the request of the President of The Rochester Historical Society I have been writing a history of the Town of Brighton, which I hope to complete in the near future. It will be available for all when published. I am doing this work voluntarily for the great pleasure it affords me to do something for Brighton and the coming generations. I do not receive remuneration for this work. It is simply an act of affection for a Town where I have lived so many years and whose people have always been very kind to me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ellison Park was officially dedicated, Saturday, October 1st, 1927, under the auspices of the Monroe County Park Commission, constituted as follows: Charles J. Brown, President; Morris F. Clark, Vice-President; J. Franklin Bonner; William F. Kittelberger; Alphonse Klem; Solomon Levin; Mead B. Rappleye, Secretary.

Mr. George Y. Webster presided at the dedication, and the following program was presented before a large gathering of citizens upon the exact site of the old Indian Landing—

INVOCATION	Rev. Justin Wroe Nixon, D.D.
REMARKS	Frank T. Ellison
DEDICATION DISCOURSE	Hon. Willis K. Gillette
THE RED MAN'S GATEWAY OF THE GENESEE COUNTRY	Dr. Arthur C. Parker
BENEDICTION	Rev. Arthur A. Hughes
PAGEANT, BY BOY SCOUT LEADERS	*"The Landing of La Salle"*

Music by Park Band

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most romantic history centers about Irondequoit Bay and Valley. It is a splendid place for a public park. This region reveals exquisite natural beauties. Here, literally, "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green." Before the eyes of the beholder is spread a panorama of loveliness unsurpassed. Where the winding creek flows into the jewel of a bay, there are lush meadows, rich garden lands, and wooded slopes leading up to dome-shaped emerald hills. Seen at its best in the springtime, this territory presents a picture that can never be forgotten. Nathaniel S. Olds said: "Irondequoit Bay was an ideal spot for the Indian. If he had planned the place for his own happy hunting-grounds, he would have made few changes from the scheme on which it was laid out by nature."

Admiral Franklin Hanford, in his "Origin of the Names of Places in Monroe County" (Publication Fund Series, Vol. V, pp. 49-77) says: "Irondequoit Bay is the largest and finest body of water entirely within the County of Monroe. As already mentioned under the town of that name, the word means, in the Indian language, a bay. Lewis H. Morgan, gives it as if spelled "Ne-o-da-on-da-quat." A great variety of ways of spelling and pronouncing the word, is found among the early writers on the discovery, settlement and history of the region in which this bay is situated."

Mr. Olds, writes: "You can imagine a canoeful of Hurons paddling, stealthily, along the southern shore of Lake Ontario, discovering that the Genesee River ended in a series of falls, and then a few miles further to the east, finding the "turning aside" into one of the most useful bays on the whole lake. So they named it exactly what it was, "Where-the-Lake-Turns-Aside-Toward-the-Sunrise," or the east, from their end of the lake. The spelling which would best illustrate this, would be 'Teorontokwat.' The root of the word is identical with that of 'Toronto.' It is a Huron word, adopted by the Iroquois. 'Toronto,' originally spelled 'Teoronto,' meant 'Where-the-Lake-Turns-Aside.' The final syllable 'qua' or 'quoi,' in the name 'Irondequoit,' is from the Huron 'Kwa,' meaning 'Toward-the-Sunrise'."

This first unit of the proposed Monroe County Park System was donated to the County at Christmastime, 1926, by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Ellison, in memory of Mr. Ellison's father, Nathaniel B. Ellison.

The park area consists of about 220 acres on which are located the sites of Tryontown, the Indian Landing and the Old Pioneer Road.

Work of developing this area was started March 9, 1927. The Official Dedication was held, Saturday, October 1st, 1927. (Map drawn by Capt. Wheeler C. Case).

The late William H. Samson, Past-President of The Rochester Historical Society, made a study of the different spellings of Irondequoit. His notes, now in the Library of the Society, show the various authorities, with their spellings. In an editorial in the *Post-Express* (June 11, 1906) Mr. Samson listed fifty-one varieties, as follows:

"A reader of *The Post-Express* who has seen in the Boston "*Transcript*" the statement that the name of New Hampshire's largest lake, Winnepesaukee, has been spelled in 131 different ways, asks if this record is not equalled by the word Irondequoit, applied to the beautiful bay which is now one of the most popular pleasure resorts of Rochesterians.

"Perhaps Irondequoit has been spelled in as many different ways as Winnepesaukee, but we think not. Here is a list, however, of more than fifty variations, which we have compiled from the writings of travelers, historians, and Jesuit missionaries and from maps, surveys, and official documents; but no doubt a systematic search would lead to many additions:

Adiarundaquat	Rundicutt	Jerondekat
Caniaterundequat	Terondoquat	Jerondequet
Ganientaraguat	Thereondequat	Kaniatarontagouat
Ganniagatarontagouat	Therondequot	Neodaondaquat
Gerundegutt	Tierondquit	Neodaondoquat
Irondegatt	Tierundequat	Oniadarondaquat
Irondequoit	Tisorondequat	Onyiudaondagwat
Irondequot	Tjerondaquat	Orondoquat
Jarrondigat	Tyrondequot	Rondgus
Jerondequate	Andiataroataount	Rundegut
Jerondokat	Entauntuquet	Thenenondequat
Kaniatareontoguoat	Gannigatarontaguoat	Therondequat
Niederundagut	Ganniatareontoquoat	Tierondequat
Niederungut	Gerundegut	Tierontequat
Onguidaondaquoat	Irondekatt	Tiorondequat
Orondokott	Irondequat	Tjerondequat
Rundigut	Jarondigat	Trondequat

"Gerundegut or Irondequoit, is undoubtedly a corruption of the Seneca name as given by Denonville—Ganniagatarontagouat. The correct Seneca spelling of the name is O-nyiu-da-on-da-gwat, meaning a bay or cove; literally a turning out or going aside of the lake; compounded of Ga-nyiu-daeh, (lake), and O-da-gwah (it turns out), according to Marshall.

"The first reference to Irondequoit Bay is to be found in a letter dated July 13, 1684, and written undoubtedly from Onondaga by the Rev. Jean de Lamberville to M. de la Barre, the French Governor of Canada. He says:

" 'My brother expects to leave with your deputies to carry to you the result of the Iroquois Diet, where the Onontague, who assumes to be a moderator, pretends to force the Seneca to disavow what two of their captains caused their warriors to do, and to quiet again your mind; that is they say, by some satisfaction which may afford you an honorable pretext to pay a friendly visit to Kaniatarontagouat and not to appear there as an enemy.'

"In the following October the Jesuit Father made the second reference, writing to the same man, saying:

" 'Had I the honor to converse with you somewhat longer than your little leisure allowed me, I should have convinced you that you could not have advanced to Kaniatorontogouat without having been utterly defeated in the then state of your army, which was rather an hospital than a camp.'

"The earliest map of this region is that of Champlain, 1632. He places a large bay on the south shore of Lake Ontario in the exact location of Irondequoit, but omits the name. The Jesuits' map, published in 1664, is, we believe, the first giving a name to the bay; there it is spelled Andiatarontaouat.

"In the first Gazetteer of the state (Albany: 1813) Horatio Gates Spafford endeavored to fix the name Teoronto upon Irondequoit Bay, and the effort was continued in the second Gazetteer by the same author (Albany: 1824). In the third Gazetteer (Philadelphia: 1836) Teoronto appears upon the large map but Irondequoit is substituted on the small county map. After 1836 we do not hear of Teoronto, and Mr. Spafford's effort to substitute it for Irondequoit (for which there was no good reason) failed as signally as did Cooper's effort to change Lake George to Horicon.

"The battle between French and Indians under de Denonville and the Seneca Indians was fought July 13, 1687, near the present site of Victor. The Indian village was abandoned by the Senecas and burned by the invaders. ('The wasps' nest was overset but the wasps were left alive.') O. H. Marshall, a well-known writer on the early history of this region, declared that the expedition of de Denonville marched into the country along an Indian path on the eastern side of Irondequoit Bay. More modern authorities, however, are agreed that he marched up the west side of the bay. Evidences of the old trail which he followed are still to be found and modern roads follow part of it."

Mr. Babcock, has summarized the principal historical facts as to the Indian Landing, and it is fitting to add a few stanzas from William H. C. Hosmer's "Yonnondio, or the Warriors of the Genesee" (New York and Rochester, 1844) in which the bones of history are clothed with life by the imagination of the poet, and Irondequoit Bay is described as it was in the seventeenth century:

"Realm of the Senecas! no more
In shadow lies the Pleasant Vale;
Gone are the Chiefs who ruled of yore,
Like chaff before the rushing gale.
Their rivers run with narrowed bounds,
Cleared are their broad, old hunting grounds,
And on their ancient battle fields
The greensward to the ploughman yields;
Like mocking echoes of the hill
Their fame resounded and grew still,
And on green ridge and level plain
Their hearths will never smoke again.

When fade away the summer flowers,
And come the bright autumnal hours,
The ripened grain above their graves
Nods to the wind in golden waves.
Fled are their pomp and power like dreams,
By scribe unmarked, by bard unsung;
But mountains, lakes and rolling streams
Recall their wild rich forest tongue,
And names of melody they bear,
Sweeter than flute-notes on the air.

"Oblivion swallows, one by one,
Old legends by the sire to son
  Around the crackling camp-fire told—
Their oaks have fallen, trunk and bough,
And hut and hall of council now
  Are changed to ashes cold.
Toiled have I many a weary day
To gather their traditions gray,
And rescue from effacing time
A few brave deeds and traits sublime.
Now listen, for the tale I tell
Perchance may be remembered well,
Though coarsely framed my sylvan lyre,
Harsh its wild tone, untuned its wire!

* * * *

"Through pines that crowned the wooded steep,
Winds, freshened by the lake were sighing,
And in his basin, broad and deep,
Irondequoit was darkly lying.
A deeper, more luxuriant green,
In grassy spire and wood-plant seen;
A clearer tinkle in the rill,
And light more lustrous on the hill,
A richer fragrance in the breeze,
And wilder, sweeter melodies,
Told that serene and happy May
To summer had resigned her sway;
That arching sky had caught its hue
From June's clear orb of radiant blue.

"Earth was in gala dress arrayed,
And blushed with flowers the forest mould,
While stately tulip trees displayed
Their honeyed cups of glistening gold;
Rich robe was over maple flung;
On chestnut golden tassel hung;
Light airs a slumberous tune evoked
From leaves that trembling poplar cloaked,
And oaks a thicker foliage bore,
To canopy the forest floor;
Where open space on hillside lay,
Exposed to ripening warmth of day,
The sod, with strawberries bestrown,
Was tinted like the ruby-stone.

"Far up the reedy bay were seen
Bright upland swells with vales between,
Through which ran brooks of crystal sheen;
The lily-stem its silver cup
Above the water lifted up,
And throwing on deep pool a shade,
Waved the long flag its emerald blade;
To crumbling marge, with eager cries,
The heron bore his dripping prize,
And down the rough uneven bank
The snorting wild deer came and drank;
Amid the reeds that fringed the shore
The water-rat and otter swam,
And fearlessly the beaver bore
His tooth-hewn timber to the dam.
Wild was the scene!—his ragged cone
A mossy hemlock reared on high,
The forest eagle's lofty throne
When tired of circling in the sky.
The mock-bird, perched on bending spray,
Woke his sweet, imitative lay;
With arching neck and air of pride,
The white swan floated on the tide;
And gabbling in sequestered cove,
The black duck oiled her breast, and dove."

Pioneer Inventions

By Frank Keiper, M.A., M.E., L.L.B.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, February 18, 1927.

Editor's Note: Mr. Frank Keiper is a well-known member of the Rochester Bar, and is accorded leadership in Patent Law. For several years he was a lecturer on this subject before the senior engineering students of Purdue University, and his published lectures have gone through two editions. His ability and scholarship are recognized widely, and he is always convincing, entertaining and instructive in his addresses.

The Rochester Historical Society has invited Mr. Keiper to cover the subject of Inventions in two papers, one of a general nature, and the other local. The first address, printed below, covers the story of great Pioneer Inventions. This will be followed, later, by a second address upon the local theme, "Rochester Inventions and Inventors."

GREAT pioneer inventions are great mile posts in the progress of civilization. A pioneer invention is one that is not only a new invention, but forms the basis of a new art, as many improvements are made on it. The original invention and its improvements make an art that never existed before, because all the improvements embody the fundamental idea of the original invention.

For example, Howe was the first to invent a machine that sewed with the eye in the point of a needle, and to sew with two threads so as to make a lock-stitch. Since Howe's invention, over twenty-five thousand patents have been taken out that show improvements of one kind or another on Howe's lock-stitch sewing machine.

Morse invented the electric telegraph, but since Morse's invention a vast improvement has been made in the telegraph apparatus itself. Duplex and quadruplex telegraphy have been invented, and the ocean cable and the stock ticker have been produced, all growing out of Morse's original invention of the telegraph.

Bell invented the telephone, and compared to the perfected apparatus of today, it was a very crude instrument. Since then, Berliner invented the microphone transmitter; Edison, Blake and others have contributed their improvements; the switch-

board has been developed; the Pupin coil and the radio lamp have added their improvements, so that the cost of equipment has been reduced, and the clearness of transmission of messages has been so enormously increased that telephoning across the continent has become quite common.

Edison invented the phonograph and the incandescent lamp, and these two inventions have been the basis of the development in talking machines, and illumination by electricity that has spread all over the world. They have contributed mightily to the entertainment and comfort of the human race, all because thousands of other inventors have improved upon these two original inventions of Edison's.

Therefore, each of these inventions and many others, are properly called Pioneer Inventions. The patent that protects the pioneer invention is recognized by the courts as a pioneer patent. It is one that discloses an invention that has founded an art, and has made all of the improvements thereon possible.

The pioneer inventions that have just been mentioned were all made recently. They have aided the recent progress of the human race. Other pioneer inventions were made in the ages that elapsed previous to the making of these inventions, and during a time when there did not exist any patent laws or any Patent Office. During those ages no patents were granted that gave to the inventor a monopoly of the invention which he made. Those ancient inventions, however, were of the utmost importance in the progress of civilization. They had to be made before the race could make progress in the first place and the great progress of the race waited until those inventions had been made. It is with regard to those early inventions that I shall speak first at length, for I regard them as of the most importance to the human race. They are the deep foundations on which the great structure has been raised.

The first real pioneer invention to be considered is the alphabet. The alphabet is a very old invention, yet it is quite recent compared to the age of the human race, for if we believe what the geologists tell us, the human race has been on this earth for over 500,000 years, and perhaps for many times that length of time, yet the alphabet was invented probably less than 4,000 years ago and did not go into general use until less than

3,000 years ago. Most of us are apt to assume that the alphabet is as old as the race, that both originated about 6,000 years ago, and that the alphabet originated with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and was taught to Cain and Abel, who were provided with alphabet blocks for this purpose. But this is not true. The alphabet is probably the greatest invention that the human race has ever made. Compared with the age of the race, it is a very recent invention. It is much more recent than the bow and arrow, and the wheel and axle and the artificial production of fire and is a much greater invention. The bow and arrow has been found everywhere among savages. The wheel and axle has been found in all crude civilizations. They are both ancient and everywhere. But the alphabet started recently in one place and spread from that one place. The bow and arrow and the making of fire by friction and other ancient inventions have long since gone into the discard, but the alphabet becomes more important every year as an invention. It not only provides for the writing of the language with the utmost simplicity, but it is the only instrument that has ever been invented that logically or scientifically connects the written language and the spoken language.

The alphabet was probably invented by the Phoenicians less than 4,000 years ago. It was by them put into general public use and given to the world. Before the alphabet was invented, pictures, signs and symbols and other characters were used to represent in writing the spoken words for objects and ideas, and the connection between the spoken word and its written character was entirely arbitrary. The one had to be associated with the other entirely by memory. The written language grew up to the best advantage in Egypt. In the hieroglyphic characters on the monuments in that country there are three kinds of characters and on many inscriptions each word of the inscription is repeated in all three kinds of characters. One kind of character represents an object or an action, such as a circle representing the sun, or a crescent representing a moon. Another kind of character represents a syllable of a word. That is, it represents a combination of sounds. The third kind of characters represents consonants, and are alphabetic. It is quite possible that these characters developed in the writing in the order named, and that the consonants were the last to be

used. The Egyptians did not believe in education. With them writing was a mystery, and was purposely kept as such. Only the priests were admitted to the sacred mystery, and the common people and many of the nobility knew nothing about it. It was against the policy of the priests to simplify writing so that it could be understood and used by the masses. Hence, they made their writing and inscriptions as confused as possible, and used symbols and syllables to indicate words along with the consonant element of the alphabet.

The Chinese written language was originally made up of such characters entirely, and many of these characters have persisted in that language till the present time. In the Chinese language, the sun is represented by a circle with a dot in the center of it. The rising sun is represented by this same character with a line under it. The setting sun is represented by the same character with a line over it. Man is represented by a V shaped character of two lines representing his legs and for this purpose the V is inverted. For thousands of years before the invention of signs to represent consonant and vowel sounds, all written language was made up of such characters. There was nothing about the character that indicated the sound of the spoken word that it represented. That was traditional and was handed down by word of mouth. Then someone conceived the idea of using characters to represent the combination of sounds in the syllable. That is, one character to represent the combination of a vowel and one or more consonants. This required enormous numbers of characters to represent the various syllables that enter into words, and in the Chinese language there are now over 20,000 of such characters each representing a different syllable. Both the meaning and pronunciation of these had to be memorized. As above pointed out, the Egyptians used a considerable number of such characters as well. While these syllable characters each had a phonetic value, they were little better than the characters that represented complete words for the purpose of connecting the written language with the spoken language.

In course of time someone discovered that the syllables represented by these thousands of characters were all made up of a few elementary sounds and that all of the composite sounds that are called words or syllables could be analyzed into a few

elementary sounds. He also discovered that the elementary sounds that the human voice could make were comparatively few in number. This was the discovery of a scientist and was a discovery of the highest order. If the reader does not think so let him try to pick out the elementary sounds from the running conversation of his neighbor, or from conversation in a strange language. After this discovery was made some inventor invented written characters that represented these elementary sounds and further invented the idea of arranging them in groups in various orders so that when the letters of a group were sounded collectively and in the order of their arrangement they would produce the sound of a word in the spoken language. This was the invention of the alphabet, and it was the most important invention ever made by the human race.

No written language that uses characters instead of an alphabet can have many words. Multiplication of words means multiplication of characters with which to write those words. Multiplication of characters meant making the new characters both diverse and more intricate. The diversity and intricacy of these characters soon begin to exhaust the possibility of their formation and begin to tax the capacity of the human mind to remember and identify them. This imposed a burden on the memory that restricted mental activity. The most learned man could read and write but a few hundred words. This checked progress in China, Egypt and other countries that did not use the alphabet. In spite of the apparent progress of those old civilizations, but little progress was made. They needed the invention of the alphabet. This shows that a written language that uses characters cannot develop far, nor satisfactorily. The Century Dictionary contains definitions of over 500,000 words of the English language and more words are being added every day and the twenty-six characters of the alphabet take care of all of them. Without the alphabet 500,000 characters would be needed. The present number of words can be multiplied billions and trillions of times without exhausting the possible combinations that but twenty-six letters can make.

It has been said that Woodrow Wilson had a vocabulary of over 62,000 words. Yet all these words are pictured in writing by twenty-six characters. Think of the mental energy that would be wasted in trying to remember or recognize these

various written words if they were each pictured by a different character. The strain on the intellect would be an impossible one, and in the old method of writing, the words of the written language would necessarily be limited to only a small fraction of the words in the spoken language of the average individual, assuming that everyone understood the art of writing. But the art of writing was known only to a few, mostly priests. It was kept as a sacred mystery. With the invention of the alphabet reading and writing became rather common.

The invention of the alphabet cut out the thousands of characters that had previously been used imperfectly to express thought. The use of the alphabet made possible the use of hundreds of thousands of words for which before that time no written characters could be provided.

Nearly all words of alphabet languages are spelled phonetically. That is, in the manner above described. There are a few exceptions to phonetic spelling in all languages, more especially in the English language, and the simplified spelling urged some years ago was intended to remove some of these exceptions.

It took a genius to recognize this possibility of connecting the written language with the spoken language. He invented the alphabet, and put it to use in writing the language, and for the first time made a simple direct connection between the spoken language and the written language. Thereafter the words of language, especially the written language, multiplied with great rapidity. The preliminary work of analyzing sounds into elements began in Egypt and other countries, but none of these countries carried the work far enough. The Phoenecians might have known of this preliminary work, and again their development of the alphabet may have been entirely original, but even assuming that the Phoenecians borrowed the alphabet from the Egyptians, they quickly reduced it to its simplest terms and stripped from it all matter that made it obscure. The religious scruples that affected the Egyptians had no weight with them. If the characters were divine for the priests of Isis, they were a convenient instrument to supply the every-day wants of the sailors of Tyre. So they made the alphabet complete according to their own ideas, applied it to the writing of their own language, and dropped all other symbols. In other words, they

completed the invention, reduced it to practice, gave it to the public and put it to use. They made it a practical success and used it in their every day business.

The Phoenecians were a commercial people. They were the colossal peddlers of the ancient world, their sailors and merchants went to all parts of the world that they could reach by ships, and they carried their alphabet with them. The invention was carried to every nation bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and to even more distant territory. Each of these countries quickly adopted the invention of the alphabet, adapted it to its own language and made it the basis of its written language. But it did not spread everywhere. China and Japan were never visited by the Phoenecians. Their ships could not go there, and it was too far to go there overland, so the people of those countries never learned of the alphabet and clung to their old arbitrary sign characters. Outside of Egypt there was no alphabet in Africa and none in Australia. When Columbus discovered America, there was no alphabet in all America, not even in civilized Mexico or Peru.

The number of letters in the alphabet varied. The Phoenecian alphabet had 22 letters, Hebrew 20, Greek 24, Latin 23, English 26. The sounds represented by these letters were largely the same for the human voice and the organs of speech are practically the same the world over, and the alphabets all contain substantially the same invention, for each of the letters of an alphabet represents a different elementary sound and all of the letters of an alphabet represent all the sounds which the voice can make in speech. Some 250 alphabets have been derived from the original alphabet of the Phoenecians.

The Phoenecian alphabet had only consonants; the Greeks improved upon it by adding vowels. This is the usual course in making inventions. It is seldom that one inventor or one set of inventors can carry an invention to completion or exhaust the possibility of improvements.

The English alphabet is not a complete and perfect instrument. It duplicates some sounds and omits others. C and K, G and J, S and Z, F and PH are largely duplicates of each other and X has practically the same sound of KH, KS, or GZ. The English alphabet omits characters for many vowel sounds or variations in vowel sounds which must be left to memory. The

Greek alphabet has dipthongs which the English alphabet omits. Such irregularities account for the differences in the numbers of characters in the alphabets of the various languages and shows how habit frequently blocks the road to improvement.

The alphabet is still capable of improvement. Dr. Godfrey Dewey, of Harvard University, has recently declared that if the alphabet were revised, a billion dollars a year could be saved. He proposes an alphabet of twenty-four consonants, thirteen vowels, four diphthongs and a sign for the word "the," which he states constitutes seven per cent. of all the words on a printed page. These changes would save billions of tons of paper and huge sums in the cost of type composition. They would enable us to read printed matter more quickly, and books and newspapers would be smaller and lighter. If all this saving could be derived from an improvement on the alphabet as it now is, it is easy to conclude that the alphabet has caused a saving many times greater than this over the expense and handicap to which the human race was put when old sign-writings were still in use. The Chinese people still labor under such a difficulty with their system of writing.

The alphabet is easily learned and remembered, and it is easy to use. It saves a vast amount of time, expense and mental energy that is wasted by languages that have no alphabet. It simplifies reading, writing and printing, and has made the education of the masses possible. It has made possible results that otherwise would be impossible. The absence of an alphabet in a language makes printing difficult and telegraphy impossible. The Chinaman has never been able to send a telegram in his own language, for it has no alphabet. He can use the telephone and talk Chinese, but in telegraphing the practice in China is to translate all Chinese messages into English and send them in the Morse code. At the receiving station, the messages are translated back into Chinese and are delivered. The telephone is adapted to all languages because it transmits speech or sound and can transmit both elementary and composite sounds, but the telegraph is not so adaptable, for its signals are based on the alphabet.

The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer were probably composed before the Greek language had an alphabet, and they were,

therefore, not reduced to writing for over 200 years after they were composed and until after the alphabet had been carried into Greece and improved upon and assimilated by those people or probably later than 550 B. C., at which time the Ionic alphabet became the standard alphabet of Greece. For several hundred years before that time these poems existed only in the memory of the bards. Without the alphabet these poems would never have been recorded, and would probably have been lost. It is possible that in other languages other gems of literature equally great once existed but were lost because there was no alphabet for recording them. Several books are referred to in the Old Testament that are no longer in existence. That is, we have no copies of them. This leads us to inquire how some of the oldest books of the Bible originated, and when they were first recorded. The Book of Job is said to be the oldest book in the Bible. It was probably composed before the Hebrews had an alphabet, and like the Iliad it may have been preserved only by the memory of the minstrels or the priests, by whom it was recited. In what language or in what characters the ten commandments were recorded on the tablets of stone is not known. Presumably they were recorded in Hebrew, but the only instance of any record being made in the Hebrew alphabet that antidates the captivity in Babylon is an inscription in a tunnel that connects the pool of Siloam inside of Jerusalem with the Virgin's pool outside the city wall. In this tunnel is an inscription in Hebrew characters describing how the tunnel was dug from both ends, the two sections meeting in the middle. This tunnel was dug in the time of Hezekiah and is referred to in II Kings 20-20 which fixes the date of the tunnel about 700 B. C. Of what happened before that time there is no original written record. There is no manuscript or record of any portion of the Bible that is older than 300 years A.D. and it is therefore a fair question when the oldest books of the Bible were first reduced to writing, and in what form they were first written out. Were they written in an alphabet or with picture characters like the hieroglyphics of Egypt or otherwise?

With the invention of the alphabet, the real mental development of the human race began. The alphabet has contributed more to the development of the human race than all the inventions that were made prior to the alphabet and for a long time

thereafter. The human race has been on earth over 500,000 years and possibly for many times that period. Yet the alphabet was invented less than 4,000 years ago. These figures show how very slow man has been in making inventions in any except modern times. It is also significant that within about a hundred years from the time of the adoption of the Ionic alphabet by Greece came the golden age of Pericles. It is hard to comprehend the condition of humanity without a knowledge of reading and writing, but such a condition may be illustrated by a story that comes from ancient Rome. A slave was sent to deliver a basket of figs, and with it a note. On the way he ate the figs and delivered the note and was much surprised at the beating he received from the person to whom the note was delivered for his failure to deliver the figs. A few days later he was sent on the same errand and again he ate the figs, but this time he hid the note under a stone so that it could not see him eat the figs. He was still more surprised when on the delivery of the note he was again beaten for not delivering the figs. The human race of 6,000 years ago had no more comprehension of the art of reading and writing than did the slave that hid the note under the stone. This also probably represents the education, or rather the lack of it, among the Israelites at the time of the Exodus.

With the invention of the alphabet the human race began to make records and the progress of each generation was written down and passed on to each succeeding generation. Thus the sum total of human knowledge began to grow like a rolling snowball, where before the invention of the alphabet the progress of each generation was lost and no permanent progress was made. But this progress began only three or four thousand years ago. From that time on we began to know something definite about the history of the human race because then some nations began to keep records. We know most about the Jews and the Greeks and Assyrians and Persians and Egyptians, but we know nothing about the Africans and but little about the Indians. In general, we know but little about the history of the race prior to 3,000 years ago and of only a small part of the race at that.

The next important pioneer invention was the invention of the art of printing. This invention was made less than 500 years

ago, and we will say that John Gutenberg and John Faust (or Fust) were the inventors of it.* Gutenberg was the inventor and Faust financed the invention and commercialized it. Gutenberg's invention consisted in making a separate type, one for each letter of the alphabet, and in making the length and width of the type exactly alike with the character on the end so that they could be assembled side by side with the characters or letters in the same plane so that an impression could be taken from them. For this purpose one or more matrixes were made for each letter of the alphabet and the types were cast in these matrixes. These matrixes were engraved with great skill. No better artists ever lived than the engravers that made those matrixes and those types. The plain and fancy type that were made by these pioneers were wonderfully well made and the first book which they printed was wonderfully well printed, and remains today one of the great masterpieces of the art of printing.

The first book that Gutenberg and Faust printed was the Bible, and it was printed with apparatus that was comparatively crude; that is, compared with the equipment of the average job printing shop of today. Yet that crude equipment did marvelously beautiful work. From that crude beginning has evolved the Merganthaler Linotype Machine, the rotary perfecting press, stereotyping, electrotyping, color printing and a vast number of other improvements which are commonplace now in our everyday life, and most of which have been protected by patents.

When Gutenberg invented printing, there were no patents or patent law, and so he did not show his invention to the public, but kept it as a trade secret, although not for long. He soon lost his trade secret and this is how it happened. When Gutenberg printed the Bible, his partner, John Faust went to Paris to sell

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*Editor's Note: The invention of printing by movable types has been claimed for Laurens Coster of Haarlem, Johann Gutenberg of Mentz, Johann Fust, later called Faust, of Mentz, and Peter Schöffer, the son-in-law of Faust. Dutch authorities have generally held that Coster was the real inventor, and place the date of the invention in 1423. German authorities regard Gutenberg as the real inventor. According to them, he practiced the art at Strasburg as early as 1436. In 1450 he entered into a partnership with Faust at Mentz, which lasted for five years.

the books. Faust was the original book agent. He sold the first book to Charles VII of France as though it was the only book he had. The book was greatly admired. Everyone thought it was copied by hand and marveled at the evenness and uniformity of the letters. It must have taken a wonderfully steady hand to copy it and its production must have been the work of a life time for the scribe that copied it, so everyone thought, for every letter was clear and distinct. Not a blot or an error was to be found anywhere, and this was most unusual. The King paid 750 Crowns for it.

Some days later the Archbishop called, and the King showed him the Bible. The Archbishop said at once that it was much like the one he had recently bought. He sent for his copy and they compared them. To their great astonishment they found that they were exactly alike, page for page, line for line, and word for word. They could hardly believe their senses. No such similarity had ever been seen in books before. No such perfect copying had ever been seen before. To them it was a great mystery. Then they found that others had copies just like theirs, and that these copies were bought very cheaply and all this further increased the mystery. Finally they traced the books back to John Faust and John Gutenberg, and the clergy at once accused them of having sold themselves to the Devil so as to get his assistance in copying the Bible. Just why the Devil would want to assist anyone in copying the Bible is hard to understand, but the charge was made, nevertheless. The monks and friars had copied all books by hand up to this time in the Monasteries and they joined in the hue and cry of denouncing Faust and Gutenberg, for their occupation was threatened by this mystery. To save their lives Faust and Gutenberg had to show how the books were copied by printing, and thus the secret got out and the knowledge of the invention soon spread to all countries. As there was no patent law under which they could claim a monopoly, everyone was at liberty to use it, so Faust and Gutenberg lost their valuable rights in their valuable secret because of the meddling of the clergy. The printer never forgave the clergy and by way of derision he called a blot a "monk," a blank a "friar," and by way of preserving the fiction that the printer is in league with the devil he called the printers' boy by that name. These terms have been

used in the trade ever since. Their use was suggested by the meddling that caused the loss of a valuable trade secret in an invention that has been of vast benefit to the whole world. While the alphabet has been the most important invention, printing has been the most valuable invention ever given to the human race. Printing would have been impossible without the alphabet and would have been impractical without the invention or development of paper, which had just previously come into common use. This great invention was, therefore, dependent on two prior inventions. This is frequently the case with inventions.

As above pointed out the human race has been on this earth over 500,000 years, and the alphabet was invented less than 4,000 years ago, and printing was invented less than 500 years ago. This shows how very slow the human race has been in making the great inventions that have caused its advancement.

The next important pioneer invention was the invention of the steam engine. It was made less than 170 years ago and was the greatest invention of the 18th Century.

The steam engine was first invented by Newcomen, and Newcomen's steam engine was invented about 1705. It used steam at a pressure of less than a pound or so above the pressure of the atmosphere. It was an upright engine. It did not develop power by the pressure of steam on the piston, but rather by developing the unbalanced pressure of the atmosphere on top of the piston, for Newcomen condensed the steam in the engine cylinder and formed a vacuum therein below the piston. The atmospheric pressure on top of the piston then pushed the piston down into the vacuum so formed. Newcomen's engine was little more than a curiosity. It was very inefficient. It had little or no practical application, and nearly sixty years passed without any progress being made with it until Watt made his great invention that gave us the steam engine of the present time. The condensation of the steam in the cylinder of Newcomen's engine chilled the cylinder and left it cold and the cold cylinder condensed the steam that was admitted to the cylinder on the next stroke of the piston until the cylinder got hot again. It therefore took several times as much steam to fill the cylinder as should have been needed. This caused a great waste of heat,

and practically prevented the use of the engine. In 1762 Watt invented the separate condenser and added it to Newcomen's engine. This separate condensor was always kept cold and the condensation took place in it by the simple expedient of opening a valve between the cylinder and the condenser, after the cylinder was full of steam. This stopped chilling the cylinder and made it possible to keep the engine cylinder always hot and yet when the valve was opened a vacuum was created in the cylinder that drove the piston by atmospheric pressure. This stopped the waste of heat and made the engine efficient.

Let me state Watt's invention in this way. Both engines were upright engines.

Neither Newcomen or Watt drove their engines by steam pressure as we now understand steam pressure. They both filled the cylinder with steam on the idle stroke of the piston, that is the upward movement of the piston. This steam had a pressure of less than one pound above the atmosphere. It merely lifted the piston and did not give power. They both condensed this steam and formed a vacuum in the engine cylinder below the piston. This gave power for the pressure of the atmosphere on top of the piston after the condensation drove the piston into the vacuum. Newcomen condensed the steam in the engine cylinder and chilled the cylinder with each stroke. This made it necessary to heat up the cylinder on the next stroke with steam and this wasted the steam. Watt did not condense the steam in the cylinder but condensed the steam in a separate chamber that was connected to the cylinder. This separate chamber was always kept cold and the cylinder was always left hot. On the next stroke of the piston the cylinder did not condense the steam because the cylinder was hot. This stopped the waste of steam that would have been condensed and wasted by a cold cylinder. On the power stroke, the steam always flowed from the hot cylinder to the cold chamber and condensed in the cold chamber as soon as the valve was opened. This made a vacuum in the cold separate chamber and hot engine cylinder as well, and drove the piston down in the cylinder and made power. Watt's engine saved all of the heat and all of the steam that Newcomen's engine wasted. Watt's engine generated power units with one tenth of the coal used by Newcomen's engine. Watt's engine succeeded where Newcomen's

engine failed and Watt is therefore recognized as the inventor of the steam engine.

In Watt's time, boilers were made of cast iron. There were no rolling mills for there was no power to drive them. Therefore there were no boiler plates and boilers could not be built that would stand pressure. But Watt's engine produced power and in due time rolling mills were created that rolled boiler plates. Then boilers were built that would stand a few pounds of pressure and then the piston was driven by both low pressure and vacuum. Then the steam engine was made double acting, that is, steam was admitted to the cylinder on both sides of the piston. This doubled its power.

Good castings were hard to make. For years it was impossible to bore cylinders accurately and steam leaked past the piston. In 1769 Watt had to be satisfied with a cylinder which, though it was but 18 inches in the bore, the diameter in one place exceeded the diameter at another place by about three-eighths of an inch. Steam therefore leaked past the piston. When the engine could deliver power some one invented a boring mill. Then the cylinders were bored accurately and the steam engine made progress, both for itself and other industries. Other machine tools were created.

Spinning and weaving sprung up like magic aided by the cotton from America supplied by Whitney's cotton gin, and before the eighteenth century had ended, England had undergone such wonderful industrial changes that her power and wealth went up by leaps and bounds, and all because of the invention of the steam engine that enabled her to use her enormous coal supplies to such great advantage.

In 1802 Trevithick used high pressure steam so that the piston was driven with greater power. Later on the condenser was frequently omitted so that the engine was run by steam pressure alone. These developments were delayed scores of years by the lack of our modern machine tools of capacity and precision. They in turn waited for the power of steam, so that the development of both went on close together.

Incidentally some of these things worked for good. Newcomen's engine leaked between the cylinder and piston, and being an upright engine he put water on top of the piston to seal the joint. Some of the water leaked through into the live steam

in the cylinder and where it did he found that the steam condensed quicker and more effectively and with less waste of heat than when he depended on the chilling of the surface alone. This lead to the invention of the jet condenser. The valves in the Newcomen engine had to be worked by hand, and a small boy was so employed on one engine, but he wanted to play marbles instead of attending to such monotonous work, and he fastened the valve handle to the walking beam by strings in such a way that it opened and closed automatically after the engine was once started. Real valve gear then followed as a matter of course.

Watt's first engines were used for pumping water out of mines and did not produce rotary motion for it was not needed. Then he invented the connecting rod and crank to convert the reciprocating motion of the piston into rotary motion of the shaft, only to find that Pickard had patented it before him. Watt then invented his sun and planet motion to turn the power shaft. This was used until Pickard's patent expired and then became obsolete.

Watt's steam engine was the greatest invention of the 18th Century. The 19th Century produced the high pressure boiler and the locomotive then quickly appeared under the genius of Trevithick and Stephenson. Then came the steamship and the Bessemer process which it is believed is the greatest invention of the 19th Century. It made the building of our railroads possible. But the steam engine still remains as the greatest invention of modern times. It is even now the great prime mover of all power-driven machinery. The other prime movers are water power driving turbine wheels, steam turbines and the gas engine. Electricity is not a prime mover. Neither is the dynamo. The dynamo is driven by any one of the prime movers and generates electricity. But electricity is no more a prime mover than is a shaft or a belt. Electricity is only a convenient way of distributing power generated by steam or otherwise, but mostly by steam. The electrical development has been enormous but the amount of electric power produced other than by steam power is comparatively small so that the great bulk of the electricity used is produced by the steam engine. For power purposes generally, the steam engine stands ahead of all rivals. Water power is small by comparison. On the railroads of the

United States over 65,000 steam-driven locomotives are in use and less than 400 electric locomotives are in use, yet electric locomotives have been in use for over thirty years, and have made headway only in a small number of limited applications.

The steam engine grew into universal use and popular favor in spite of the fact that it is a labor-saving device and its use might reasonably be condemned on scriptural grounds as wicked, sinful and heretical. I say reasonably condemned, for the third chapter of Genesis contains a mandate that forbids the use of the steam engine with as much reason as other selections of the Bible forbid or apply to other scientific subjects. The third chapter of Genesis says, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." By this mandate man was condemned to universal servitude when he fell from grace and was driven from the Garden of Eden. The steam engine is a labor-saving device and enables man to earn a better living than ever before with comparative ease and comfort. It has relieved the human race of the great drudgery to which it had previously been subjected. It has given the human race more bread to eat than it ever had before and has relieved most men of both sweat and drudgery in the earning of their bread. In inventing the steam engine and putting it to work under his patents, James Watt violated this mandate and defied Biblical law and took the chance of being classed as a heretic. Yet he does not seem to have ever been severely criticised for this, and perhaps he was never criticized or condemned at all, and if James Watt in defying this mandate of the Bible did not bring down upon his head the wrath of the English clergy, it was because of something that happened in the United States, or rather the colonies, about the year 1750 to which I will now refer, and this brings me to the subject of Electricity.

Benjamin Franklin's invention of the lightning rod, is the next pioneer invention. Benjamin Franklin was one of the great men of America and was one of the great scientific men of the world. He was great as a printer, a publisher, an editor, an author, a statesman, a diplomat and a postmaster, but equally so was he great as a scientist. Franklin sent his kite into the clouds and drew electricity down from the heavens and charged a Leyden jar with it. He performed other experiments with electricity

and made demonstrations that showed that the lightning of the clouds and the electricity made on earth by man were one and the same thing. Franklin blazed a trail which others followed. Others tried his experiment with the kite, and at least one or more of his followers were killed in so doing. His work received well-merited praise.

As the result of his experiments, Franklin invented the lightning rod about 1750 and put it to use in the protection of buildings. It was a wonderful conception. The world was not ready for it. The world had to be schooled up to it against its will. It was successful from the start but it also became the storm center of a bitter theological controversy.

In Franklin's time there were two schools of theology. One school believed that storms were created and managed by the Devil, and that when a storm was raging the powers of darkness were in control. The other school believed that storms were created by God, and that the thunderbolts from heaven were the weapons with which he chastized his disobedient children on earth, and, therefore, it was just as sacrilegious for us poor mortals on earth to ward off the bolts of lightning from heaven as it was for a disobedient child to ward off the blows of the chastizing parent. Both schools believed in witchcraft, and witchcraft was mixed up with all theories of storms. In 1768, in Protestant England, John Wesley made his famous declaration, "The giving up of witchcraft is in effect the giving up of the Bible." The church bells were generally rung in a storm and prayers were said and page after page of liturgies and prayers were read to placate the monsters of the air and ward off the destructive effects of the storm. Prayer books were printed with this in view. In these theories and contentions there were many inconsistencies, but that did not disturb their advocates regardless of how ridiculous it might seem. Both schools took a crack at Franklin and his lightning rod. He was denounced as an arch-infidel, an arch-heretic, a blasphemer, and his lightning rod was condemned with merciless severity. It has always been true that churches were built with tall steeples. The more orthodox the church, the higher was apt to be the steeple, and these church steeples were a favorite mark for the bolts of lightning. Hundreds of bell ringers were killed, for they rang the church bells during the storms and the lightning often went

down the bell rope with fatal results. The churches needed the protection of the lightning rod more than any other class of buildings, yet the owners of the churches were the loudest in denouncing Franklin and his lightning rod for reasons that they believed to be entirely orthodox. They rested their contention on this, that, and the other favorite passage of the Bible, and if Franklin had invented and put his lightning rod to use two or three hundred years earlier, it is quite probable that he would have been burned at the stake for his sacrilege.

Fortunately, in every community and in every time, there are some people who are skeptics and others who have a sense of humor, and others who need to be shown, yet are quite willing to be shown. In other words, they use the brains and independence of thought that God Almighty has given them, and in Franklin's time they finally became of sufficient number to command for him a hearing. They would have stood with Huxley when he said to Bishop Wilberforce on a later occasion of great importance, "He would be ashamed to use great gifts to conceal the truth." A few such people began to ask questions. They said, "Why should Almighty God want to strike his own consecrated temples or suffer Satan to strike them, and why should He want to direct the bolts of lightning from heaven more against those buildings than against others? What was there about the worship of God and the erection of buildings for that purpose that would call for punishment?" And so the skepticism of a few rational people made headway, because the church spires that were protected by lightning rods were not damaged, nor were they set on fire, nor did they need repairs when they were struck by lightning and the churches protected with them were not blighted but generally prospered. So the lightning rod forced recognition and its use grew, but the bigotry and the superstition of the time was not to be overcome by a few demonstrations. It was not crushed until a mass of evidence had accumulated that was so vast and so forceful that it could not be questioned. The opposition was not silenced until it had made itself ridiculous and until it even had invited disaster. About 1755 an earthquake occurred in New England, and it was promptly attributed to the use of the lightning rod. Time and again denunciation was thundered from the pulpit. The lightning rod abroad had to make headway against the same kind of

opposition. It seemed impossible to reconcile theology and science with reference to the lightning rod, but demonstrations were made here and there that showed that the lightning rod protected many prominent buildings, while lightning continued to strike other buildings that were not so protected. One case which did the most to convert the Italian theologians to the usefulness of the lightning rod and destroy the theological opposition was the case of the destruction of the church of San Nazaro at Brescia. The republic of Venice had stored in the vaults of that church over 200,000 pounds of powder. Theology forbade the use of the lightning rod and in 1767, 17 years after the invention of the lightning rod, the church was struck by lightning and the powder stored in the vaults exploded. One-sixth of the entire city was destroyed and over 3,000 lives were lost. This was an example that even the churches could understand, and while the formulas for conjuring off storms and for consecrating bells to ward off lightning and tempests and for putting to flight the powers of the air were still allowed to stand in the liturgies, lightning rods were erected on the church steeples, and reliance was placed on them in good faith for a protection against lightning, and not in vain, and so the use of the lightning rod spread throughout the whole world, and finally on this important occasion science won a great victory over orthodoxy. Not only did the lightning rod protect churches but other buildings as well. Faith in the lightning rod is no dream or fake in spite of the jokes passed on it. Insurance statistics show that it is well founded. In Iowa for an eight-year period insurance companies paid out $76.00 lightning claims on unrodded buildings for every $1.00 on rodded buildings. During four years the Farmer's Mutual of Michigan paid out only $32.00 for damage by lightning on risks totaling over $35,000,000 all protected by rods. Farm buildings protected by lightning rods take a lower insurance rate. Franklin's lightning rod gave us a clean cut introduction to the scientific study of storms and of the weather. Before Franklin's invention this had never been tried, although the barometer and thermometer were invented 100 years before Franklin's time. Out of this study has grown the weather bureau and its service in the United States and other countries. The acceptance of the lightning rod ended the belief in witchcraft and ended the belief in diabolical agency in storms. It

made greater inroads on superstition generally than any one other item. Since Franklin's time no invention has been the subject of any religious controversy. The tragedy of Roger Bacon and his microscope and Gallileo and his telescope have not been repeated, and we hope are gone forever.

As stated above, the use of the lightning rod spread and the lightning rod was the first commercial development in the science of electricity. It is responsible for the growth of the science of electricity. The lightning rod was a conductor that showed that electricity would follow the path of least resistance. Every lightning rod in every community was a reminder to the thoughtful men of that community that there was a tremendous force in nature that once had been destructive and had now been made harmless by this simple device, and the challenge was abroad to study this force and reduce it to submission and put it to useful work. So people began to study electricity and to make discoveries and inventions in it. Galvani discovered the effect produced on the muscles of a frog's leg by the passing of electric currents. Volta invented the electroscope and the Voltaic pile and the wet battery. Ampere discovered the effect of the electric current on the compass needle. Ohm discovered Ohm's Law. Farady discovered the laws that govern induced currents of electricity, and Henry invented the electro-magnet, and after all this and other progress had been made by these widely distributed workers, along came Morse who gathered up the results of all of these workers, added to them some ideas of his own, and gave us the great invention of the electric telegraph. All this progress was made because Franklin, the great pioneer, had invented the lightning rod and arrested public attention with it, and put all these men to work carrying on in the great field that he had opened up. The lightning rod was well advertised. The church saw to that, even if it did not recommend it. This finally aided its adoption. The lightning rod agents did their bit. By the time Watt introduced the steam engine, the church was literally out of orthodox breath. That is why Watt got off so easily, and so it happened near the end of the 18th century that by a combination of circumstances, with the aid of two great pioneer inventors, invention and science and the arts began to move forward in liberty-loving England and America faster and with more power and more

freedom than ever before and the 19th century was ushered in to give us the most rapid and the most revolutionary development that has ever been made.

Morse's patent on the Electric Telegraph was one of the early patents issued in this country and was one of the most important patents as well. The patent issued June 20, 1840 and was No. 1647. The invention remained unused for several years but at last, in 1843, Congress appropriated $30,000 for the construction of a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. The line was opened on May 24, 1844 by Morse sending from Washington the message "What hath God wrought." With this dignified beginning the telegraph should have been recognized at once by the public, and should have earned a profit from the start. But if God wrought, he did not boost, and for several days the line remained practically idle. Something sensational was needed to advertise it and that came in the Democratic convention that met at Baltimore a few days later. The convention nominated Polk for President, and Silas Wright for Vice President. The news was telegraphed to Wright at Washington and he wired back his refusal to accept. The convention would not believe the message and adjourned for a day while it sent a committee to Washington to see Wright. Then the message was verified and the convention nominated Dallas. Then the convention adjourned and the politicians took the train to Washington to announce the ticket only to find that the telegraph had beaten them to it. The news had preceded them and the ticket was known all over Washington before the arrival of the train from Baltimore. It was politics that put the telegraph on the map, which shows that the Lord moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

Short telegraph lines then sprang up all over the country, most of them infringing Morse's patents. There was lots of business to be done, but no one made any money. The owners of the lines would not work in harmony to carry through business. Then Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., organized the Western Union Telegraph Co. which bought out all these small companies and the new company succeeded wonderfully. Some one likened it to "collecting all the paupers in the State and arranging them into a union so as to make rich men of them."

Most men thought he was crazy. A few came forward to help and fortunes were made by those who kept their stock. Most important of these were Hiram Sibley and Ezra Cornell. In the fifteen years from 1854 to 1869 the number of telegraph offices increased from 132 to over 4,000. Property that was taken over at $220,000 increased in value to $48,000,000. During this time telegraph lines spread over the whole country. A line was put through to the Pacific Coast. Duplex telegraphy was invented. Then the ocean cables were laid and the telegraph had put a belt around the world.

Most of this has been told in detail in Volume V of the Publication Fund Series of The Rochester Historical Society.*

Up to Morse's patent of 1840 about 11,600 patents had been issued by the U. S. Patent Office. Since Morse's patent over 1,600,000 patents have been issued, up to 1927. Among these are a large number of pioneer patents that are of great value and interest. But the consideration of these patents and their inventions is outside of the scope of this paper which deals with a few samples only. I have already mentioned the results that followed the invention of machine tools. *In the invention of machine tools and the use of them to make interchangeable parts the American inventor has led the world.* Two noticeable instances in this development will be mentioned. The manufacturing of interchangeable parts was started by Eli Whitney, the same man who invented the cotton gin in 1794. In 1798 he made a contract to sell the government 15,000 muskets and begin delivery in two years. The two years were nearly up and not a musket had been delivered. He spent nearly all that time making special tools. Then one day he turned up at the War Department with a box of parts which he dumped out on a table and separated the parts into piles, ten parts in a pile. Then, in the presence of the Secretary of War, he took one piece from each pile, put them together and, without any special fitting whatever, produced a finished musket. Then he took another piece from each pile and put them together in another musket and continued in that way until all ten muskets were

*Editor's Note: See *How Men of Rochester Saved the Telegraph*, by Jane Marsh Parker, Volume V, Publication Fund Series, pp. 121-134.

completed without any special fitting of parts. It was the first time that such a feat had been performed in the history of the world.

He demonstrated that he could make muskets by making the parts with special tools that made the parts so accurately that they were interchangeable, and thereby he was enabled to manufacture much more rapidly and cheaply than ever before. And what was of most importance, he was able to do his work without the use of skilled labor except in the making of the tools. Furthermore, his muskets could be easily repaired. What this means is illustrated by the fact that after the war of 1812 the British government had over 200,000 muskets that were unfinished or in need of repairs, and it did not have the skilled labor with which to put them in service again. Whitney's system of manufacturing would have put these muskets into service quickly without skilled labor. From this, the manufacture of interchangeable parts grew in this country. But the idea was not copied by foreign manufacturers. They were too conservative and were left behind in the race for world supremacy. It took some practical demonstrations outside of the ordinary to wake them up. I will speak of one of these.

In 1840 Chauncey Jerome began making brass clocks with interchangeable parts. Before this the cheapest clock movements cost from five dollars up. By making interchangeable parts, Jerome turned out movements at a cost of less than fifty cents each. He made them in large quantities and flooded the market with them. He sold them all over the country and in two years he had the market nearly sold out. In 1842 he sent a shipment of clocks to a dealer in England and valued them at the usual price. Great Britain had a duty on clocks at that time and the custom officers suspected that these clocks were undervalued to reduce the duty to be paid on them. In such cases the law provided that the government could confiscate the shipment and pay for it at the invoice price. So the shipment was confiscated and in due time Jerome received the check of the British government paying in full for the clocks. Then Jerome sent over a bigger shipment and again the clocks were confiscated and paid for by the government. Then Jerome sent over a whole shipload of clocks. This was too much for the British customs officers. It finally dawned on them that the Connec-

ticut Yankee had some way of making cheap clocks that they never heard of and they let the shipment come in at the invoice price. But this shows how progressive the American manufacturer was in the first half of the 19th century, and how conservative the foreign manufacturer was.

It was not until after 1857 that England and the Continent applied the American system to the manufacture of firearms, and from that it spread to other products as well.

The United States is the greatest home market in the world. We have over 115,000,000 people, with the greatest buying power on earth, all working under one set of tariff laws. Because of this, American products are made on such a scale and with such economy that they have captured the markets of the world in many important lines, the last great example of which is in the production of automobiles.

Europe, divided with about 30 sets of tariff laws, cannot compete with many American products even with the advantage of lower wages. Therefore American inventions are more widely used and make bigger profits than inventions made anywhere else.

All this is introductory to the history of Rochester's great inventions of which many have been made. The history of these inventions has not yet been written. The Rochester Historical Society wants the information of all important inventions made in Rochester so that this history can be prepared. We know that Appleby of Rochester invented the clutch and other improvements that made the harvester and twine binder a great success. Sargeant made great improvements in the combination locks of burglar-proof safes. Flour milling received a tremendous development in Rochester. George Eastman is the great pioneer in photographic films and cameras. George Selden was the pioneer in automobiles driven by internal combustion engines with a clutch interposed between the engine and the running gear. This list can be prolonged indefinitely and it is the data that will make this list complete that The Rochester Historical Society now wants in order that it may systematically and completely write up the history of Rochester inventors. All of the old shops in Rochester, and the old families, and even the new ones, should gather up their old records

of patents, catalogs and anything else that would throw light on the subject and turn them over to The Rochester Historical Society so that the history of Rochester inventions can be properly written and a permanent record can be made of the contributions that Rochester has made to the progress of Science and the Useful Arts.

YOUTH AND AGE

Here a pretty girl holds up Saddlebags made in 1810, for Philip Kershner, of Washington County, Maryland. Fifteen months were necessary to tan this leather, and so perfectly was it done that the Bags are in fine condition after a lapse of over one hundred and seventeen years. They were presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mr. R. C. Kershner, of Pittsford, N. Y., a grandson of Philip Kershner, who emigrated from Maryland into the Genesee Country at the request of Col. Nathaniel Rochester; he made his first journey in 1813 on horseback, and carried these Saddlebags. Subsequently he settled at Dansville, New York, where he resided until his death in 1852.

The History of the Italians of Rochester from 1876 to 1926

By Clement G. Lanni

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, January 14, 1927.

Editor's Note: With two-thirds of our local population foreign born, or the children of foreign born, special racial studies are of great historical interest and value. Italians constitute a large element of our population, and the paper printed below presents a study of these, our fellow citizens.

As editor of *La Stampa Unita*, the Italian weekly newspaper of Rochester, and as a trained newspaper writer and author, Mr. Lanni speaks with authority. His paper is based on extensive original research, and is an outstanding contribution to the demography of Rochester.

IN the year 1876, two Rochester Italians became citizens of America, the first of their nationality to become citizens in this city. At that time, the population of this city was approximately 75,000. Today the estimated population of the Italian-born and of the people of Italian descent is 50,000, or two-thirds of the total population of the city of Rochester when the first Italians were made American citizens. Such a remarkable growth of any group of citizens in an American city is worthy of more than passing notice.

With the idea of placing before the members of this society the progress of the people of Italian descent in this city for the past fifty years, I have gathered together sufficient data to show that much progress has been made in these years, and that American citizens of Italian descent may well be proud of a record of achievement in the social, business, educational and political life of this city. While it seems un-American in a certain sense, to pick out a distinctive racial group and classify that group according to its blood ties, nevertheless the fact remains that we, as Americans, are apt to think of all of our citizens in the light of their nationality, rather than to accept them as Americans, as we should, after they have become citizens by taking their oath of allegiance to the United States.

It was not unusual in the early days of this great country

of ours for the citizens of Anglo-Saxon extraction to refer to the Irish and German immigrants as the "dirty Irish" and the "dirty Dutch." It was common for the Irish and the Germans to refer to each other in the same terms of "endearment." Later on, when the Jews came to America in great numbers, the Anglo-Saxon, the Irish, the Germans turned on the Jew and called him the "dirty Jew," and then along came the Italian in the seventies and eighties, and he in turn was dubbed "the dirty Dago," only in his case, it was given with greater zest, fourfold, as it were, from the English, the Irish, the Germans and the Jews, and being unable to respond in the tongue of his newly found land, it was years before he was able to meet the onslaught of this particular racial antagonism, as old as time itself.

If we were to picture then, the city of Rochester in the late sixties and early seventies, we would find in glancing over an old city directory of those days, a list of names showing the Anglo-Saxon names in the majority, with the Irish and German following, a scattering of Jewish and French names; if we searched long enough we might find a name here and there, which ending in a vowel, might appear like an Italian name; and then, if we were to search the files of the Naturalization Court, here, also we might be rewarded with names which apparently satisfied the object of the search.

To find the first naturalized citizen of Italian descent in the city of Rochester, then, was the mission I started on last June. This search led to others, and before long I found myself interested in many phases of the city's life, to which the Italians have contributed their modest share.

Imagine my feeling of dismay after searching through the files in Naturalization Court, starting with year 1820, or thereabouts, and selecting such names as Imo, Caveleria, Gargana, and a host of others, all of which sounded suspiciously like Italian names but which upon searching through the naturalization papers, I discovered to be either German, French, Irish, English and anything but Italian. Such names, however, convince one after all, that the invasion and conquest by the Romans truly extended as far as the Roman walls found in Scotland today.

It was interesting, also to find that the majority of naturalized citizens in the early history of Rochester, were of English

birth; then came the Irish, Canadians and Scots, and then the Germans; not until the Twentieth Century had passed its first decade, did the Italians appear in great numbers.

The first name which appeared to be an Italian name, and which upon further research proved to be Italian, was that of Paul Rigali, who made his declaration to become a citizen of the United States of America on June 12, 1873. Three years later, or on October 24, 1876, he became a citizen of this country. However, there was also another Italian, who about that time became a citizen. Upon the information that a family named "Nucci" was also an old Italian family of this city, I began another investigation in the Naturalization Court just three days ago, and carefully went through the names beginning with the letter "N" from 1850 to 1876. No name was disclosed that resembled "Nucci." However, in making a second study of the names, I observed the name "Antonio" after one of the surnames. The surname itself was spelled "N-o-u-c-h;" quite a different name than "Nucci." I decided to examine the original papers in the files. Under the name "Antonio Nouch," I found that Mr. Nouch was born in Italy. The only explanation is that Mr. Nucci found it much easier for his American friends to spell "Nucci" "N-o-u-c-h," than the more beautiful and original way, "N-u-c-c-i." Mr. Nucci took out his first papers on October 21, 1873, or four months later than Paul Rigali, but he became a citizen on August 25, 1876, or two months before Mr. Rigali.

So Mr. Paul Rigali steps down for Mr. Nucci, or Mr. Nouch. But, further investigation discloses one other fact. There was another Italian who declared his intentions of becoming an American citizen as far back as Dec. 2, 1868. Owing to a clerical error by the clerk of the court back in 1868, the name of Domenico Sturla, might have been passed had it not been for members of his family who still live in the city. One member of the family informed me that Domenico Sturla was here before 1876. The records in Naturalization Court showed no such name, but upon a more thorough investigation, I discovered that the name "Domenico Sturlo" appeared on the books but after the name was the word "Germany" meaning that the man was a subject of that country. Further investigation of the

first papers signed by Domenico Sturla disclosed the fact that the man in question had given the country of his birth as the "Kingdom of Sardinia." He was born in Genoa. The clerk evidently mistook the name for "Germania," and wrote the country of nativity "Germany." That error almost cost us a good story for the history of the Italian people of Rochester, which will be told later.

Checking up further on these names, one will find in the city directories from 1868 to 1885 or thereabouts, that the name Domenico Sturla appears in 1868, 1870, 1871, 1873, and 1874. It does not appear in 1869, nor in 1872, nor after 1874. At that time he lived in a house in Carthage Alley, which backed up to a building later occupied by his widow and her second husband, Antonio Mancini, at what was then 47 St. Paul Street, and now 155 St. Paul Street. The widow of Domenico Sturla married Antonio Mancini in 1879. Two children were left by Domenico Sturla, one, the oldest, Nicholas Sturla born in Hamilton, Ohio, and the other, John Sturla, born in Rochester on July 26, 1868, the year Domenico Sturla declared his intention of becoming an American citizen thus making John Sturla the first boy of Italian descent born in Rochester. The Sturla family added further glory to the name Italian and American when in the World War, three grandsons of the venerable Domenico Sturla served under the American Flag in France. Of the three who served, two of them gave their lives for their country. John Arthur Sturla, (son of Nicholas Sturla, and grandson of Domenico Sturla), born in Rochester October 5, 1886 was seriously wounded by shrapnel at Beaufort on the Meuse-Argonne front, November 8, 1918, three days before the armistice. On the 9th he died. George Sturla, son of John Sturla, the first boy of Italian descent born in this city, died one month ago, a victim of poison gas, the result of his service in the war. Another grandson, Charles Sturla, a brother of John Arthur Sturla, served in France and is today living in this city. So of the first Italian family in the city, it may well be said that it gave its utmost in the name of American citizenship.

A half century has passed since the first Italians in Rochester became American citizens. The year 1876 was the centennial year of America's independence, a fitting year for any alien to

become a citizen of the United States of America. Perhaps its being the centennial year had much to do with the great number of aliens who became citizens in this city, for the records show that 1,170 were naturalized that year, of which only two were of Italian descent. Compare that with last year's record in Naturalization Court, when in 1926, 1,498 were naturalized of which 738 were of Italian birth, or nearly 50 per cent of the total.

From 1876 to 1890 only 38 Italians were naturalized, and in 1892 when 1,581 aliens became citizens of this country only 30 were of Italian birth. From 1920 to the present time, 3,340 Italians have become citizens in the city of Rochester.

Among the old families whose names are recorded in early city directories and in Naturalization Court one will find the names of Versprella, Valentine, Cazaretti, Mancini, Marthage, Fromani, Emma, Fassanella, Taraci, Gargano, Molinari, Viggiano, Ciarlelli, Cestaro, Colucci, Buonomo, Busso, Lanni, Leonardo, Cazzolino, Carbone, Amato, Saponaro and many others.

Why were the Italians so reluctant to declare their intentions of becoming citizens of this country prior to 1900? some may ask. There were two reasons; first, because there were only a few here, and secondly, because in the old days the aliens who became citizens of this country were made the butt of ridicule by thoughtless newspaper men who had a perverted sense of humour. Many of you here can remember the stories which appeared in the newspapers following a session in Naturalization Court. In the old days, when aliens were being examined, it was a common practice among reporters to listen to the answers given by the prospective citizens, return to the newspaper office, and pound out a so-called humorous story, which enlarged upon the wrong answers given by the prospective American citizens. Instead of making the granting of citizenship papers a thing of honor, a diploma, as it were, the newspapers were making it a joke. Nothing in the world could have served its purpose less than those stories.

Some of you, perhaps, may remember the favorite answer given by prospective citizens of Italian extraction when asked who was Mayor, or Governor, or even President, the answer invariably was "George Aldridge." Having been schooled in the strongest of political schools, in this city, at least—the

school of Republicanism—it is not surprising that among the prospective citizens one finds respect for the power of George Aldridge, and this respect, by the way, was rendered by not only the Italians, but by all citizens regardless of racial inheritance.

But those days have passed. No longer do the newspapers ridicule the prospective citizen. Rather, the newspapers of today print editorials encouraging the newly arrived immigrants to become citizens. Night schools are open to the hard-working alien, so he may go to school, learn his lessons in American citizenship, and be prepared to pass his examination. The Chamber of Commerce has done much to better the road to citizenship, and to its credit it should be said that today the receiving of citizenship papers is attended with almost as much ceremony and dignity as the receiving of a college diploma.

So, to me, it seems that the matter of personal pride, the instinctive desire to escape ridicule, kept most of the early Italians from becoming naturalized citizens. The records, today, at least, show that they are not backward or delinquent in that duty.

Below appears the record for naturalization in Rochester from 1876 to 1926:

Following are the names of those naturalized in the first 15 years:

1876
Paul Rigali
Antonio Nouch (or Nucci)

1880
Peter Versprella

1882
Annochetta Berloni

1883
Angelo Lugiro

1884
John Versprella

1885
Alfred Larriolleti

1886
Frank Valentine

Following is the record for naturalization in Rochester for 50 years:

	Total of all Nationalities	*Italians*
1876	1,170	2
1877	215	0
1878	332	0
1879	297	0
1880	981	1
1881	118	0
1882	314	1
1883	202	1
1884	538	1
1885	168	1
1886	296	1
1887	498	1
1888	1,432	6
1889	298	9
1890	939	12
1891	860	16

1887	1892	1,581	30
Domenico Lanni	1893	587	20
(In Scranton, Pa.)	1894	1,246	63
1888	1895	156	18
Nicola Cazaretti	1896	588	34
Antonio Pedro	1897	253	17
Antonio Mancini	1898	240	28
Frank A. Marthage	1899	398	37
Salvatore Marthage	1900	569	59
Frank Valentine	1901	249	40
1889	1902	268	68
Antonio Saponaro	1903	301	55
M. Emma	1904	390	62
Pasquale Taraci	1905	251	34
Severio Lecciarilo	1906	248	30
Antonio Viggiano	1907	281	78
Antonio Ciarelli	1908	251	93
Pasquale Cestaro	1909	204	55
Gennaro Cappielo	1910	260	68
John Colucci	1911	449	113
John Amato	1912	588	173
1890	1913	608	196
Frank Rich	1914	766	272
Domenick Valentine	1915	658	221
John Versprella	1916	686	202
George Buonomo	1917	992	308
Edward Basso	1918	714	219
Nicola Cozzolino	1919	604	234
Gaetano Torello	1920	1,074	407
Evarista Vincent	1921	2,440	589
Nicola Colucci	1922	953	364
Peitro Cusano	1923	1,130	441
Beniamino Carbone	1924	1,196	434
Pasquale Fenielli	1925	933	367
	1926	1,498	738

The question of whether or not the people of Italian descent may be assimilated, answers itself when one reviews the history of the Italians of Rochester, at least. One hundred years ago there was no assimilation complex in America, nor was there the Nordic complex. We can best judge by the conduct of the old Italian families in Rochester whether they became assimilated, and whether their children matched up with those of other races.

In the matter of education, we find that the old families were not delinquent in sending their sons and daughters to

school. The first boy of Italian descent, to be graduated from a parochial school in Rochester was Anthony W. Fromen, of 269 Seneca Parkway. He was graduated from St. Patrick's School in 1895 with the highest honors, and his graduation was the subject of comment to the graduating class, by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Bernard McQuaid. Mr. Fromen, by the way, is now president of the Manufacturers Tool and Die Co., in Allen Street, in which capacity he has acted since 1919. Miss Ida Mancini, of 52 Hand Street, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Mancini, was the first girl to be graduated from the parochial schools of this city, receiving her diploma from Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, known as the French School, in 1896. She, too, was graduated with high honors. You will remember from what I read before that Miss Mancini's mother was the widow of Domenico Sturla, the first known Italian to take out citizenship papers.

In the public schools, the first Italian boy to be graduated, so far as records show, was the late Charles E. Lanni, who was graduated from No. 5 School in 1896. Two years later, a brother George W. Lanni was graduated with highest honors, and became, in recognition of that accomplishment, the standard bearer of the school, an honor given to the boy who stood highest in his studies. The Lanni family, consisting of Charles, George, Thomas, Clement and John, and one girl, Theresa, were the first pupils of Italian descent to attend No. 5 School. Today, 90 per cent in No. 5 School are of Italian extraction.

Charles E. Dorkey, who was graduated from No. 5 School in 1904, was the first Italian boy to be graduated from West High School. He received his diploma in 1908. Salvatore M. Vella, a Rochester attorney, who established the first Italian Language newspaper here in 1906, was the first to be graduated from the Rochester Free Academy receiving his diploma with the class of 1902, the last class to go out from the old building on Fitzhugh Street.

At East High School, we find that John A. Lanni was graduated in January 1910, and Charles Drago in June 1910. In the year 1911, Miss Clementine D'Amanda, now, Mrs. Anthony Scinta, Christopher D'Amanda, and Clement G. Lanni were graduated. In the following year Charles J. Mondo, Dr.

Charles I. Maggio, Cosmo A. Cilano were among the East High graduates.

At the University of Rochester, so far as is known, there were no graduates of Italian descent prior to 1915, when Clement G. Lanni was graduated, but since that time, of those graduated, two have received the highest scholastic honors, being elected to Phi Beta Kappa. The two who received "keys" were Miss Angelina Lograsso, studying for a doctor's degree at Harvard, and Pasquale Frederico Metildi, an instructor at the University of Rochester Medical School.

Whereas 35 years ago, only a smattering of children of Italian descent were found in but a few of the public and parochial schools of Rochester, today, one will find that boys and girls of Italian extraction predominate in Schools No. 5, 6, 14, 17, 18, while in Schools No. 9, 10, 11 and many others, are found a goodly portion of Italian children.

In the business and industrial field, one finds another interesting contribution by the Italians to the city of Rochester. Among the older Italians of Rochester, were found such occupations as laborers, medallion maker, moulder of plaster statues, organ-grinder, peanut vendor, confectioner, saloonkeeper, barber and many others. Today, 40 per cent of the clothing workers in Rochester are Italians. In twenty clothing factories in this city, last year, there were employed 10,249 of whom 4,379 were Italians. In twenty-five shoe factories in the city, 5,774 were employed, and 2,399 of these were Italians. In the public utilities, we find 302 Italians of 1,725 employed by the New York State Railways; 275 of 2,025 in the Rochester Gas and Electric Corp., and sixty Italians of the 1,703 employed by the Rochester Telephone Co.

The first business, or company started in Rochester by Italians was the Antonio Mancini & Company, confectioners of 47 St. Paul Street in 1883. The first macaroni company in this city was established in 1893 under the name of Lanni & Gallo, Macaroni Manufacturers. The city directory of 1891 also shows that Domenico Lanni, Grocer, was in business at 167 Front Street. The first macaroni factory was at the corner of Factory and Mill Streets. Today there are eight macaroni factories in the city, the largest of which is the A. Gioia &

Brother, Company. The macaroni factory established by my father, changed hands several times, and finally became the Woodcock Macaroni Co., which is still doing business, but is no longer owned by an Italian.

There are 377 Italian grocers in this city, today, 178 barber shops owned by Italians, forty-six confectionery stores, fourteen drug stores, fifty-three fruit merchants, forty-four meat markets, eighteen bakeries, twenty-six cigar manufacturers, eight photographers, ten mason contractors, twenty-four real estate dealers, ten carpenter contractors, eighteen physicians, five jewelers, sixteen attorneys, six dentists, and last but not least, eight undertakers.

A summary of the businesses, occupations, and professions in which the people of Italian descent are found in Rochester, follows:

Clothing industry	4,397
Shoe industry	2,399
Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation	275
New York State Railways	302
Rochester Telephone Corporation	60
Groceries	377
Barber Shops	178
Fruit Merchants	53
Meat Markets	44
Confectionary Stores	46
Drug Stores	14
Bakeries	18
Real Estate Dealers	24
Mason Contractors	10
Cigar Manufacturers	26
Photographers	8
Carpenter Contractors	10
Macaroni Factories	8
Marble Contractors	2
Physicians	18
Attorneys	16
Dentists	6
Undertakers	8
Jewelers	5

In the political field in Rochester, the early Italians did not fare well, and primarily because as a voting unit, they were nonentities. No one knew this better than George Aldridge, for

a perusal of the enrollment books, even in the heavily populated Italian wards, showed that few were enrolled as voters. The Republican party in Rochester, up until 1921 had never placed in nomination a citizen of Italian descent for an office higher than constable, although up to that time there were more than 35,000 people of Italian descent in the city, and at least three wards were inhabited by more than 60 per cent Italians.

On the other hand, the Democratic party recognized the possibility of the Italian vote as far back as 1904, when James V. Fassanella was nominated for coroner against the late Dr. Thomas A. Killip, and like many Democratic candidates in Rochester since that time, was defeated. Even the Democrats were somewhat skeptical of the Italian voting strength after that defeat, and for seven years, neither party nominated a citizen of Italian descent. In 1911, the Democrats tried their luck again in the Sixteenth ward, when they nominated Agostino Martino for constable, but he, too, fell by the wayside.

Nicola Gambino elected constable in 1915 in the Ninth Ward was the first citizen of Italian descent to hold a public elective office. It is needless to say that he was, and still is a Republican. He won by 61 votes. The first victory was not an auspicious one, yet it was a foothold and it led to greater recognition by both political parties in a short time. In 1917 candidates for constable were nominated by both parties, in the Ninth Ward, Pasquale Mauro, Republican, defeated Salvatore Penna, Democrat, the first time two candidates of Italian descent were pitted against each other.

In 1920, the Democrats gently led Clement G. Lanni to slaughter as a candidate for sheriff in the Harding landslide, and for three successive years thereafter the Democratic leaders made it possible for him to hold the unquestioned title of being the most defeated candidate of Italian descent, for public office in Rochester.

In the meantime, the Republican party was not asleep. Alfonso Gioia well-known macaroni manufacturer was nominated for supervisor in the Ninth Ward, but unfortunately lost by sixty-seven votes. Regardless of this defeat, however, it showed that the Republicans were beginning to recognize the Italian vote as a power. In 1923, Frank Battaglia, Republican was elected supervisor in the second ward by fifty-eight votes;

Anthony Nanna, Democrat with the Socialist endorsement, was elected Supervisor in the Sixteenth Ward by forty-three votes, and Leo Sasso, Republican, was elected supervisor in the Ninth Ward by 152 votes. The fights in the Second and Ninth Wards might be termed racial fights, rather than political ones, for in each case, the defeated Democratic candidates were of Irish extraction, and the Irish had dominated those wards for years. I do not want to lay too much stress on these racial antagonisms, but they exist, and there is no question in my mind that these victories were partly the result of racial, rather than political feelings.

And having succeeded in winning two higher public offices, it was natural that citizens of Italian descent should seek higher office. Cosmo A. Cilano, Republican, was elected assemblyman from the Third Assembly District in 1924, and has been twice re-elected to the same office since that time.

The year 1925 was the most bountiful in politics for the citizens of Italian descent in this city. Leo Sasso, Republican Supervisor of the Ninth Ward, became Republican Alderman, and he in turn was succeeded by Peter Roncone, Republican Supervisor, Frank Battaglia was re-elected Supervisor in the Second Ward, and James Luciano, Republican became Supervisor in the Sixteenth. Dr. Richard A. Leonardo, Republican became coroner, defeating Dr. Charles I. Maggio, Democrat who was holding a temporary appointment to that office to fill the vacancy caused by death of Dr. Thomas A. Killip in 1924.

Since 1904, there have been twenty-six Democratic candidates of Italian descent for public office, of whom two have been elected, a supervisor and a constable. There have been twenty-two Republican candidates of Italian descent nominated for public office, of whom twenty have been elected to office. Whether these figures will influence the enrollment of the voters in the future, is problematic.

In the appointive field, John Colucci was recently retired after thirty years service as a clerk in the Post Office. He received his appointment in 1896. Cornelius Buonomo has been in the City Treasurer's Office as a clerk since March 21, 1904, and still holds his position. Rocco M. Fischette is deputy Corporation Counsel, as is Samuel J. Danno. Charles J. Mondo is an assistant District Attorney. Michael De Leo and Agosto

Vicaretti are deputy sheriffs. Joseph Fazio is Deputy United States Marshal. On the police force are found Louis Dispenza and Michael Lodato, patrolmen, and Emil Lambiase, detective.

What about the wealth of the 50,000 persons of Italian blood in the city? you may ask, also.

Here are some interesting figures.

The assessed valuation of all real estate held by citizens of Italian descent in Rochester is $28,427,750. Those figures are for the year 1926. They also have deposited in Rochester banks, nearly $12,000,000 in cash. Divided according to wards, the assessed valuation of their property is as follows:

First Ward	126,300
Second Ward	944,550
Third Ward	248,500
Fourth Ward	184,700
Fifth Ward	1,352,850
Sixth Ward	169,600
Seventh Ward	681,200
Eighth Ward	923,450
Ninth Ward	3,081,650
Tenth Ward	1,965,025
Eleventh Ward	2,386,650
Twelfth Ward	258,700
Thirteenth Ward	253,600
Fourteenth Ward	232,900
Fifteenth Ward	1,825,800
Sixteenth Ward	2,733,675
Seventeenth Ward	490,650
Eighteenth Ward	5,285,200
Nineteenth Ward	1,038,450
Twentieth Ward	831,300
Twenty-first Ward	232,500
Twenty-second Ward	2,556,500
Twenty-third Ward	236,600
Twenty-fourth Ward	387,400
TOTAL	$28,427,750

The greatest amount of property held by Italians in the city is found in the Second, Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-Second Wards. But a further study of these figures indicates that today, the Italian families are falling away from

the old habit of segregating, for if we are to judge by the amount of property held by them in various wards, they are scattered quite profusely in all sections of the city, and surely this is desirable from all angles. The process of assimilation is made much easier.

While the assessed valuation of the property amounts to approximately, twenty-nine millions of dollars, the value of the property would approximate fifty millions, based on a fifty to sixty per cent assessment. In addition to that there is the personal property or house furnishings that would amount to millions.

The greatest influx of Italian immigration to this country occurred between the years 1905 and 1915, and Rochester's Italian population jumped considerably during that time. When America entered the World War there were hundreds of Italian boys who, as yet, had not been weaned from their beloved Mother Country. This was demonstrated most forcibly in 1915 when Italy entered the World War on the side of the Allies. Although the young boys of military age were thousands of miles from their native land and from the scene of the terrible conflict, they responded to the call of their Mother Country. Yet, had they chosen to remain in this country, they could have done so under the protection of the United States. But they left, and many were the stirring scenes enacted in the railroad stations of Rochester as hundreds upon hundreds of these boys of military age left to fight for their country. I have seen no greater fidelity and loyalty to one's country than that exhibited by these strong, ambitious young men, the flower of Italian manhood, as they departed, some never to return again. In all, according to the figures of the Italian Consular Agent, Cesare Sconfietti, 1700 left this city, long before America entered the war.

And finally when America called to arms, approximately 2,000 more of the 20,000 who left Rochester and Monroe County were boys of Italian birth and descent. Fifty-four of the 2,000 gave their lives for their country, and of the fifty-four all but one, were born in Italy. The only American-born was John Arthur Sturla, grandson of the oldest Italian settler of the city. The youngest boy killed in the World War from this city was

James R. Civitillo, son of Raffaelo and Raffaela Civitillo, who still live here. Young Civitillo was born in Piedmonte Alife, Italy, on October 12, 1901. He enlisted at the tender age of fifteen years and seven months, and was killed in action on the Hindenburg line on September 29, 1918 when still under seventeen years of age. Another Italian boy, Private Michael Vigliotti killed on the same day, was posthumously decorated by the United States Government with the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery on the field of action when he attempted to save wounded men from a terrific machine gun fire which was sweeping the battlefield. Private Charles Granata, who is still a resident of this city was decorated for bravery by the French Government.

In the social and fraternal life of the city one finds many activities and organizations among the Italian residents; there are fifty-five societies, most of which are mutual benefit associations. The members of these societies are brought together through former associations in Italy, coming from the same town and province, and seeking fraternal life and comradeship with their fellow men as all human beings are apt to do. The oldest of these societies is the Bersagliere La Marmora, organized in 1889, and having among its charter members, Antonio Mancini, the late Nicola Colucci, Antonio Viggiano, the late Basilo Molinari, and a few others. According to our State Senator James L. Whitley, Basilo Molinari was the first Italian in the city of Rochester to request of him that he present a bill to the state Legislature making October 12, a legal holiday.

Perhaps some of you may recall the parades on Decoration Day in the nineties when the Bersagliere La Marmora paraded to pay homage to the soldier dead of America. They wore striking uniforms of blue, with feathered helmets, and although many of the men were beyond the stalwart days of youth the mere fact they appeared on every Decoration Day, was evidence of their earnest observance of American customs. I can remember as a small boy wedging and edging my way through the crowd to catch a glimpse of these patriotic men, for leading them on one Decoration Day was my own father. He was president of the association that year; and just as I was ready to raise my voice in boyish enthusiasm as the Bersagilere came

abreast the place at which I was standing, some thoughtless person in the crowd muttered, "Here come the dagoes." I found it extremely difficult to articulate after that.

These old societies composed mostly of men who cling to the mother tongue have done much to advance citizenship. They teach considerable that cannot be absorbed by the average wage-earner who has no time to attend school in the evening. But there are other clubs being organized today, which will contribute immeasurably to the advancement of the newly arrived immigrants in years to come. Such organizations as the Business Men's Association, the Flower City Post of the American Legion, The Italian Women's Civic Club, the Promoter's Club, and other organizations composed of Italian young men and women of the second generation, speaking the English language and spreading the ideals of America, these are the organizations which will influence the conduct of the citizens of Italian extraction in the twenty-five or fifty years to come. The Italian Women's Civic Club, for example has established a scholarship at the University of Rochester for a deserving student of Italian ancestry. It has done this for several years, and will continue the custom for many years to come.

This—is the history of the American citizens of Italian extraction for the first fifty years of their presence in this great city of ours. It is a story that should quicken the heartbeat of the younger generation of Italian stock. From a lone citizen in Rochester in 1876, a mighty force of citizens has gathered with a voting strength of more than ten thousand. From an humble beginning reckoned in terms of a few dollars, the wealth of the Italian citizenry has grown to the stupendous proportions of more than fifty millions of dollars; from humble dwellings in Carthage Alley, Front Street, Frankfort Alley, and Hartford Street, they occupy today modest, humble and even pretentious dwellings in all parts of the city. Today many of them hold public offices and fulfill their duties equally as well as others. When America called her sons to arms, she found the boys of Italian extraction, not a step or two behind, but in the forefront with her other loyal sons, marking time and waiting for the command to advance. On the battlefield they gave their blood as freely and as willingly as all of America's sons. America

justly may be proud of her Anglo-Saxon tradition, she may be proud of her institutions; and of her Constitution which has defied the assaults of 150 years; may we not hope, too, that in another half century hence, when among Americans, there will be less division of our citizens along racial lines, that America may be equally as proud of the contributions to her greatness by her children of Italian descent.

Bronze Tablet erected by the American Legion in front of the City Hall Annex, 34 Court Street, July 15, 1927, in honor of the faithful firehorses of Rochester, that served from 1879 to 1927, when the vehicles of the Fire Department became completely motorized

The Rise of Religious Liberty in the Institutions of Rochester

By Rev. Frederick J. Zwierlein, D.Sc., M.H. (Louvain)
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Read before The Rochester Historical Society, December 10, 1926.

Editor's Note: Rev. F. J. Zweirlein has been Professor of Church History at St. Bernard's Seminary since 1904. He is a distinguished scholar. In 1910 he took the degree of Doctor in Moral and Historical Sciences at the University of Louvain. His Dissertation presented to the University to obtain this degree was entitled "Religion in New Netherland. A History of the Development of the Religious Conditions in the Province of New Netherland, 1623-1664" (Published, Rochester, 1910). Since 1910 Doctor Zweirlein has devoted much time to the preparation of the "Life and Letters of Bishop McQuaid: Prefaced with the History of Catholic Rochester before his Episcopate," of which the third volume will be issued in 1927. He has been, also, a frequent contributor to historical magazines.

In the paper presented below the author has discussed a curious example of local intolerance:

AMONG the self-evident truths that Thomas Jefferson put into the American Declaration of Independence, of which we have just celebrated the Sesquicentennial, are certain inalienable rights given to all men by their Creator, specifically life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was surely meant to include here the freedom of religion. At all events, Thomas Jefferson insisted upon "equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious and political," when his presidential address at his inauguration, March 4, 1801, summarized "the essential principles of our Government" as the guiding factors in its administration. For he then cherished the conviction that we had "banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered," not foreseeing the successive waves of religious intolerance that have swept over the country at various intervals. To one of these was due, no doubt, the rule which the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Rochester, felt himself called upon to denounce in the columns of the Rochester *Daily Union*, where

the protest was published October 25, 1854. The letter gives the facts of the case as follows:

"Your readers, in general, know that there is an institution, called the "Home of the Friendless," located on East Avenue. On Sunday afternoon last, the subscriber was called to attend a sick Catholic girl at the Home. As she was fearful of her life, she wanted the ministration of her Church. The Priest could not be permitted to see her, and the Matron gave as a reason that it was a purely Protestant Institution. She handed me the printed report of the Institution for 1854, and to my surprise I read, in the rules of the house, the following:

" 'On no occasion and under no circumstances shall the performance of any portion of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish religion by one of its ministers be allowed in the Institution.'

* * * *

"During the past summer, while cholera was sweeping from us its victims, when the rancorous spirit of religious despotism ought to subside, a poor Catholic girl at the "Home for the Friendless," in the agony of death, her soul trembling on her lips and the dark dew of approaching dissolution gathering thick on her brow, called for a priest. In that awful crisis, when even savage nature would be subdued into humane feelings, she was denied the last consolations of her religion and was forced thus to go before her Judge in eternity, because she was in a Protestant Institution.

"Whether her conscience was right or not, is not the question at present. It should be granted. She believed in the doctrine inculcated by St. James, Ch. v, 14-15: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.

"If these pious Protestant ladies and their abettors would look to the charitable Catholic Institutions of the country, for example, at New Orleans, St. Louis, Detroit, etc., they might receive a lesson of instruction on the rights of conscience and respect for religious equality. In those institutions the conscience of no Protestant is interfered with. In the neighboring city of Buffalo a Catholic Hospital has been erected. It is conducted by Sisters of Charity. Every man's conscience is there respected. The writer of this can bear abundant testimony to the fact that he saw the Lutheran Minister there attending to one of his flock at the solicitation of the Sister Servant of the institution.

"While I am writing this, a poor girl is calling for me to prepare her for her passage to eternity, and shall it be a recorded fact that Protestantism, after all its self-glorification—after all its vaunted love of religious liberty, at last belies itself and says that Catholics in Rochester have no right to have any conscience at all?

"Respectfully yours, etc.,

"Thomas McEvoy."

The fallacy in this letter is to identify the intolerant dominant element in the management of the Home for the Friendless

at this time with Protestantism in general, whereas it was really a question here of a militant Knownothing Protestantism, with which more enlightened Rochester Protestants were by no means in sympathy. Thus, when an earnest apologist appealed to Mr. Isaac Butts, the editor of the Rochester *Daily Union*, for a decision in favor of the intolerant management of the Home for the Friendless, this Protestant gentleman, who wanted his own Faith to be a synonym "for Toleration and the right of the exercise and practice of private judgment in matters of religion, asking permission of no one," replied accordingly in his paper, November 7, 1854:

"That is a strange Home indeed, where the sick and dying cannot enjoy the consolation of religion after their faith. A tavern or boarding house hardly pretends to the style of Home for its sojourners, and yet when did we ever hear that a Catholic priest in one of these was ever denied access to the child of the Church when *in extremis?* What one of the Ladies, composing the Board of Managers, having a domestic in dying circumstances, being a Catholic, would deny her this boon? Probably not one; and yet in their corporate character, they shut the door upon the priest and deprive the parting soul of those rites, upon which is laid the utmost stress by those who demand them.

"Again is it liberal or even moral to hamper the terms of admission with such conditions as to greatly tempt many a poor wanderer to accept a home in violation of their religious convictions, and which, should sickness and death overtake them, would be most harrowing? For a Catholic to accept such a condition would be as truly sin as for another girl to accept the refuge of a brothel, that or "homeless" starvation being the alternative, their sin differing only in degree. The apology or the indication for this course mainly rests upon the assumption that it is a Protestant Institution. But this is an afterthought to sustain the position taken. Without doubt its original conception was the establishment of a Charitable or Benevolent Institution to aid the friendless poor."

The early history of the Home for the Friendless bears out this last statement of Mr. Butts. The first few years of its existence it appeared as an institution of a public and general character. Appeals for help were made to the public at large, although the contributions came almost exclusively from Protestants. Reports of its scope and of its doings were published in the papers, but not a single statement was made, indicating that sectarianism had anything to do with its management. Catholics and Protestants shared in the benefits of the Home. Catholic girls were even helped to observe the rules of their Church in abstaining from flesh meat on Fridays by being served

with fish when desired. This broad spirit of liberality, however, gave way at the beginning of the Summer of 1854, when the majority of the managers adopted the intolerant rule excluding the ministry of a priest from the Institution, although a minority strenuously dissented. Evidently it was a misfortune that the first years of the Home for the Friendless, which was founded in 1849, coincided with the disgraceful agitation that culminated in the organization of the Knownothings at Rochester precisely in the Summer of 1854, when their spirit of intolerance also effectively infected the management of the Home for the Friendless. For the Knownothings made the question of religion the uppermost issue in their politics with the avowed purpose of shutting out all Catholics from all public positions of honor, trust, and profit. Although they actually formed a minority in Rochester, they carried the Charter election of the leading municipal officers the following March, when, for example, the Knownothing candidate for Mayor only received 1740 of the total 4786 votes cast, but the opposition vote was divided almost equally between a Whig and a Democrat, the former receiving 1579 and the latter 1467 votes. How detestable their methods were in polling their votes, is exposed by the Majority Report of a Grand Jury investigation, another striking proof that the more enlightened Protestants were not in sympathy with Knownothing intolerance. The honorable *Court of Oyer and Terminer* was informed accordingly:

"The Grand Jury of this County, having been especially charged by the Court to make enquiry as to all violations and infractions of the election laws of this State, have, in the discharge of this duty, called before them a large number of citizens, and made diligent enquiry on that subject....

"It appears from the testimony taken before us that there are a number of societies or orders of men in this country, who have formed themselves into secret combinations for political action, and that these societies meet only in secret; that their members are admitted under oaths and obligations, and pledged to inviolable secrecy; that they are induced to enter the society under a variety of pretences and to take upon themselves oaths and binding obligations that they will vote for certain particular classes of their fellow citizens, or individual citizens; that they will cast their votes and use their elective franchise according to the behests and requirements of their order, or the officers thereof, under the rules of the order; that by their oaths and obligations they are bound to vote under the penalty of perjury, or being perjured and as being unworthy to be employed, countenanced, or supported in any business whatever, and as persons totally unworthy of the con-

fidence of their fellow citizens, for under these penalties they are bound to vote for the persons designated by the order, without regard to their own individual choice or preference of candidates.

"That the members of this society or order, having taken these oaths and obligations, are informed by the order or officers thereof that a refusal to vote for the candidates of the order will subject them to the charge of perjury and render them infamous and unworthy of the confidence of all good men. And thus they are directly influenced in giving their vote or ballot, or deterred and hindered in the free exercise of the rights of suffrage. And it further appears that members have been threatened that, if they did not vote according to the requisition of the order, that they should be deemed as perjured under those oaths and obligations, and should be subject to disgrace and infamy, and as false and perjured be expelled with dishonor.

"That such societies or orders, after the last general election, called their members to account to them or their officers as to the manner, in which they discharged the elective franchise, and required them to declare upon oath for whom they cast their votes at the said election.

"The Grand Jury have been much embarrassed in their investigation by the refusal of witnesses to answer the questions put to them as to their proceedings in secret sessions on the ground that a disclosure of those facts would render them *infamous*, and in other cases the witnesses claimed protection on the ground that answers to the questions would *criminate* themselves.

"Having been deprived of the full disclosure of facts, no individual cases have been presented by us, and the Jury beg, therefore, leave to make this general presentment against such oaths and combinations that are, in their opinion, a direct violation of the Statute in relation to elections, as the law was designed to protect and guard every elector in a free and voluntary choice in casting his ballot, and to allow every citizen, otherwise worthy, to be a proper subject of such suffrage. We believe from the testimony before us that such proceedings strike at the foundation of individual liberty of action and tend directly to destroy the great and cardinal principles of our institutions as founded by our forefathers—that our institutions can only continue to exist by the free and uncontrolled action of the citizens, and that all such restraints and obligations are destructive to an elective and free government. All of which has been duly adopted and is most respectfully submitted."

Fifteen of the twenty persons in the Grand Jury signed this report. The names are worthy of preservation for all times. They are William C. Bloss, Foreman, of the Grand Jury, Chauncey Allen, Caleb B. Corser, George W. Goodman, Ebenezer L. Gage, John Graham, Lewis Billings, Elias Garrison, Robert J. Fellows, David McKay, Thomas W. Walker, Roswell Lockwood, Jacob Garrison, Lyman Johnson, Butler Bardwell. Hardly a Catholic name can be identified amongst these. They are Protestant Grand Jurors who condemn Knownothing intol-

erance in principle and in practice. No doubt the leading influence in the Grand Jury was the foreman, William C. Bloss, a noted Protestant champion of liberty whenever assailed, religious as well as political. He was unable, however, to make the report unanimous. Five other Grand Jurors, Jared Coleman, David Starkey, W. I. Hanford, Mason Cole, and Philip M. Simons had reasons of their own to submit a dissenting report. It speaks for itself, especially in the light of the ugly revelations in the Majority Report:

"We, the members of the Grand Jury, beg leave to report that we have diligently and laboriously investigated for days into the doings and sayings of Secret Political Organizations and their bearing upon the Elective Franchise; and also we have deliberately and candidly inquired if any person or persons, party or parties, had stifled or suppressed free speech and liberal discussion, and have not been able to substantiate the crime or violation of Election Laws or the Elective Franchise upon any person or party. This we humbly beg leave to submit as a Minority Report."

These reports of the Grand Jury were published in the Rochester *Daily Union*, May 3, 1855. The strong support of liberty by more enlightened Protestants, such as signed the Majority Report of the Grand Jury, was also needed outside of the ballot box then, as Catholic inmates of one of the largest public institutions in Rochester were actually deprived of Catholic instruction and worship. The Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, therefore, asked the Board of Managers, August 21, 1855, for permission to teach religion to the children of Catholic parents confined in the House of Refuge for reformation. The Managers were blind to the justice of Father O'Brien's request and so adopted the following resolutions on the motion of Mr. Roggen:

"First, That the Managers have considered it their duty to provide such instruction for the boys committed to their care, as in their judgment will be best calculated to secure their permanent reformation.

"Second, That, in the discharge of this duty, they have provided for the boys efficient instruction in the practical duties of religion, the duties which they owe to their fellows, to their parents, to their country, and to God, without reference to the sectarian differences which prevail among Christians.

"Third, That they cannot admit the claim of any person, not employed by the Managers, to occupy the place of religious teacher to the boys. As to do this in one instance would be to furnish a good foundation for a similar claim in another,

and thus, in the end, the duty of furnishing proper religious instruction to the boys would be transferred to other and irresponsible hands."

Father O'Brien continued to press the inalienable rights of conscience to freedom in religious profession and worship, but the Board of Managers refused to give up the intransigent position they had taken for the religion they had established in the institution for all the inmates in common, irrespective of their faith and conscience. Father O'Brien, consequently, was obliged to report to his Superior at Buffalo, Bishop Timon, June 8, 1856:

"I deem it my duty to inform you of my sad failure in my efforts to benefit the Catholic children in the House of Refuge. Judging from the data within my reach that about half the children there are Catholics, and assured that no moral amelioration of their condition could be attained except through the faith received in Baptism and nourished by a mother's milk, I made several attempts to aid, offering my services *gratis*. I send you the stern refusal. I was also informed that a Baptist minister had been employed and paid to teach all, but that he had pledged himself not to teach sectarianism, in other words, to teach them not to be infidels, but to be sure that they cease to be Roman Catholics."

No doubt that would be the practical result of such a system of undenominational teaching of religion and morality. In the absence of any positive Catholic instruction and worship during their minority, such wayward youths would certainly cease to be Catholics and probably end as infidels despite all the sincere intentions of the Managers and their Ministry to the contrary. The refusal of Father O'Brien's request turned Catholic effort in another direction. The following winter there was a vacancy of five on the Board of Managers which comprised fifteen members. A letter published in the Rochester *Union and Advertiser*, June 23, 1857, tells us:

"A number of the most respectable citizens petitioned the Governor that Catholics should not, as heretofore, be excluded from the board, names of Catholics, as respectable as any now in the Direction, were sent to the Governor, with a prayer that out of five at least some two or three Catholics would be named. The Governor at first returned an answer, which seemed almost a promise, that he would grant some right or some voice to the Catholics, but afterwards overruled perhaps by the *party*, he appointed all *Presbyterians!*"

Bishop Timon had, in fact, been present at a meeting in Rochester for the House of Refuge, January 14, 1857. This brought no redress of the grievance, and so according to an entry in his *Diary*, the source of a great deal of information on this subject, he started an agitation against the House of Refuge, May 11, 1857. However, the evil was not confined to this institution. For, January 11, 1858, Bishop Timon met his priests in Rochester and gave directions not only about the House of Refuge, but also about the Poor House and Work House. Besides, the last day of the same month he found it necessary to write Father Creedon in Auburn about proselytism in the State Prison. Catholic prisoners in Rochester were apparently also exposed to the same danger. For, after a meeting of Pastors for the Penitentiary, December 3, 1858, Bishop Timon declared that there was "nothing but for the Irish priests to combine." The abuse continued, and there was another meeting of priests in Rochester, March 31, 1859, "for preventing proselyting." Evidently no progress was being made. In fact, Father Moore's denunciation of public institutions, penal and eleemosynary, at Rochester, towards the end of January, 1861, proves that things had become worse instead of better. While Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Rochester, he was moved to write as he did "principally by the contemplation of the odious tyranny, to which over twenty thousand Catholics in this community are subjected by the bigoted portion of the population in Monroe County." He made his meaning plain in the letter he addressed to the Editor of the Rochester Daily *Union and Advertiser*, where it was published January 26, 1861:

"I do not refer to the legalized proselytism of the House of Refuge, where a few gentlemen are invested with the power of prohibiting the exercise of the Catholic Religion to about two hundred children. Nor to the House of Idle and Truant Children wherein every poor little vagrant is imprisoned, and the Catholic priest is also virtually debarred. Nor to the Friendless Home, where the dying girl is refused the last consolations of religion. Nor to the many other illiberal acts of our poor-law officials.

"I call the attention of Catholics of the City solely to the atrocious conduct of the well paid gentlemen whom the law invests with the irresponsible authority of Superintendents of the Poor. These three gentlemen, more powerful than the triumvirate of Pagan Rome and more unscrupulous than the British Star Chamber, have the astounding audacity, in the face of this civilized community, to forbid me giving Cathloic instruction to the eighty or ninety Catholic Children, whom poverty

and crime have congregated in that white washed sepulchre, called the Monroe County Almshouse. Herein, I am of the opinion, the Catholics of this city have a good subject for contemplation and a large reservoir for their abundant charity."

Despite the bad situation described here, persevering effort did tell somewhat very soon after this. Bishop Timon approached Mr. Patrick Barry, who had distinguished himself in a practical way as a pioneer in the Rochester Nursery business and in a theoretical way as an Editor, first, of the *Genesee Farmer* and then of the *Horticulturist.* When he agreed "to serve," Bishop Timon kept in close touch with him, and finally, December 18, 1861, he went to Governor Morgan, to whom he explained the state of the Western House of Refuge. The Governor, a Protestant, at once promised to name Barry as one of the Managers of the institution. Bishop Timon continued to press the matter. For he was again in Albany, January 7, 1862, to "speak to Governor about Western House of Refuge." Mr. Barry was indeed appointed, but the presence of one Catholic on the Board of Managers was by no means an adequate representation of Catholic interests, and so Bishop Timon, February 10, 1863, gave to Mr. Kernan at Utica a "petition to appoint one more director, A. Brennan, for the House of Refuge in Rochester." Ten days later the Bishop was in Rochester and sent for Mr. Barry, with whom he had a long consultation. He wrote about it to Kernan "that he or the Governor may write to General Gould and to Ward." Persevering effort told again. For, August 1, 1863, Bishop Timon received "letters from Gov. that A. Brennan is appointed director of House of Refuge." Despite all that he had done, Bishop Timon found himself called upon by the Reverend Charles Stiesberger, C.SS.R., in Elmira to do his duty by this public institution and so he wrote in his *Diary,* September 5, 1864:

"Father Charles comes to tell me that there were fifty Catholic boys in the House of Refuge, and that I ought to do something for them. I told him that there were nearly 200, and I related what I had done, at which he was astonished—he knew very little, only just enough to be able to blame, because he took no pains to know what had been done: and when all efforts by deputation from the Catholics of Rochester had failed—I obtained by several journies to Albany and many letters, first one, then two Catholic Directors—Barry and Brennan."

This success did not stop Bishop Timon from seeking a fuller

measure of justice in Albany, where he went January 19, 1865, to "see Governor—give two names for Western House of Refuge, Rochester, as directors." The Governor, however, told him that "he fears he can name only one and asks which one I prefer." No doubt, Bishop Timon was encouraged to continue his work for a larger representation on the Board of Managers, when he learned of an important change in the past policies of the institution since the appointment of Catholics to it by the Governor. His *Diary* again gives the interesting circumstances in which he became aware of the change. November 4, 1865, he received the *Western Catholic* "with my remark that the Priest was refused to assist Catholic boys when Dying in the Western House of Refuge. Two hours after I got the paper—recd. a letter from Mr. Early, dated the 3 Nov., he tells me that the priest is permitted—Dr. Barker had assured me that he was not—he also told me that he had recd. my telegraph on the 1st Nov. I hoped to have an answer, which would make assurance doubly sure, at least on the 3rd, in time to correct." This change marked only a beginning in what was to be done, but it gave greater hope of future success if more Catholics were put on the Board of Managers. For this purpose he called upon Bishop Conroy in Albany, January 29, 1866—"get him to come with me to Governor for appointment to House of Refuge in Rochester." Nevertheless, he found it necessary again to urge the matter November 22, 1866, when writing Governor Fenton, who finally did appoint a great Catholic Veteran of the Civil War, Mr. Louis Ernst, lieutenant colonel of the 140th Infantry. While the appointment was still pending, Bishop Timon died April 16, 1867. Despite all his efforts, Catholic worship and instruction were still denied to the Catholic inmates of the institution. This then was the situation that confronted Bishop McQuaid, when he was appointed to the newly created Diocese of Rochester in 1868.

It was not till the eve of his departure for the Vatican Council in November of the following year that Bishop McQuaid sent a communication to the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge, offering religious instruction to the boys of Catholic parents without any expense to the State or House. The note was read by Mr. Brennan and referred to the Acting Committee. Its members, Messrs. Whitney, Barry, Thompson, and

WESTERN HOUSE OF REFUGE FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENTS

Known as the State Industrial School. This picture shows the Backus Street entrance as it appeared in 1890. This is now (1927) an entrance to the Municipal Museum, the prison wall being removed.

Ely, resolved at their meeting, December 4, 1869, "That Bishop McQuaid, or such assistant as he may designate, have the privilege of addressing the inmates of the House of Catholic parentage, at such times and in such manner as may be designated by the Superintendent." This resolution was not deemed sufficiently explicit, and December 30, 1869, the same Committee resolved, "That the Superintendent be directed to provide a room and the necessary arrangement for the instruction of the Catholic children in the institution by a Catholic Clergyman at the same time the services are held in the chapel, either at morning or evening services, and in a room separate and apart from the Protestant children." It is worth while here to emphasize the fact that a Committee, consisting of three Protestant gentlemen and one Catholic, formulated a resolution that contained an adequate solution of this vexed problem. Unfortunately, the Managers were divided in their views when the matter came up for action in the meeting of the Board, January 4, 1870, so that no change was effected at this time, although the general teaching of religion and morality in the institution was held to be sectarian, not only by the three Catholic Managers, Barry, Brennan, and Ernst, but also by their Protestant colleagues, Briggs and Ely. Peculiar circumstances soon occasioned a better solution of the religious question at the Alms House, of which the Reverend Dr. Van Ingen, the Protestant Chaplain, made the following report to the Supervisors, according to the *Union and Advertiser*, January 8, 1873:

"It is well known that a very large proportion of the inmates of your Alms House are foreign born and that most of these are, in religious faith, Roman Catholics. It is a part of their education to make much of attendance once each Sunday on the Public Worship of their Church; and it has been customary to indulge many of them in going to the city on Sunday morning for this purpose. The results from yielding to the solicitations of appetite and the false kindness of acquaintances were subversive of the order and discipline of the House; and an effectual remedy was found in the rule laid down by the present officers and rigidly enforced, forbidding absence on Sundays—in conjunction with an offer of the chapel, at a fixed hour, on Sundays for religious services by a minister of their own faith. Such services were held, in consequence, in the chapel at an early hour on Sunday morning by Father Baraffi, a R. C. clergyman of courteous manners and earnest devotion to his work, under appointment from his Bishop, beginning in March last and suspended when the chapel became a dormitory in the autumn.

"The influence of this arrangement upon the good order of the House has often been attested by the Officers in charge."

The *West End Journal* of March, 1872, chronicled the commencement of the regular Catholic services in the Alms House on Sunday, February 11th, in a room put at the disposal of Bishop McQuaid by the courtesy of the Superintendent, Mr. Loder, a Protestant gentleman. Mass was also announced for Thursday of each week besides the Sunday. The attendance went from fifty persons the first Sunday to nearly two hundred the second Sunday. Although these Catholic services were suspended in the Autumn, they were again resumed later. The concession thus made at the County Alms House, a public eleemosynary institution at Rochester, no doubt encouraged Bishop McQuaid and others to resume their efforts to obtain as much from the public penal institution despite previous failure. In fact, new tactics were adopted in regard to the Western House of Refuge. Bishop McQuaid asked Pastors to obtain signatures to the following petition:

"The undersigned parents and guardians of boys, now in the Western House of Refuge and professing the Catholic Religion, respectfully petition the Managers of said institution to permit the holding of religious exercises in harmony with the religious belief of these boys. Knowing that the teachings and influence of religion will do more to make permanent the reformation, sought for in the House of Refuge, than any other means, we urge our request that these boys shall not be deprived of so great a help to present and future good conduct and shall not be debarred from the free exercise of religion guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and the State of New York."

The Constitution of the United States, Article I of the Amendments, declared that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The Constitution of the State of New York made a more pertinent declaration in Article I, Section 3: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind." Thus, the petition rested on a constitutional basis. It was presented to the Managers of the House of Refuge at their regular meeting in August, 1874, which referred it to a Committee of Three for consideration. Two of its members, E. R. Andrews and Louis Chapin, sub-

mitted a Majority Report in the November meeting of the Board of Managers. While both these gentlemen appreciated the desire of parents and guardians to have their children or wards brought up in their own religion, they claimed that the rights of parents and guardians had been forfeited by crime on the part of the children or wards and that "the State alone is responsible for their education," which, however, must not be sectarian, as "one of the recently adopted amendments to the State Constitution (adopted by a very large majority of votes cast for and against it), prohibits any appropriation of the State funds being made to institutions or corporations of a sectarian nature." They, therefore, recommended "that the request be not complied with, but that an invitation be extended to the clergy of all denominations to visit the institution and to address the boys on topics of practical life, morality, and religion at such times as may be consistent with the duties of the boys and under the direction of the Superintendent or Board of Managers."

Quite a number of amendments were added to the Constitution of the State of New York by substantial majorities in the election of November 3, 1874, but not one is precisely of the character described by the Majority Report. The nearest approach to it is Article VIII, Section 10, which does prohibit the credit or money of the State from being "given or loaned to or in aid of any association, corporation, or private undertaking," but the same article continues to declare that "this section shall not, however, prevent the Legislature from making such provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and *juvenile delinquents*, as to it may seem proper. Nor shall it apply to any fund or property now held, or which may hereafter be held by the State for educational purposes." Exception is made here precisely in favor of juvenile delinquents as well as persons physically defective, also of the State educational fund or property. Furthermore, the term "sectarian" is not even in the law. Consequently, this amendment to the Constitution could not be cited to nullify the constitutional right of the juvenile delinquents themselves to the free exercise and profession of religion, which was guaranteed to all mankind within the State of New York by its fundamental law without discrimination or preference.

The Editor of the *Union and Advertiser*, Mr. William Purcell, the Catholic member of the Committee of Three, apparently realized the weakness in the position taken by the Majority Report. He had made an exhaustive study of the matter in view of its importance. He had obtained the opinion of a Protestant jurist of the highest eminence in the community, Honorable Henry E. Selden, formerly Judge of the Court of Appeals, upon the question of constitutional right raised by the petitioners; he had inquired into the practice and experience of other reformatories and prisons, both in this and other countries. From an elaborate document of the United States Government of 493 pages, the Report made February 12, 1873, by Rev. E. C. Wines, D.D., LL.D., a Protestant Minister, the duly accredited representative of our government to the International Penitentiary Congress, he had discovered in what manner and with what fruit prisoners enjoyed denominational religious care and worship in nearly all the countries of Europe, in Austria, Belgium, and France, in various kingdoms of Germany, in Baden, Prussia, Saxony, and Wurtemburg, in the Netherlands, Russia, Switzerland, England and Ireland. He had learned as much anent Canada from the Annual Report of the Inspector of Asylums, Prisons, etc., for the Province of Ontario, 1872-3, and from correspondence with Rev. A. J. Therien, Chaplain of the Reformatory School at Montreal for the Province of Quebec. He was even able to cite, for the United States, "An Act to secure liberty of conscience and equal rights, in matters of religion, to inmates of State Institutions," passed in Minnesota, which was approved there as late as March 5, 1874. Finally, he could also appeal to the actual working of separate Catholic Chaplaincies and separate Catholic worship in the public penal and eleemosynary institutions on Deer Island at Boston and in the Penitentiary at Albany itself, which he had come to know from letters of officials connected with these institutions. After a careful statement of all this evidence, William Purcell concluded his Minority Report as follows:

"In view, therefore, of the spirit of the federal constitution, prohibiting Congress from establishing a religion or denying the free exercise thereof, and of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of the State of New York, guaranteeing equal religious liberty to all mankind within this State—in view of the practice, experience, and results attained in reformatories and other prisons elsewhere in

this country and in the older countries of the world—in view of the petitions and heartfelt desires of parents and guardians of the youth entrusted to the care of the Board for reformation and to be returned to such parents and guardians when reformed—in view of the good will and mutual regard for equal right and equal privilege that should prevail among fellow citizens of a common country—in view of the comity that should exist in a Board of Managers whose members, resident in Rochester, are by the by-law required "to attend the religious services at the House of Refuge on Sunday," but which clearly cannot be said to exist so long as the religion of one fourth of those members and of a large number of the youth in the House is proscribed—in view of all these considerations, your Committee reached

THE CONCLUSION

that the prayer of the petitioners should be granted, and recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the prayer of the petition of parents and guardians of the Catholic Children confined in the Western House of Refuge for freedom of religious profession and worship be and is hereby granted in such manner and under such rules and regulations as the Acting Committee may prescribe."

Purcell's Minority Report ought to have overwhelmed the Majority Report of Andrews and Chapin. Nevertheless, a long discussion followed the motions made to adopt the one or other report. Managers Sage, Andrews, and Chapin spoke in support of the Majority Report, and Managers Purcell, Briggs, Slayton, and Whitney in support of the Minority Report. Finally, Mr. Whitney modified the resolution ending the Minority Report so as to read:

"Resolved, That the prayer and petition of the parents and guardians of Catholic children in the Western House of Refuge for freedom of religious profession and worship be and is hereby granted in such manner and under such rules and regulations as can be made convenient and consistent with the rules and regulations of the institution; and that such service shall be held in the chapel and under the direction of our Superintendent; and also that the Catholic Clergy be appointed by this Board."

This resolution was finally adopted. Of the thirteen Managers present, Whitney, Rowley, Reynolds, Chapin, Keyes, Monell, Briggs, Slayton, O'Donohue, Ernst, and Purcell voted for it while Sage and Andrews voted against it. Thus the vexed problem was settled by the generous co-operation of eight Protestant gentlemen with the three Catholics on the Board. It is noteworthy that even one of the signers of the Majority Report, Mr. Chapin, cast his vote in favor of the resolution in the Minority Report, as it was amended by Mr. Whitney. Accord-

ingly, the Board of Managers, March 16, 1875, for the first time, elected two Chaplains, one Protestant, the Reverend Thomas C. Reed, and the other Catholic, the Reverend George J. Osborne. How well the arrangement worked and spread was communicated, after the lapse of a considerable period of time, to the public at large in an interview with the Albany *Morning Express* by Mr. Levi S. Fulton, who had been Superintendent of the Western House of Refuge at Rochester since 1870:

"It naturally took some time to arrange all the details satisfactorily. I understood that all the children were to attend both services, but it was afterwards determined that the Catholic children should attend Mass in the morning and the Protestant inmates their own services in the afternoon. At first, I feared that there might be some discord among the children and the officers of the institution because of this change, but no trouble has ever resulted, although the change was effected ten years ago. It can be asserted, without any question, that this change did not affect the discipline of the institution unfavorably.

"About one third of the inmates are Catholics, the remaining two thirds being Protestants. When a child is admitted, the religious belief of its parents is ascertained as well as where they attend church. Even though a boy, whose parents are Catholics, desires to attend the Protestant service, his wishes in the matter have no weight, and he is obliged to receive his religious instruction according to the faith of his parents. When the prayer of the petitioners was granted, the adoption of this course was necessarily made imperative on the management. If an inmate wishes to change his attendance from one service to another, his parents are first consulted before he is permitted to do so. Under no circumstances is such a change allowed where the parents express themselves against it. The children are not allowed to participate in both services, and this rule is rigidly adhered to.

"On Sunday morning, the Catholics celebrate Mass in the chapel while the Protestants hold services in the Sabbath School. In the afternoon, the Protestants conduct their service in the chapel, and the Catholics occupy the Sunday School. Thus, you see, the services of both denominations are carried on simultaneously. No members of sects, other than the Protestant and Catholic, have ever made application for permission to conduct religious services in the institution.

"We now have about five hundred inmates, the usual average being six hundred. The Catholic and Methodist Ministers get along together very pleasantly, and no jarrings or collisions of any sort have occurred. It was feared at first that, when at confession, the boys might tell the priests something detrimental to the welfare of the institution and thereby interfere with the discipline; but nothing of this nature ever transpired. Although I am a Methodist, yet if asked whether or no to follow the present system of conducting two separate services of different religious faith, I should most decidedly urge its adoption.

"So far as I am aware, all the penal institutions of the State, as well as the reformatories, have adopted this system of religious instruction, excepting the House of Refuge at Randall's Island and possibly the Juvenile Asylum at High Bridge. It prevails at all the State prisons and at the Elmira Reformatory. They

have adopted the same system at the Monroe County Penitentiary, Alms House, and Insane Asylum. There has been no disposition manifested, on the part of the Catholic Church, to get control of our Institutions, neither has the celebration of Mass had any tendency in that direction.

"The Board of Managers consists of twelve Protestants and three Catholics. All my experience shows that the only effect on the institution in holding these separate services has been to benefit its discipline and to promote the welfare of its inmates."

Two years earlier the same kind of testimony was given to the State Senate by the Board of Managers at the request of the Senate Clerk, John W. Vrooman. In fact, they as well as Superintendent Fulton gave their testimony to the State Legislature in the interest of a Freedom of Worship Bill that was pending and continued to pend before it for years. It was finally enacted in the Spring of 1892 and signed by Governor Roswell P. Flower, April 30th of the same year. His predecessor, David B. Hill, who was then United States Senator, also a Protestant, had in seven annual messages recommended in vain the Freedom of Worship Bill to the Legislature, where he never commanded a party majority in both Houses. He now seized the occasion for the following comment in an interview for the New York Press, May 4, 1892:

"The freedom of worship measure has finally become law. It has been subjected to violent criticism but a more righteous law was never made. Every bigot, every narrow-minded thinker, and every hypocrite has sought to stir up prejudice against the bill. The Constitution of our State declares that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind." This explicit provision was established by our fathers as the fundamental law of the land. It means just what it says. It guarantees religious freedom. But a constitution does not always enforce itself and sometimes requires affirmative legislation to give it practical effect. The bill just passed and approved simply declares that this privilege of religious freedom shall be deemed to extend to the inmates of all public institutions in the State, drawing public moneys, so as to prevent such inmates from being compelled to participate in religious services obnoxious to them, but allowing them the privilege, if desired, of having services according to their faith under proper and reasonable regulations. It is difficult to see what a fairminded man can find in such a bill that is objectionable. It simply carries out and enforces the Constitution of the State. It is just to all sects and creeds. It places them all upon an equality.

"In most of the institutions of the State, these privileges are and have been freely enjoyed for years, but it is claimed that, in a few institutions, they have been denied, hence the necessity for some such law. It is a just measure and allows an

appeal to the courts where the regulations are not respected. Thomas Jefferson was the author of the famous statute of Virginia which guaranteed religious freedom in that state, and he regarded it as one of the proudest acts of his life. The New York statute just passed will stand for ages to the credit and glory of the legislature of 1892, when its critics have been forgotten."

How much more is it not to the credit and glory of the Protestant majority to have generously cooperated in the end with a Catholic minority to establish freedom of religion in the institutions at Rochester years before the Empire State of New York was able to make this boon its statute law in behalf of the lowly? If there was the same equal and exact justice in all things, no grievance would be left on any score, and this great country of ours would be, even more so than it is—the *Home of the Free.*

The Abduction of William Morgan

By Robert Daniel Burns

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ON September twelfth, 1826, William Morgan was abducted from the jail at Canandaigua, taken to Rochester and then by way of Hanford's Landing on the Genesee River over the Ridge Road to Lewiston where he vanished, to become Western New York legend.

After a century new evidence has been found which establishes beyond doubt that Morgan was murdered by misguided Masons as he was about to publish his "Illustrations of Masonry." Before his work that was to ruin the reputations of legislators, judges, sheriffs, clergymen and high army officers was put in circulation, Morgan was lying on the sandy bottom of Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Niagara River.

On the other hand new information clears the stain from the name of certain high Masonic officials and state officials and shows that Morgan has attained a place in Western New York traditions to which he is not entitled on his merits.

The documents in the case fail to show him in the beautiful colors with which a new breed of politicians and rabid reformers for their own purposes adorned this unhappy son of Virginia. Morgan suffered an ignominious death at the hands of powerful zealots as will be shown in this article and to vindicate the civil law that had been outraged, the people in Western New York rose in mass to punish the powerful outlaws.

The Legislature authorized a special commissioner to investigate and prosecute. The governor issued proclamations and offered free pardons to informers. But kidnaping was only a misdemeanor at that time, and the murder of Morgan never was established judicially.

William Morgan was a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, where he was born about 1775. Of his life down to his appearance in Rochester very little is known, although many stories

respecting his exploits were put in circulation. Some held him up as a patriot of lofty ideals who had won a captain's commission in the army by his gallantry in action south of the Potomac in the War of 1812.

Others asserted he had been a member of Lafitte's pirate crew, which terrorized shipping in the Gulf of Mexico and the delta of the Mississippi, and a favorite of the daring freebooter when the entire gang was pardoned by President Madison on the eve of the battle of New Orleans. Neither story is credited today.

In the Autumn of 1819, when Morgan made money in Richmond, he married Lucinda Pendleton, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a highly regarded Methodist minister. He took his bride to York, now Toronto, Canada, where he engaged in the brewing business. A fire left him penniless in 1821. He had learned the trade of stone mason, and so fell back on this craft as a means of livelihood. Coming to Rochester, he obtained work on the aqueduct which was being built across the Genesee River. Here it is believed he met John Whitney, a stone cutter, and senior partner of the firm of Whitney and Williams, who in later years was to assist in weighting Morgan's body with heavy stones and sinking it in the Niagara River.

While in Rochester, it has been learned, Morgan was admitted to Wells Lodge, of the Masonic fraternity. He was advanced beyond the blue lodge degrees, and had received the three master degrees before he left Rochester for Batavia. There is evidence that he planned to betray the secrets of Freemasonry in Rochester, and had interested Russell Dyer, a butcher, with whom he boarded, in the enterprise.

This Dyer, early in 1826, interviewed Thurlow Weed, who was then editor and part owner of the *Telegraph*, a weekly published in Rochester, about the publication of the proposed exposé. Weed declined to consider the proposition, alleging that his partner, Robert Martin, was a Freemason. Dyer saw the point and retired gracefully from Weed's sanctum. He showed up later, however, as owner of one-quarter interest in the enterprise.

Morgan had the faculty of fluent speech which pleased paying customers of barrooms as well as more sedate lodge brothers. He was a good mixer and entertained any crowd he entered. He was not a common drunkard, but it appears he did not

WILLIAM MORGAN

Photograph of a steel engraving appearing in "Light on Masonry," by Elder David Bernard, printed by William Williams, Utica, 1829.

measure up to his responsibilities in caring for his family. His general appearance was prepossessing. He stood about five feet six inches. He had a high forehead which his bald head accentuated. They say he had a quick, intelligent, but sly and sinister glancing eye.

Being a person of ready wit and acute powers of observation he was able to pass as an oracle in the village inns of Western New York. Morover he was known as a "bright Mason," and succeeded in devising ways and means of benefiting through Masonic charities.

Yet Morgan got into difficulties with his brother Masons. He had favorably impressed Major James Ganson of Le Roy, a high Mason who was a former member of the Legislature and former sheriff of Genesee County, and it was on Ganson's avouchment that Morgan was exalted to the degree of Royal Arch Mason.

About this time, the Le Roy Chapter projected a temple, known as the "Round House" where Morgan was to have profitable employment on the construction, but he was disappointed. He broke with Major Ganson. The split widened when Morgan found that he had not been invited into membership in a Royal Arch chapter recently installed in Batavia. This ostracism no doubt got on Morgan's nerves, but cannot be entertained as driving him to seek retaliation and thereby giving birth to the idea of publishing an exposé of Freemasonry. That scheme of publishing Masonic secrets was originated at least one year before Morgan went to Batavia.

Publication of the secret rites and ceremonies of Freemasonry was announced in the Summer of 1826, by David Cade Miller, who with Benjamin Blodgett had founded the *Republican Advocate* in Batavia in 1811. Miller was engaged in setting Morgan's manuscript in type when the public was informed of startling disclosures. At first, little attention was paid to the advertisement. It was recalled that Pritchard's disclosures in 1730 and the "Jachin and Boaz" revelations a half century later had failed to interest the general public, and so in the beginning, level-headed Masons planned to ignore the Morgan work entirely.

It was only after efforts to induce Morgan to give up his plan of publication had failed that he became a marked man. Adver-

tisements reflecting on the credit and reputation of Morgan began to appear in weekly newspapers in Western New York. Lodges in Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport and Canandaigua took summary action, after a spy, sent from Rochester, had worked his way into the confidence of Miller, Morgan, John Davids and Russel Dyer, the four partners who were to clean up millions. This spy had reported that the manuscript being set in type included the grip, pass words and the obligations of the blue lodge degrees.

This secret agent was known as Daniel Johns, a Canadian who had been brought over from Kingston, Canada, at the expense of the Knights Templar encampment in Rochester. His report spurred efforts to suppress the publication. Johns was sent to Batavia about the middle of August, and in the three weeks he stayed there he managed to get hold of a portion of the Morgan manuscript. He stole out of Batavia and brought the script to Rochester.

Here several Rochester Masons entrusted it to Robert Martin, Weed's partner in the *Telegraph* who sent it by "express" to the General Grand Chapter then in session in New York City. On the recommendation of a special committee, the General Grand Chapter, of which DeWitt Clinton was presiding officer, refused to consider the stolen script and ordered it returned to the owner.

In the meantime, the Batavia Masons inaugurated a series of petty but harassing persecutions to intimidate Morgan and his publisher, Miller. The printer had received before coming to Batavia the first degree in Masonry, that of entered apprentice. Miller was prosecuted for a number of small debts, and collection was forced rigorously. The editor and publisher soon realized that he had a battle on his hands and so armed himself and staff for protection.

Morgan likewise was harassed. He had recently been prosecuted in the Supreme Court for a heavy debt which he owed in Rochester, and at this time was out on jail limits, bail having been provided by two leading Masons, Nahum Loring and Orange Allen, of Batavia. Although Morgan was on the jail limits, Nathan Follett, who was on the Masonic committee which had been sent to seek aid from Western New York lodges, caused

the arrest of the recreant Mason, July 25, 1826, for debt, but Morgan again obtained bail and was set at liberty.

Attempts to get possession of copy which Morgan was preparing for the printer were renewed. On Saturday, August 19, Sheriff Thompson and the several justices of the peace were absent from Batavia when Morgan was again arrested for debt and thrown into the jail.

He was kept in custody until the following Monday. But on Saturday evening, while he was in the jail his home was invaded by a constable from Pembroke, and three Masons of Batavia, Johnson Goodwill, Kelsey Stone and John Wilson. In the party was Thomas McCully, a building contractor who had caused Morgan's arrest. It is said the search uncovered an agreement indicating that Morgan was to receive $500,000 as his share of the receipts from the sale of the book.

On Sunday Morgan was visited in jail by prominent Masons who endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose of publishing the secrets of the fraternity. But Morgan had visions of a colossal fortune and a long life of ease and luxury, and so threats and entreaties proved equally unavailing. Violence seemed the only alternative.

Certain portions of the work were nearly ready for distribution, and other sections had been set up and about to go on the press. The Masons decided on a night attack September 8 on the printing plant which stood nearly opposite the present Masonic Temple in Batavia. To carry out this offensive upwards of fifty Masons were assembled from the nearby countryside and from Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester and Canandaigua.

Major Ganson was instructed to prepare supper for this number at his inn in Stafford. The expedition was under the command of Col. Edward Sawyer, a high Mason from Canandaigua. Before the attacking party arrived in Batavia, however, word was received by the leaders that Miller has been apprised of the offensive and was prepared for a stiff battle.

Miller had indeed been advised in advance. It seems that Thomas Green, a Mason from Buffalo, got to town in advance of his party and in the course of the day became loquacious and informed a man named Towsley of what was going to happen to Miller. Towsley told George W. Harris, a silversmith, who tipped off Miller. The printer and his staff prepared for the

visitors and Colonel Sawyer was forced to retreat in the cool gray of the morning without raising a hand.

Then came September 10, 1826, when Coroner Nicholas G. Chesebro, master of a lodge in Canandaigua, obtained in that village a petty larceny warrant for Morgan and although it was Sunday morning he started for Batavia taking with him Constable Halloway Hayward, Henry Howard, Harris Seymour, Moses Roberts and Joseph Scofield, all Masons. The party proceeded in a special coach. On the way the party was joined at Avon by Asa Nowlan, an innkeeper; by John Butterfield, a merchant, at Caledonia; and at Le Roy by E. G. Smith; and here the warrant was indorsed by a justice of the peace for execution in Genesee County.

But while the party tarried at Ganson's, a Buffalo Mason was busy in Batavia. He was Richard Howard. In the late hours that Sunday night he had sprinkled the steps, doorways and sides of Miller's double frame building with turpentine, and although sixteen persons were asleep on two floors at the time, he applied the torch and the flimsy structure burst into flames. Batavia several years previously had organized a fire company but had no engine. Fortunately for the occupants of the burning building, several teamster crews were asleep on trucks nearby. Barrels of rainwater were swung up by these hardy yeomen who extinguished the flames. The excitement of the village folk was intense over this arson and at the height of the excitement Butler rode into town with his message. He was rushed back by Seaver and Follet to stop the advance of the party from Stafford.

Morgan left his family about sunrise early Monday morning, September 11. He wore a blue frock coat and waistcoat and trousers of the same color. He never returned to his wife and two babies. He was arrested away from his home by the constable and brought to Danolds' tavern where the party ate breakfast. Here it was explained to Morgan that he was wanted for stealing a shirt and cravat from Ebenezer Kingsley, an inn keeper in Canandaigua. Morgan laughed at the charge and said he would go voluntarily as he was confident he could explain satisfactorily the articles had only been borrowed.

At 10 o'clock that night Morgan was arraigned in Canandaigua before Justice Chipman. He had been transported fifty

miles from Batavia on the flimsy charge of stealing a shirt and necktie. The charge fell flat as it was shown Morgan had borrowed the articles, his dereliction being merely failure to return what he had borrowed. But as soon as he was discharged, the coroner had him arrested again for a debt of $2 due Aaron Ackley, another innkeeper in the town, for whom Chesebro held a power of attorney. Morgan admitted the debt, judgment was taken by confession, an execution was issued at once in the court room. Morgan had no cash to satisfy the $2 execution, but pulled off his blue frock coat and offered it in satisfaction of the judgment. The constable refused to accept the coat, and Morgan was committed to the Ontario County Jail at 10 o'clock that evening.

As soon as the cell door clanked on Morgan, Loton Lawson, a farmer who stood six feet high, mounted a horse and dashed off in the night to Rochester, thirty miles away, where he notified Rochester Masons of Morgan's arrest. A little after breakfast the following morning, the fateful September 12, Lawson was back in Canandaigua at Ackley's tavern where he left word to be called as soon as two men from Rochester called for him.

Near noon that day there arrived by stage-coach from Rochester, Burrage Smith, a grocer, and John Whitney, a stone cutter. This pair immediately went into conference with brother Masons. With them came James Gillis who had boarded the stage at Victor.

Lawson was sent to the jail to pay the amount of the Morgan execution but Mrs. Hall, the jailer's wife, refused to release Morgan in her husband's absence. Lawson went out and soon returned with Colonel Sawyer, who urged her to release the prisoner, but the woman remained obdurate. The pair then departed to get Coroner Chesebro, who was standing outside. The coroner instructed the jailer's wife to accept the money and turn Morgan out, and she obeyed.

Lawson took hold of Morgan's arm, as the prisoner left his cell, and told him to hustle. When Morgan reached the steps of the jail he was seized by several men and his cries of murder were heard by several persons living in the neighborhood. He was gagged by the coroner, but in the struggle Morgan lost his hat. He was forced into a waiting carriage drawn by a span of gray horses. It was a clear moonlight night. Bound, gagged and

blindfolded Morgan was headed toward the dungeon in Fort Niagara.

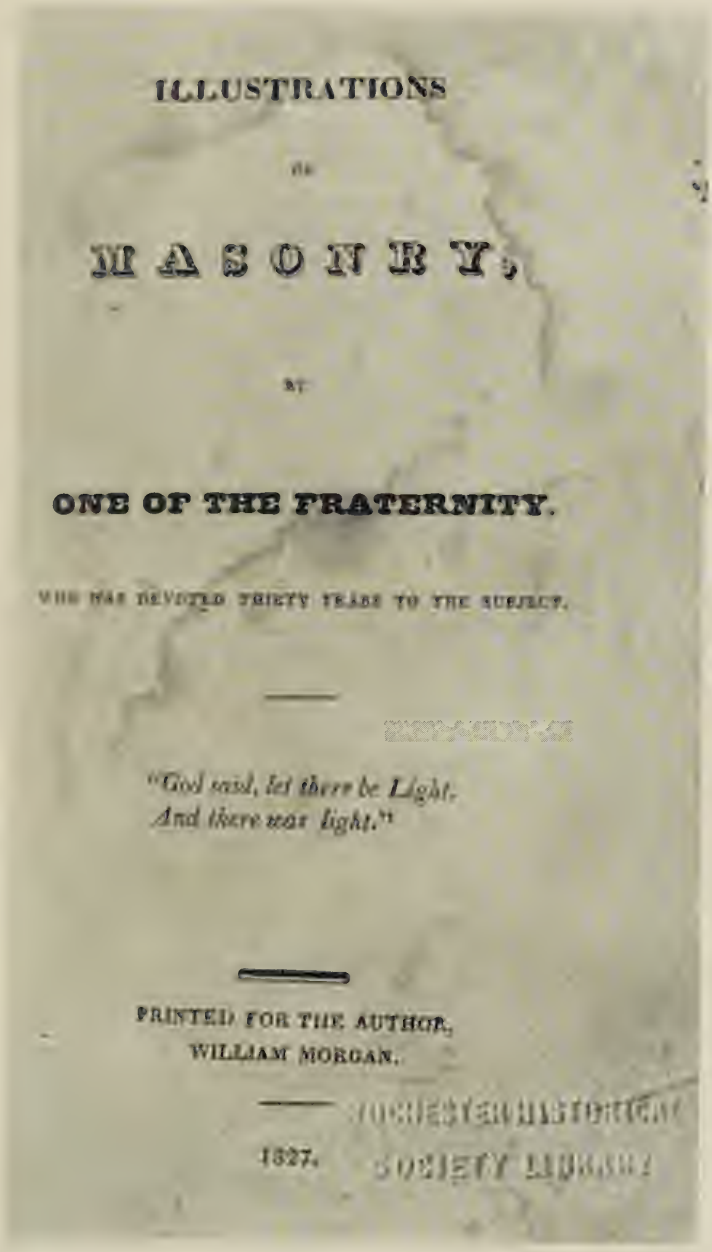
At that same hour Mrs. Morgan in pursuit, with a baby two months old in her arms, tossed on a bed in a tavern at Avon where she had stopped for the night on her way to Canandaigua to surrender manuscripts and obtain freedom for her husband. She did not arrive in Canandaigua until noon of September 14. It was too late, as at that hour her husband, bound west, was beyond Clarkson on the Ridge Road.

This mother, who was only twenty-three, when Morgan did not return for breakfast, became uneasy and sent for Sheriff William R. Thompson, who told her of the arrest but that the charge was only a pretext to get her husband away from Batavia. In answer to her inquiries the sheriff told Mrs. Morgan that surrender of missing portions of the manuscript would undoubtedly lead to the restoration of her husband to his family.

The upshot was that Mrs. Morgan obtained some manuscript from Miller who had no further use for the copy and, in company with George Ketchum, a sawyer, and Freemason, from Rochester, where he boarded at Leonard's Tavern in Exchange Street, started for Canandaigua towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They stopped at Ganson's place in Stafford where Mrs. Morgan was taken into a back room. Here Ganson and Johns, the spy, examined the papers Mrs. Morgan had brought with her. Johns said the papers were the same he had seen in Miller's office, but that one degree was missing.

Mother and baby were left at Ackley's Inn in Canandaigua by Ketchum while he went out apparently to get tidings of Morgan. This was Wednesday noon, and Morgan had been abducted from the jail the evening before. After a long absence Ketchum returned and reported that he had been unable to get any news of Morgan. He then asked her for the manuscript and going out with the papers promised to do all he could to find out where her husband was.

Ketchum returned to the inn towards evening and explained to Mrs. Morgan that her husband had been acquitted of the larceny charge but arrested again for a debt which had been paid by a man from Pennsylvania who had taken him away in a carriage. He then asked Mrs. Morgan when she wished to return to her home in Batavia. Mrs. Morgan said she would



ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

MASONRY,

BY

ONE OF THE FRATERNITY,

WHO HAS DEVOTED THIRTY YEARS TO THE SUBJECT.

"God said, let there be Light,
And there was light."

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
WILLIAM MORGAN.

1827.

ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY

Title Page of the rare first Rochester Edition of William Morgan's book, in the Library of The Rochester Historical Society. This was the only edition published anywhere with Morgan's name on the title. In 1827, at least twelve editions were published in Rochester.

leave at once as she had a two year old child there among strangers.

After engaging passage in the stage-coach for Mrs. Morgan, Ketchum returned to Ackley's and found the girl-mother pacing the floor of the room and sobbing as she clung to her infant. This man was deep in the plot but he was moved by the woman's misery. He told her that a part of the papers which the Masons desired was missing, particularly the illustrations of the mark master's degree. He urged her to try and get these papers on her return to Batavia, and if she could find out where Miller hid the printed sheets of the first three degrees and inform him in Rochester by letter he would pay her $25 and the lodge would give her $100 more. The story is that Mrs. Morgan declined the proposal. Having paid her passage, Ketchum gave her $2 for expenses on the fifty-mile journey back to Batavia.

It appears that Mrs. Morgan thereafter declined all proffered assistance from the Masonic lodges. Also pertinent in this connection is the charge that she never received a dollar royalty on her husband's book although it gained a nation-wide circulation and ran into many editions. Morgan had obtained a copyright in the United States Court at Utica a month before he was abducted and put to death in the depths of the Niagara. Several years after her husband vanished, Mrs. Morgan was married to Harris, an expelled Mason, who had warned Miller of Colonel Sawyer's expedition to destroy his printing plant.

Day after day passed without word of Morgan. The village folk lavished sympathy on his wife. The experiences of Miller led many to doubt that Morgan would ever be permitted to return to his family. As the mystery increased, Timothy Fitch, a well-known resident of Batavia, was sent to Canandaigua to make inquiries. Fitch obtained affidavits which started an investigation which was to set Western New York ablaze with fury.

The course of the kidnapers' carriage was traced 115 miles across Western New York along the Ridge Road. The first stop was made at Victor, the second at Pittsford. Arriving in Rochester about dawn, the carriage was driven three miles north to Hanford's Landing. Here Morgan and his captors transferred to a Rochester carriage drawn by a bay team owned by Ezra Platt, a liveryman.

About two miles west of Clarkson, a team belonging to Captain Isaac Allen was hitched to the carriage and Platt's horses sent to the stable, while his driver, Parkhurst, continued on the box. When the carriage arrived in Gaines, fifteen miles west of Clarkson, Elihu Mather, residing there, took a team owned by his brother, James Mather, and followed the conveyance as it passed west through the village. At some distance he caught up with the carriage and again horses were exchanged. Here Parkhurst was sent back with Allen's horses to Clarkson and Elihu Mather mounted the driver's seat, and dashed off into the west.

The stage which had left Rochester early that morning got to Murdoch's Tavern ahead of the Morgan carriage. Here the lone passenger, a Rochester clergyman, is said to have sent a message with Morgan. Brown was there with his team and followed the carriage, which stopped at evening at the tavern of Solomon C. Wright, in New Fane, Niagara County, where a road turns off to Lockport. Here the carriage was driven into a barn and doors closed, and Morgan kept a prisoner inside. The kidnapers who had been driving at top speed since 9 o'clock the previous morning went into the road house and ate supper while waiting for Masons from Lockport to relieve them.

Burrage Smith, the Rochester grocer, who had followed in a sulkey, drove into Lockport and there got Sheriff Eli Bruce and Jared Barrow to assist in getting Morgan to Youngstown and across the Niagara into the hands of Canadian Masons. Bruce with David Hague went to Wright's and got into the carriage with Morgan, while Mather drove with Brown at his side on the box.

The kidnapers left Wright's at 10 o'clock that night and made their next stop at Molyneaux's tavern six miles west. Here the sheriff obtained a team belonging to the innkeeper in exchange for Mather's horses. Brown then took the reins and the kidnapers arrived in Lewiston, fourteen miles distant, shortly after midnight, driving into Back Street, where the team was unharnessed and horses supplied by Samuel Barton of that village were hitched to the carriage.

The kidnapers changed to a carriage supplied by Samuel Barton. The sheriff rode with the driver, Corydon Fox. The next stop was at Youngstown, where the party aroused Colonel

William King and proceeded to the graveyard near Fort Niagara. Morgan was bound and blindfolded at this time. Edward Giddings the ferryman at the fort was called up and he rowed the party across the river to the Canadian shore.

Canadian Masons refused to accept Morgan, and the prisoner was rowed back to the fort and thrown into the magazine. Later he was tied with ropes and thrown into the river, according to the confession of John Whitney.

The story of Morgan's actual death was told by John Whitney, who Thurlow Weed maintained in his autobiography, confessed a part in the murder in 1831. This is Whitney's confession as reported by Weed:

"When our friends in Canada refused to take care of Morgan, the Lewiston people sent word to Rochester that he could not be kept much longer in the fort, and that we must come to Lewiston immediately."

Weed here states that in consequence of this information Whitney, who had been with Morgan from the time he was taken out of the jail at Canandaigua until he was placed in the United States fortress, was again sent to Lewiston. Weed's report of Whitney's confession continues:

"Simultaneously the installation of an encampment of Knights Templar drew together at Lewiston a large number of friends, of many of whom the question of what was to be done with Morgan was asked. But the matter was so perplexing that no one seemed willing to act or advise.

"In the evening, however, after we had been 'called from labor to refreshment,' Colonel William King asked me to step into another room where I found Mr. Howard, of Buffalo, Mr. Chubbuck, of Lewiston and Mr. Garside, of Youngstown. Colonel King said there was a carriage at the door ready to take us to the fort, into which we stepped and were driven hastily away.

"As we proceeded, Colonel King said he had received instruction from the highest authority to deal with Morgan according to his deserts, and that having confidence in their courage and fidelity he had chosen them as his assistants.

"On reaching the magazine they informed Morgan that the arrangements had been completed for his removal to the interior

of Canada, where he would be settled on a farm, and that his family would follow him in accordance with the assurance previously given him by Johns.

"With this assurance he walked with them from the fort to the ferry where a rowboat awaited them. The boat was then rowed in a diagonal direction to the place where the Niagara River is lost in Lake Ontario. Here, either shore being two miles distant, a rope was wound several times around Morgan's body, at either end of which a large weight was attached. Up to that time Morgan had conversed with them about his new home and the probability of being joined by his family; but when he saw the rope and the use to be made of it, he struggled desperately, and held firmly with one hand to the gunwale of the boat. Garside detached it, but as he did so Morgan caught Garside's thumb in his mouth and bit off the first joint.

"The boat was rowed back to the ferry house where the party landed, observed only by the old soldier Adams who had made the boat ready for them and who accompanied them to the carriage which stood in the road a few rods from the ferry. They reached the hotel in Lewiston about 2 o'clock in the morning."

Thurlow Weed alone is sponsor for the truth of this startling confession. It is a remarkable document aside from the self-crimination. For Weed at the time the confession is alleged to have been made, was the most rabid anti-Mason in the United States.

The Wife of Rudyard Kipling
Caroline Balestier

By Amy Hanmer-Croughton

Contributed for Publication, Volume VI, Publication Fund Series,
of The Rochester Historical Society, 1927.

CAROLINE Balestier Kipling, wife of Rudyard Kipling the noted English novelist, was born in the city of Rochester and lived here during her girlhood, the Balestier home being in the house now [1927] standing at the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Thorn Street.

In the same house there lived, following his retirement from public life, Mrs. Kipling's grandfather, E. Peshine Smith, lawyer, publicist and diplomat, who for five years was legal adviser to the Mikado of Japan.

The pictures of Mrs. Kipling, her parents, and her grandfather, show a striking facial resemblance between her and her grandfather, and it is said that she also resembles him in character. From her mother she inherited a shrewd sense of humor and quick wit. The picture of Mrs. Kipling was taken while she was living in Rochester, before her marriage to the novelist, who was just coming into the public eye. The picture of E. Peshine Smith was taken in Washington and shows him in the prime of life at the time of his appointment to his post at the Court of Japan.

E. Peshine Smith was born in New York City, March 2, 1814, and was brought to Rochester by his parents when a small child. He began the practice of law in this city about 1834, following his graduation from Columbia University and Harvard Law School. About this time he met Miss Anna Beatty of Hagarstown, Md., who was in Rochester, visiting her cousin, Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester, and after a brief courtship, married her. The couple lived for a time in Plymouth Avenue, near

Troup Street, and later in Livingston Park. Mr. Smith was for a time an editorial writer on The *Democrat and Chronicle* and later was editor of the Buffalo *Commercial* and the Washington *Intelligencer*. He occupied the chair of mathematics of the University of Rochester for three years, and was then appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York. In 1857 he became reporter for the Court of Appeals and in 1864 was appointed Commissioner of Immigration at Washington. During the Civil War he was close to the administration at Washington and his keen legal insight, as evidenced in his work in the Department of Claims, led to his being recommended for the post of legal adviser to the Mikado of Japan, in 1871, which post he held until 1876, when he returned to Rochester to make his home with his widowed daughter, Anna Smith Balestier. It is interesting to note that he introduced the word telegram into the English language (see Webster's Dictionary).

E. Peshine Smith was a charter member of the "Pundit Club," a group of notable Rochesterians, founded in 1854, and still flourishing. Dr. William Carey Morey, in his reminiscences of the Club, published in Volume II, Publication Fund Series of The Rochester Historical Society (1923), describes Mr. Smith, as follows:

"The only lawyer who met with that select company of pioneers at the house of Mr. Lewis Henry Morgan on that memorable July evening of 1854, was Mr. E. Peshine Smith, an unusually brilliant man, with a rich fund of wit and humor. He was especially distinguished for his originality, and for his non-conformity to the beaten track of conventionalism. His humor was quaint as well as refined. His epigrams were well flavored with Attic salt, and were worthy of repetition. His sparkling witticisms, like the contents of a wassail-bowl, were freely passed from lip to lip. But in spite of his abundant stores of humor, he was yet an earnest and successful student, especially in the fields of economics, political science and international diplomacy. In his early period as member of the Club, he wrote upon such subjects as The Currency Question, and the National Debt. When he was appointed to a position in the State Department at Washington, he made occasional visits to Rochester and read to the Club a paper on The National Claims for Reparation in the Alabama and Kindred Cases; and another contribution, being An Unpublished Letter of Mr. Seward to Lord Stanley on the Alabama Case. When he returned from his appointment as Assistant to the Foreign Office in Japan, he gave interesting accounts of his mission abroad, as well as descriptions of the

Top left: Henry Wolcott Balestier, father of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.
Top center: E. Peshine Smith, grandfather of Mrs. Kipling.
Top right: Anna Smith Balestier, mother of Mrs. Kipling.
Bottom left: Charles Wolcott Balestier, brother of Mrs. Kipling, and who collaborated with Rudyard Kipling.
Bottom right: Caroline Balestier, before she became Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.
(Photographs owned by Miss. Jane M. Chappell)

customs and institutions of the Japanese people. On account of his versatile mind, his rich fund of information and his frequent flashes of wit, he was a character long to be remembered by those who were associated with him."

Of Henry Wolcott Balestier, father of Mrs. Kipling, there is little tradition in Rochester. He came from a family prominent in New England, the family home being at Brattelboro, Vt., where Beatty Balestier, Mrs. Kipling's brother, still lives. The elder Balestier is listed in Rochester directories from 1867 to 1870 as a produce dealer, with a place of business on State Street. The few who remember him say that he was a dreamer and a student rather than a business man, and that he had a whimsical sense of humor which sometimes led him into eccentricities of action.

The Balestiers had four children, Charles Wolcott Balestier, Beatty Balestier, Josephine Balestier, who married Dr. Dunham of New York City, and Caroline Balestier who married Rudyard Kipling.

An interesting word picture of Mrs. Kipling as a young woman was published some years ago in a San Francisco newspaper by Henry Tinsley, who was a fellow student with Wolcott Balestier at Cornell.

Caroline Balestier was a slight girl of medium height in the early '80's, according to Mr. Tinsley. In repose her face assumed a stern and abstracted expression and she had the air of habitually living in a world apart from those around her. She was a hero-worshipper, her mind, at that time, being filled with a desire to visit far countries and live a life of activity which was far from being the "ladylike" ideal for the feminine sex in that day.

Miss Balestier was devoted to her brilliant, but eccentric brother, Wolcott Balestier, with whom she had much in common. It is said that both were fond of extremes in dress, wearing the largest and loudest checks when checks were in fashion and outraging convention in the matter of color and size of hats and ties. Miss Balestier spent several weeks in Ithaca while her brother was attending Cornell and it is said that she painted a number of water-color scenes of the university campus and that

a poem written by her, "The Chimes of Cornell," was published in the Cornell Review. A poem by her, entitled, "On One Who Reads His Story Well," dedicated to the English historian, Edward Freeman, appeared in the *Cornell Era.*

Wolcott Balestier, following his graduation from Cornell, conducted a column on the editorial page of the old Rochester *Evening Express.* A local newspaper man who remembers him in those days says that he showed much brilliancy, coupled with eccentricity, which betrayed itself in the adoption of extravagant styles of clothing and the mannerisms which were being introduced into England by Aubrey Beardsley and his followers.

In 1889 Wolcott Balestier was sent to Europe by a New York publishing house to secure manuscript from prominent authors. He had already attracted attention in the literary world by his "Benefits Forgot," and a volume of stories of mining life in the West. In England he met Rudyard Kipling whose "Plain Tales from the Hills" brought him into the limelight. The two became fast friends and planned a joint career in literature, collaborating upon "The Naulahka," a tale which introduces both the East Indian and the Colorado locale. In 1891, however, Wolcott Balestier's health began to fail and his mother and sister, Caroline, joined him and took him to Europe in the hope that the mountain air would benefit him. At Dresden, however, he was taken with typhoid fever. Kipling hurried from London to his friend's side and it is said it was during the hours spent in nursing the dearly-loved brother and friend that Caroline Balestier and Kipling became attached to one another. Wolcott, it is said, expressed a wish that the two, who he undoubtedly loved best in the world, should be married as soon as possible after his death. This occurred on December 6, 1891, and Balestier's body was laid to rest in the little American cemetery in Dresden. Six weeks later, January 18, 1892, his sister married Rudyard Kipling in London.

Following their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling returned to America and lived for a time at Brattleboro, Vermont. Beatty Balestier, another brother, acted for a time as literary agent for Mr. Kipling, but dissension arose which culminated in a fist-fight between the brothers-in-law. After this Kipling meta-

phorically shook the dust of Brattleboro from his feet and has since made his home in England.

Prophets are never greatly honored in their own country, and the few residents of the old 10th ward who still remember the Balestier ménage in Lexington Avenue, or, as it was then, Rowe Street, dwell less upon the brilliancy of the Balestier children than upon their eccentricities. There is no doubt that all had a share of the brilliancy inherited from their maternal grandfather. With this brilliancy went strong personalities, independence of thought and impatience with conventionalities —in fact, all the qualities best calculated to shock and surprise well-conducted mediocrity.

Those who know most about the life of the Kipling's in late years—and there is not a great deal known, for both Mr. and Mrs. Kipling are averse to publicity regarding their private life—say that Caroline Balestier has always been a great help to her husband as critic. The well-known incident of her rescue of the manuscript of "The Recessional" from the wastepaper basket where Kipling had thrown it as unworthy of publication, is probably typical of the sympathetic and wise co-operation which has existed between them.

Many ridiculous stories have been published concerning the manner in which Rudyard Kipling became acquainted with Caroline Balestier. Not long ago it was stated that Kipling came to Rochester as a young man and was given employment as a shoe salesman in a store conducted by Mr. Balestier and that he there came to know his future wife. As a matter of fact Kipling never was in Rochester before his marriage, his first meeting with Caroline Balestier taking place in London where she had gone to visit her brother.

MR. AND MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING

She was Caroline Balestier of Rochester, New York, sister of Charles Wolcott Balestier.
(Photographs owned by Miss. Jane M. Chappell)

Reminiscences of Early Rochester

By Josiah W. Bissell

Delivered before The Rochester Historical Society,
March 13, 1891, and April 10, 1891.

Editor's Note: Josiah W. Bissell, who was born in Rochester, May 12, 1818, and resided here until he was over forty years of age, was a most remarkable man, a versatile genius, always doing something unusual. His father, Josiah Bissell, Jr., also was one of our foremost citizens. Both father and son were leaders in the early community life of Rochester. An account of their lives is published elsewhere in this volume, under "Historiettes."

At a meeting of The Rochester Historical Society, held March 13, 1891, Josiah W. Bissell was present, and was called upon to give an informal talk on his "Recollections of Early Rochester." These remarks were recorded from notes taken by Mr. Charles H. Wiltsie, then Treasurer of The Rochester Historical Society. At a later meeting, April 10, 1891, another communication from Mr. Bissell was read by the Secretary, Mr. William F. Peck. The following Reminiscences are made up from the two sources noted above:

I WAS born in the village of Rochester, May 12, 1818, and continued to reside here until the year 1861. I remember many things, which occurred in Rochester during those early years of my life, having a rather accurate memory for details.

Our family resided on South Washington Street at the time the Erie Canal was being excavated. One morning, as we were at breakfast, some heavy blasting was being done in the canal bed, and a huge stone was thrown with such force that it crashed through the side of our frame house, and landed in the middle of the breakfast table, completely demolishing it. At that time, Buffalo Street, now known as West Main Street, was absolutely impassable during wet weather on account of the mud. Graves' tannery at that time stood east of Reynolds Arcade, as has been described by Mrs. Blanchard in her recollections of early Rochester.

Before the Erie Canal was opened my father, Josiah Bissell, engaged in general merchandising. About the only thing that

people in Rochester then had to sell was potash, which was made from the lye obtained from wood ashes. This potash was hauled to Hanford's Landing, just below the Lower Falls, as that was the head of navigation. The potash was taken from there to Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence River, where it was exchanged for European goods, which were brought back to the Genesee River Country. My father built the first skids or slides, which were used at Hanford's Landing for sliding potash and other articles from the high bank above to the water's edge.

Hanford's Landing and the heights above were then (about 1823 or 1824) mapped and laid out for many hundreds of lots, the same as western towns are now mapping and planning for cities of 100,000 people, even before they get their first ten citizens. This is a curious illustration of the fact that planning and booming of towns is no modern craze as people often think.

I remember well the ford across the river near the present Court Street bridge. Goods which were received from Ogdensburg, and other eastern points at Hanford's Landing were transferred around the Falls to a point near Court Street, where they were reloaded in Durham boats, in which they could be transported about fifty miles up the river. These boats were broad, flat scows with square ends. I was taken on a visit to Montreal, at the age of four years during which I can remember seeing many of these flat-bottomed boats loaded with goods.

My father and mother came to Rochester on their wedding journey. They came from Canandaigua to Oliver Culver's, at the present eastern boundary of the city in a carriage. The road from there to the river was so very muddy and bad that they abandoned their carriage and walked in. Mr. Culver then kept a warehouse on Irondequoit Bay, to which there was a direct road from his house; and from which, there was also a direct road to Hanford's Landing. This warehouse of Culver's on Irondequoit Bay was the rival of Hanford's Landing as a shipping and receiving point. After the canal was opened, neither place possessed the importance they had before.

There was an old school-master in the village named Flint, who was a great terror to all pupils; his favorite attitude was to thrust his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest and thus to strut about in a most domineering and tyrannical manner.

The first, or original aqueduct, was built by convict or prison

labor. As a boy I went often to see these convicts at the places where they were shut up nights.

The Third Presbyterian Church was organized because of a dispute or difference on the part of some persons of another church organization. As a result, the dissenters decided to build a new church. On Monday morning the church was still growing in the green trees; but on the following Saturday night, within the space of a week, the forest trees had been converted into a house of worship, and services were held in it on that Sunday. My father, Josiah Bissell, had charge of the construction. The dissention was the outcome of a certain sermon, and of a row which ensued on the following Monday in discussing it. The church was built on the east side of North Clinton Street, and in the woods.

The original wooden bridge of a single arch at Carthage stood a year and three months. When the bridge fell down, it really fell up, for the reason that it was built with too much timber on the sides so that the lateral pressure toward the center of the arch was so great, that it crowded the center part of the arch up so that the bridge collapsed. This was in May 1820.

I remember the visit which General Lafayette made to Rochester in the year 1825; Lafayette was about 70 years of age, of medium height, and dressed in a black suit and a white vest; he wore a black mustache.

I remember as a curious fact about the Indians who were numerous here in my boyhood days, that they preferred squash to melons, to eat raw.

Ward Smith and I named East Avenue by fastening a number of signs painted with that name upon every street corner of the avenue. East Main Street had already been named, and we were so much in favor of having an East Avenue that we took this high-handed and positive way of stamping our favorite name upon the street.

Mr. George Arnold who is now eighty-eight years of age, and resides in this city had told me that day, that he had painted the name "Young Lion of the West" on the first canal boat that ever passed west through Rochester.

Abelard Reynolds, who was the first saddler in Rochester came here from Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He was at the time

travelling on horse-back and looking for a desirable place in which to locate. He stopped at the log tavern, in which the office was held where city lots were for sale. The people in charge endeavored to sell him two lots, but he wanted to see Batavia first. He went as far as Ohio before he returned. He wanted the lot on which Powers Block now stands, but that had been sold; then he wanted the corner lot on which the Elwood Building now stands, but that also had been sold. He purchased the two lots next east where Reynold's Arcade now stands. He did not purchase these lots until he had returned to Pittsfield, when he wrote to a friend to purchase the two best lots that he could on the north side of the main East and West street.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how the center of the city appeared in 1824. I fix this year, because at that time my father built and moved into the house on Fitzhugh Street above Troup, afterwards so long occupied by John T. Talman.

My father had built four three-story brick stores extending from Exchange Alley to the stone building of Roswell Hart on the corner of Buffalo Street. The building east on Buffalo Street next the Hart Block was a small tavern, occupying a part of the Arcade lot, kept by a man named Millard. Then A. Reynolds had his frame saddlery shop in which the post-office was kept, then there was a vacant space, then a small hat store and factory. I say "factory" because in those days there were no plush covered hats but all were "felted," and each man made and sold his own. I have often stopped in there to see the men shaping them upon the blocks. I am quite sure that Darius Perrin worked there as an apprentice.

Then William Pitkin had his frame drug store—then Leavitt & Hill had a stone store for the sale of general merchandise. East of there were two small buildings, but they were not of much account, for in high water the river covered the sidewalk nearly up to Leavitt & Hill's. There was a sort of causeway leading up to the west end of the bridge, not the whole width of the street, and there was a short flight of steps for the sidewalk. In high water pedestrians took the street embankment.

Front Street was a sandy beach often covered with water. On the west side where the ground was a little higher Robert Wilson had a small yellow house and large garden. Below that

was a grass-covered common extending about down to Andrews Street. Back of Wilson's, Jonah Graves had a tan yard. One of the earliest things I recollect was the burning of that tannery. There was no fire engine, and the water was taken from a plank reservoir on the south side of Buffalo Street, about opposite Leavitt & Hill's, and passed in buckets by a line of men, formed through Reynold's vacant lot to the man nearest the fire, who did the best execution with the water that he could. In those days every householder was obliged to keep a certain number of leather buckets proportioned to the size of his building, marked with his name, and to see that they were properly carried to the fire upon the first alarm. This was the work of the small boy. After delivering their buckets the boys took their places in the return line and passed back the empty buckets, which the line of men had conveyed from hand to hand to the fire. The man at the end of the line nearest the fire and who threw the water was a hero in the eyes of the boys, and their envy and admiration. One young man by the name of Rathbun, who wore a green coat with bright brass buttons, was my special admiration at that fire. He stood so close to the blaze and threw the water so gracefully! I stood near him some time afterward, when he was killed by the falling of a chimney in the burning of Peck's paper mill on the west side of Water Street about where Hall's machine shop was afterwards built.

The first fire engine at Rochester had no hose, but it was run as close to the fire as was deemed prudent, the box of the machine was filled from buckets brought full in the old fashioned line—the brakes were manned and the water thrown through the pipe from the "goose neck" until the box was empty, then it was refilled and process repeated. Rathbun was holding the pipe on the top of the engine when the falling chimney struck him.

The records of Monroe County do not disclose the fact that my sister and I, at an early date, owned all the buildings in the village proper. At that time, all those of any size were constructed from the outside by means of scaffolding, and between my sister and myself, the one who saw the first scaffold pole, or "stick up," became the owner of the building, by a sort of preemption, and we together made frequent visits of inspection to see how each was progressing.

In the case of some of the larger structures, I had peculiar

reminders. For instance, when the first Court Street Bridge was built, I walked across upon one of the string-pieces before the floor-planks were laid. Result—a good whipping at night, as soon as I reached home. When the timbers for the roof of the old Beach or Kempshall Mill were raised, I walked the whole length upon the ridge pole—another sound whipping, and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Before the days of railroads, Rochester was not only a small place, but it was in an out-of-the-way location. The great turnpike from Albany to Buffalo was the main artery through the state. This passed through Canandaigua and Batavia, crossing the Genesee River at Avon. The fast mail was carried by what was called the "telegraph line," the coach having only two seats and carrying but six passengers, and was advertised in large handbills "through from Buffalo to Albany in three days." Such prancing horses and clouds of dust as the picture displayed, while the drivers, whip and lash,were quite the envy and admiration of all the small boys.

The mail bag (one bag) of through matters was made up at Buffalo and not opened until it reached Geneva, which was called a "distributing office." Here it was all overhauled, the packages brought by the slow line from other points added, and those for the places on the main line between Geneva and Utica taken out, to go by the slow line, and then the solitary bag was locked, not to be opened again until it reached Utica, where the process was repeated.

I knew particularly about this, because I lived in Geneva in 1833, and have often heard the passengers in the telegraph coach swearing at the slow Deputy Postmaster for keeping them waiting by the hour. This deputy, Mr. Grosvenor, was a peculiarly slow man and was the only person employed in the office, and he seemed to quite enjoy looking out of the window, and in his stammering way beseech the passengers to "t-t-take it ea-ea-easy and not f-f-fret." If this was during the daytime, there would always be the inevitable small boy around to chime in—I confess to have often added my exhortations. One passenger was so mad at me once, that he jumped out of the coach and gave me a good chase down the hill—but who ever caught a mischievous boy! This man did not.

Passengers from Rochester could never get a seat in the

telegraph, but connected with the other coaches, called I think, the "Pilot Line."

My father was once in a hurry to reach Albany and drove his own horse all the way from Rochester to that place, beating the stage which left Rochester one hour ahead of him.

Passengers sitting side by side, thus day after day, became pretty well acquainted, and all sorts of means were devised to pass away the time. One of the favorite schemes was to invent some joke to play upon "Old Spraker," who kept one of the "stage houses," as the taverns where the coaches stopped for meals were called. I was once a party to one of these jokes. One very cold evening, after we had eaten a good and hearty supper at Old Spraker's house, and praised the food to the skies, we tried to beg a couple of bundles of straw to put in the bottom of the coach. No, not a straw would he give. We offered him a shilling (dimes were not used in those days) for the two. No, he would sell us ten for a quarter, and that was the only trade he would make. We finally took them, used two in the coach, and kindled a fire and burned the other eight in front of his door, dancing a war dance around the fire. It was a treat (!) to hear the old man swear his Dutch oaths. He had evidently expected that we would make him a present of the eight unused ones.

After the railroad was finished from Albany to Auburn, Asa Sprague put on a fast line (?) of stages to make connection with the train leaving Auburn at 4 A.M., which was for a time, the only train on the road that reached the boat for New York leaving Albany at 6 P.M. To do this, we left Rochester at midnight; sixteen hours Rochester to Auburn, and 14 hours more to Albany.

One time a party of us, E. F. Smith, James Brackett and his bride, two other gentlemen and I, made the trip. As the roads were bad, we took a lumber wagon with four horses, instead of the heavy coach. We gave the first driver a dollar for extra speed, and made the same donation to each of the others, as they took their turns. As soon as we reached the end of the McAdamized streets, all the gentlemen got out and walked. We reached Palmyra an hour ahead of the stage, and had breakfast all ready for Mrs. Brackett. This was "waiting for the wagon"—by paying each driver a dollar and walking much of the way, we reached the station at Auburn just in time.

Old East Avenue Days

By George H. Humphrey

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, December 11, 1891.

Where are now 76 and 78 East Avenue, one a pleasant dwelling and the other the luxurious quarters of the Rochester Club, stood fifty years ago, No. 155 Main Street. It had been at an early day the farmhouse of Enos Stone, and was said to be the first mansion built in Rochester on the east side of the river. My father had bought it in 1832, and first occupied it in the spring of that year. In 1841 he had by various purchases, at a cost of $3,600, increased his demesne to about one acre of land, 200 feet front on the north side of Main Street and the same in depth. It was bounded east by Cherry, now Swan Street, and west by Gibbs Street. The east fifty feet, on a line with the street end, was a neat, well-kept garden. West of this and two or three feet higher was a lawn. The rest of the lot was about five feet higher than the street, and separated from it, and sustained by a stone wall. The house was of wood, the main part two stories high, with a low wing at the west, the whole shaded by the protecting branches of a maple tree, which seemed to me then of colossal proportions. It might seem very different, could I see it now. The house, like most others of its time, was painted white, with green blinds. Painting was in its infancy, and the delightful harmony of colors, which now everywhere refreshes the sight, was then unknown. Red brick and white wood, with blinds always green, afforded the only variety. The lot was rich in a profusion of fruit trees. I remember four whose boughs hung heavy every autumn with fall pippins, while prune and egg plums, cherries of various kinds, pears and peaches were abundant. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the fruit crop in those days almost never failed. The yield of one year was a fair criterion of that of the next. The luscious black and white hearts were just so full every year, and never failed to add their quota to the luxuries of July 4th. The favor-

ite apple of that day was what we called the spitzenberg. It was in color a rich red, juicy, and of very fine flavor. I know that we used to store two barrels of that kind to one of any other. I understand that the variety is not now cultivated, but has been superseded by the Baldwin, which seems to me far inferior. Greenings, Seeknofurthers, Gillyflowers, Northern Spies and Russets were other favorites which added to the comfort of the long winter evenings. Subsequent cultivation seems not to have improved them, while the crop has grown less certain and more subject to failure than in that day. The same, I think is true of small fruits, such as raspberries, strawberries and currants. They were quite as fine as now; and it may be owing to the glamour which youth threw around them, but they seem to me to have been larger, and fairer, and sweeter than those of our own day.

As I remember the sanitary arrangements of the neighborhood, I am surprised at the physical vigor and health of its residents. Every house had its cesspool which seemed to collect and retain, rather than remove, the refuse matter committed to it. The wells yielded water heavy with lime and were subject to various pollutions, while the imperfect sewerage would not now be endured. It was said that the sewer fronting Chestnut Street had really no outlet. All these things waged war against the public health. But the men who came to face the wilderness were endowed with strength and courage, fitting them to brave all its dangers. The Erie Canal, too, a little south of us was also a source of disease. Its waters were stagnant during the hot months of summer. Instead of having a current as now of about three miles an hour, it had no movement whatever, and was fruitful of malaria in its different manifestations. Small-pox and cholera coming at intervals in frightful force, were the result of this utter disregard, or ignorance, of the laws of sanitation. I doubt if either of these diseases, so vast is the improvement in sewerage, could gain a foothold in Rochester today. Diseases of the lungs were far more prevalent than now; whether this was owing to imperfect drainage, whereby houses became damp, or to crude heating materials, a stove here and there through the house, some rooms cold and some warm, whereas now the heat is distributed evenly throughout, I cannot say.

Perhaps also it was due in part to the existence of the forest surrounding the city on every side—increasing the precipitation of rain in summer and of snow in winter. All these causes doubtless had their weight in the general result. The winters, as it seems to me, came earlier, while they were colder than now, and with more snow. I remember several times during the cold season when from one day to three we were snowbound and the snow lay on the ground three or four feet in depth. On East Avenue, where are now palatial residences, the ground was marshy in some few places, and the water covering the earth to the depth of six to twelve inches, gave us good skating in winter. I remember particularly such a place, half marsh, half pond in the rear of Andrew Miller's house, on the southeast corner of Main and Union Streets. Perhaps it was these very dangers to which the pioneers were exposed that bound them together far more closely than we are now by their mutual needs, their common cares, and interests. As a rule every man on the avenue knew the history, the dwelling-place, and antecedents of every other. I think too that relief for the needy was more ready, and more generous than now, even if less systematized.

The change in public sentiment in Rochester during the last half century is very marked. Fifty years ago it was peculiarly a Puritan city and East Avenue was pervaded with that spirit. Its leading residents were nearly all zealous Presbyterians. The first thing, it has been often remarked, that the pioneers did on their entrance to a new country, was to build for their children a church, and then a schoolhouse. It was deemed in that day honorable for a man to be in his place in church at every service. Saturday evening was under the shadow of the Sunday, and regarded as sacred time. The novel was put aside; and the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress or some similar religious volume was taken up. The number of such books was small, and the road of Christian observance was still narrow and thorny. The religious novel which now reconciles self-indulgence and conscience was then unknown. The Sunday walk for recreation was not quite respectable, and the good clergyman who had more influence then than now, insisted that the day was designed for the manservant and the maidservant as well as for

the master, and that the horses should not be harnessed on that day. The community on the avenue not only believed this but, as a rule, lived up to it. How great the change when an eminent orator can address a crowded house, composed of the élite of Rochester, at the Lyceum Theatre on a Sunday evening, as to the merits of Shakespeare, without even a ripple of protest. Fifty years ago it would have been simply impossible. No one would dare to propose it, any more than he would urge a theatrical representation during church hours. An esteemed clergyman of Rochester once suggested the idea that a man would do no ill who would confine his Sunday reading to the Bible and Shakespeare. Rochester's good people were greatly shocked at such teaching. Today, the theology would be deemed sound everywhere.

On Sunday, but a minimum of cooking was indulged in. Our breakfast was cold; at noon we had bread and butter—such a lunch as Emerson would have enjoyed—and at late dinner, meat and a good, hearty meal, which we approached with ravenous appetites. The enjoyment of the dinner repaid the self-denial of the prior hours. Evening service at that time was rare. The second meeting was almost uniformly at 2:30 and the frugal noontide meal was a help in digesting the second long sermon, which came at that time.

The evolution of the last fifty years is shown nowhere more than in the education of boys. At that time the school boy had no rights which the teacher was bound to respect. Treatment most cruel, too sickening to be described here, was common, and the worst of it was that parents felt bound to submit to it. Many of our citizens lament injuries which have impaired their usefulness for life, received at school under the barbarous tyranny of teachers, whose names are well known. Outrages were committed at the old Collegiate Institute, which today would subject a teacher to imprisonment for life, and render him an outlaw. Then he seemed to be just as much respected after a blow on a pupil's head, inflicting a life-long injury, as he was before. It was a relic of barbarism, which the last few years have done away with forever. Some one has said that he would give little for that man's Christianity whose cat and dog were not the better for it. The treatment of dumb brutes, especially of that noblest animal, the horse, has wonderfully

improved since then. I can remember scenes of cruelty in the public streets, in the heart of the city, which in that day attracted no attention, but would now exhaust the resources of the Humane Society in successful efforts for the punishment of the offender. It is something to remember with devout thankfulness that the progress of real Christianity which says to the meanest insect, "Go thy way; there is room in the world for me and thee," has so bettered the condition of the helpless everywhere. Kindness has now become the rule, while it was then the exception. The horse, too, has responded to it, and the vicious freaks of abused beasts, then so common, have become almost unknown. I venture to say that more persons were injured by vicious horses at that time than now in Rochester, although its streets were then so much more quiet and its population so much smaller.

The expense of living at that time was comparatively small. Two dollars a week for rent would command a very fair house.

To your gardener you paid six shillings a day, and a day then meant ten hours of faithful work beginning at 7 a.m. and ending at 6 p.m. Eggs averaged a shilling a dozen, and a pound of butter commanded about the same price. One of the magnates of Rochester, and who was for one term its mayor, once asked me how much I thought it cost him to keep house the first year after his marriage. He said he lived comfortably and kept an exact account of every penny of his expenditures. At the end of the year he found that his entire expenses had been a trifle less than $300.

The use of tobacco was at that time almost universal. The man who did not chew it was an exception to the rule. The clergy, the judiciary, the doctors and lawyers, all indulged in it. The prominent ministers of Rochester, including one now a bishop, used occasionally to struggle against it, but like other men of sedentary habits, always yielded to its mastery. One day they would boast that they had given up the habit and exhort their young parishoners to do the same, but a few days after the distended cheek and the yellow lips would show that they were again conquered. The tobacco of that day was plain and strong, but it was unadulterated, and so less injurious than much that is called tobacco today. A good cheroot cost

three cents, and the man who paid more than sixpence for a cigar would have been considered a bloated bondholder. The very best men to whom the community looked up with reverent esteem were tobacco chewers, and gave to its use the sanction of their powerful example. I could name many of this class who would be recognized as leaders in all that was pure and lovely and of good report.

It was about this time that the crusade against strong drink commenced. Its use theretofore had been almost universal. It was considered a good creature of the Lord; and the community was divided into two classes, the temperance men who used it in moderation and the intemperate who indulged to excess. Drunken men in the street were common. I well remember my terror in meeting them and my horror, when one morning we found one of them asleep on my father's porch. About this time John B. Gough commenced his campaign in favor of total abstinence. Those who heard him in that early day in the old First Methodist Church, when his power was greater and his polish less than afterwards, will remember with what absolute sway he held the crowd who rushed to hear him. He was a consummate actor and mimic. Such a combination of pathos and humor I think was never seen here. The tears and sobs of his audience alternated with their shouts of laughter, and a great reform began, the greatness of whose work will be appreciated by those who can compare the city of 1840 with the Rochester of today. I well remember Gough in that early day and as he afterwards appeared on the Athenaeum platform. He had become a polished platform orator, dignified in thought, appearance and delivery, but we missed the magic of his acting and the life-like way in which in the earlier days he pictured the drunkard, his manhood, his resolves, his struggles, his sorrows and his triumphs. Rochester, more especially in her wives and children, owes to Gough a great debt of gratitude for the benefits introduced by the doctrine of total abstinence, of which he was almost the first vigorous apostle.

Whist then as now had its votaries in Rochester, although there was no place especially set apart for the exercise of this king of games. But Amon Bronson, Elias Pond, Samuel G. Andrews, Isaac Moore, and others of that ilk, used to meet at each other's residences, or oftener, at Mr. Pond's office, and

enjoy a quiet rubber. The scientific study of the game had made little progress in Rochester, and Pole and Cavendish were not yet known there. But it yielded the same comfort as now, although signaling for trumps and the modern refinements of the pastime, as yet were not. The first men above named played a good, strong, domestic game, made few misplays, and understood the rules and rigor of the game. Amon Bronson was perhaps the only one who never made a misplay. Whist players today refer to him with reverence, and quote his maxims. His name is oftener heard in the Rochester Whist Club than that of Cavendish, and you will hear there sententious whist proverbs uttered, followed by the words as "Bronson used to say" almost every evening. I remember Bronson as a student of physical science, a keen, deep, exact thinker, a man who loved to solve, and study and discuss great problems. It was a great treat to listen to him when he came, as he often did, for a chat to my father's office.

It would be a pleasure did time permit to speak (I had intended to give sketches of some) of those whom East Avenue then knew but now knows no more forever—of Rev. Dr. Albert G. Hall, with his strong brain and warm heart, doing the Master's work with all fidelity, beloved and esteemed by every one, and carrying with him a blessing to the families of his flock, whose influence for good remains, and will remain; of Ashbel W. Riley, William C. Bloss and Josiah Bissell, who were always on the right side of every political movement, putting their shoulders to the wheel of progress, eager workers for all that was worthiest and best; of Dellon M. Dewey, tireless, vigilant and industrious, a leader in every lofty enterprise; of Blythe and Benjamin, of the Moores, Samuel and Henry, of Charles S. Pardee and James Breck; of Levi Ward the courtly, with his delicate ruffles, and the only queue then worn in Rochester.

Nor would we willingly forget Selah Matthews, the learned lawyer and wise counselor, dignified in person but more dignified in character. We should recall with pleasure Silas O. Smith, the polished gentleman, with the air that belongs to courts, yet always seeking the happiness of those about him, who gave to East Avenue that which is its chiefest ornament, a church which

has grown from year to year, more and more radiant with blessings to the whole community.

Those whom I used to know and honor on this famous street, I cannot find there now. Many—a large majority have crossed the river to the silent shores whence none return, while others, a few, have sought new homes in what was then the far, now the near, West. It would be a task only attended with pain to attempt to trace them. I can remember only one householder still occupying the same mansion in which he dwelt half a century ago. Nehemiah Osburn must be now the oldest resident on East Avenue. By reason of strength he has passed the age of fourscore years, but still the evening of his life is enriched with all "that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

I ought not to close this paper without referring to one whose funeral some of us attended only last week. Josiah W. Bissell was one of East Avenue's most generous benefactors. To him it owes even its name which he gave to it in 1844. After exhausting all his resources without effect to induce the city government to change the name from Main Street, he himself christened it East Avenue by placing signs with that title on the corner of every street from the Liberty Pole to the city limits. The name was new, dignified and appropriate, and gained popular favor at once. Mr. Bissell built several of the elegant mansions on the avenue, planted upon it long lines of shade trees and in many ways added to its value and beauty. His best monument, however, is the beneficent Home for the Friendless, to which he gave its very valuable site, as well as his care and interest through life, and which I doubt not will honor itself by doing something to perpetuate his memory. A superb notice of his life and work appeared in the *Post-Express* of December 4th, which it would be well to preserve among the archives of this society.*

Could we get a glimpse of old East Avenue, how still and quiet it would seem, how low and dingy the buildings, how gloomy the street at night, how few the footmen pacing its

*Editor's Note: The *Post-Express* editorial as to Josiah W. Bissell, referred to by Mr. Humphrey, is reprinted herein under "Historiettes."

walks. Now it is filled with an ever-shifting train and close to it on either side sweep swiftly the great cars without any apparent motor, freighted with myriad lives. Every man seems absorbed in his own business and caring not who or where is his neighbor. We think as we gaze on it of the familiar lines of Bryant:

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is who heeds and holds them all
In his large love and boundless thought.

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

Early Rochester Records

By James M. Angle

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THE provisions of the act of 1817 which incorporated the village of Rochesterville (L. 1817, Ch. 96), while giving to the Trustees certain powers in the government of the village, placed the authority to determine the amount of money to be raised by tax, and the purposes for which that fund was to be expended in the vote of the freeholders and inhabitants of the village who were qualified to vote for members of the legislature. It also required the Clerk of the Board of Trustees to keep a record of the proceedings of the Board of Trustees and of the meetings of the voters. Under this provision two records were made which are necessary to be coordinated in order to obtain a complete chronicle of the legislative affairs of the village. The records of the proceedings of the Village Trustees are in the custody of the City Clerk of Rochester, and the record of the meetings of the freeholders and inhabitants are in the archives of The Rochester Historical Society.

These records no longer are of importance in municipal affairs, but their historical value has materially increased with the passage of time. The contents of the two records mentioned are in close reciprocal relation to each other, and to facilitate the practical use of either of them they should be kept together. The library of The Historical Society, with its extensive collection of local historical material is, beyond doubt, the logical location for the two volumes of Records of the Proceedings of the Trustees of the Village of Rochester. In this place those records would be coordinated with an abundance of material of a like nature, and supplemented by many volumes of intimate importance, readily accessible through careful card indexing and convenient shelving. The collection of The Historical Society is located at the Municipal Museum in connection with the office of the City Historian.

A meeting of the voters of the village was held at the school-

house in the village on June 10, 1817. At this meeting it was voted that the Trustees raise by tax the sum of $350 for the following purposes: to defray the incidental and current expense of the corporation for advertising, printing, books and paper; to procure fire-hooks and ladders and to take such other precautionary measures to guard against the ravages of fire in the village as shall be expedient, regard being had to the situation of the village and the circumstances of the inhabitants at this time; to cut a ditch from the swamp or slough westward of the dwelling house of Abelard Reynolds, so high up as may be necessary completely to drain the swamp or slough and continuing down said swamp, passing the dwelling house of Willis Kempshall, and thence to the meadow of Thomas Mumford near the river. And further, to cut another ditch from the low grounds in the rear of the dwelling house of David K. Carter so as to drain the waters, which now settle there and stagnate, to the river, and further do such other things as the health and safety of the village may require.

The swamp westward of the dwelling-house of Abelard Reynolds was what was known as the "Deer Lick," and was located on what is now Main Street West in the vicinity of Washington Street. The course of the ditch was northeasterly to the river in the neighborhood of the present Andrews Street Bridge. The low grounds in the rear of the dwelling-house of David K. Carter were in the vicinity of the present Corinthian Street, between Mill and Front Streets.

It was also voted at this meeting, that in case the sum of $35 could be obtained from the town of Gates, that $35 out of the tax should be appropriated by the Trustees for the purpose of erecting a pound in the village. This meeting and the one in May for the election of Trustees were the only voters' meetings held in 1817. A meeting of the freeholders and voters was held on May 4, 1818, at which Village Trustees and officers for the year were elected, and it was voted that the Trustees for the past year "may receive as a compensation for their services, out of the monies in the treasury, the sum of $50."

On May 13th another meeting was held at which $1,000 was voted to be raised, one-half to be collected forthwith and the residue by October 15th. It was also voted that the Trustees of the Village should procure a good fire engine as soon as may

be, and that they should collect the whole or any part of the last $500 as the interests of the village and the necessities of the corporation required. This was the last meeting at which Hastings R. Bender acted as Clerk.

There was no election of Village Trustees for the year 1819, the record made by Moses Chapin, the Clerk, stating that Francis Brown and Ira West were the only Trustees present at the meeting on May 3d, of that year, and that "a motion was made by Doctor Matthew Brown 'that the meeting be dissolved inasmuch as a majority of the Trustees were not present to preside as the act required.' After a long discussion the Trustees present withdrew without proceeding to business, the meeting was dissolved and no election of officers was held."

The only other record of a meeting in 1819, is that of December 28th, at which the sum of $80 was voted to be raised "to defray the expenses of the Night Watch, which was established on the 10th instant, and to be continued so long as said money raised will admit." At this meeting it was also voted "that the Trustees raise the sum of $150 to defray the expenses for constructing an aqueduct from the flume of the grist mill occupied by Bissell and Ely to the central junction of Buffalo and Carroll (State and Main) Streets, and to be continued north along Carroll Street so far as the money raised will admit." The Bissell and Ely mill was located on the east side of the present Aqueduct Street, a little distance to the south of the east end of Basin Street. The "aqueduct" it appears, from the context of subsequent records, was the conventional name given to a pipe line or conduit.

The records of the proceedings of the freeholders' meetings for 1820, show an election of Trustees and other village officers on May 1st, and that the Trustees present at the meeting (Ira West and Everard Peck) having relinquished all compensation for service, it was voted, "that the thanks of the village be presented to said Trustees for their present liberality." Another meeting of the freeholders and voters of the village was held November 29, 1820, at the south schoolhouse. This schoolhouse was probably the one built on the west side of Fitzhugh Street, on the site of the present Education Building. At this meeting it was voted "that the Trustees purchase ground for a new burying ground in the village and prepare it as a place of

interment of the dead, and that the Trustees sell the lots now used for a burying ground and apply the avails thereof in payment for the new burying-ground."

It was also voted that the Night Watch be continued until May 1, 1821, and $100 was voted to be raised by a tax, and that so much of that amount as shall be necessary be appropriated to pay for the Night Watch. A tax of $125 was directed to be raised to purchase and repair fire utensils, as buckets, hooks and ladders, and to build a shelter for the ladders. A motion to repair and finish the aqueduct was lost. The trustees were directed to ascertain the expense of digging public wells on Buffalo and Carroll Streets, and report at the next meeting, and that they ascertain as soon as may be on what terms a fountainhead can be obtained for the aqueduct.

The burying-ground which the Trustees were directed to dispose of was the first cemetery in the village, and was located at the present southeast corner of Plymouth Avenue and Spring Street. The ground selected for the new burying-place was the easterly portion of the site of the present General Hospital.

The next meeting of the voters was at the south schoolhouse, on December 6, 1820, when it was voted "that the sum of $20 be raised by tax to discharge the contracts already made for laying an aqueduct in the village, over and above the sum appropriated heretofore for that purpose." The sum of $100 was voted for the contingent expenses of the village for the current year. It was also voted "that the Trustees obtain information from the preceding Trustees relative to the $21 contracted by them in their official capacity to be paid for constructing the aqueduct, and exceeding the $150 appropriated for that purpose." This information was obtained and reported to the freeholders and voters at their meeting on May 7, 1821. This report stated that when the aqueduct was partly finished it was found, "that a little additional expenditure, as for tarring the ends of the logs, covering the logs with tan bark, &c., &c., would, in their opinion, be very serviceable and judicious. They therefore ventured to make these expenditures as for the best good of the work." This report was accepted. As the amount voted to meet the deficiency was $20, and the shortage was $21, it is possible that the freeholders and voters did not consider the "&c., &c." stated in the report, as worth the extra dollar.

The meeting also authorized the Trustees to receive from the village funds, as a compensation for their services the preceding year, the sum of $10. It was also voted "almost unanimously" that the Trustees be requested to open and keep open the drain from a slough-hole back of the dwelling-house of John G. Christopher, and that the village defray the expenses of all law suits which may consequently arise and charge the Trustees. The slough-hole mentioned was in the rear of the premises in the close vicinity of the junction of Market Street with State Street.

In January, 1818, E. Peck & Company announced their intention of establishing a weekly paper in the village. Their prospectus stated:

"Such at this day is the state of the political world, and so numerous are publications of this kind that so far as our pecuniary interests are concerned, the present is an unfavorable time for the establishment of a newspaper. But in every other respect the present is favorable to our purpose. With mere party politics, rational and considerate men have become disgusted. It shall be our fixed aim to conciliate and harmonize. We profess ourselves the friends of good order, and shall spare no exertions to promote the welfare and happiness of the community."

In accordance with this prospectus the *Rochester Telegraph* issued its first number on July 7, 1818. The paper stated that it was "printed and published by E. Peck & Company, on Tuesday mornings (over their bookstore) in Carroll Street, Rochester, Genesee County."

The *Telegraph* while more generous in the publication of local items than its competitor, the *Gazette*, did not devote much of its space to village occurrences. The community which it served was a small one, and news of the locality was quickly passed about the village and the readers of the paper would not have a large degree of interest in items the particulars of which were known to them in detail before the paper containing them was issued.

Two notices of local happenings appeared in the initial number of the *Telegraph*. One of these was the announcement,

"On Wednesday last, Messrs. Francis Brown & Co. laid the corner-stone for a new flouring mill, on the site where their mills were unfortunately destroyed by fire last spring. The dimensions, we learn, are to be sixty feet in length, forty-nine

feet in width, three and a half stories high, with four runs of stones. The new mill is to be built of stone."

The date of the burning of the first mill was May 2, 1818, and the new mill was in operation January 19, 1819. It was known as the Phoenix Mill.

The other notice was under the heading, "Melancholy Occurrence," and read

"On Thursday, the 25th ultimo, a man by the name of Joseph Ogden Ackley was killed at Carthage by the falling of a stick of timber, while employed with others in raising the bridge over the Genesee river. He was a man of good moral character, and his death may be considered a public loss. He recently came from Haddam, Conn., and has left an afflicted family."

Ackley's death was regarded by many as an ominous menace to the success of the bridge, and when it fell the occurrence was looked upon as a fulfillment of the omen.

The advertisements in the first issue of the *Telegraph* show that what is now Main Street West of the river was named and spelled "Buffaloe Street." Hanford's Landing, on the river was the lake port of the village in 1818. The steamboat Ontario called there every Monday en route to Lewiston, and on Wednesdays on the way to Ogdensburg. Rents were moderate in that year. The house opposite Abelard Reynolds' dwelling, on the corner of Buffalo and Hart Streets (Main Street West and Plymouth Avenue) was offered for rent at the rate of $1 a week.

A flood of crime appears to have swept over the village in the summer of 1818, and an article in the *Telegraph* of July 28th, stated,

"This village is infested with thieves. Scarcely a night passes without some act of depredation. Somebody's cow is milked, another has clothes stolen, another's garden is robbed, a fourth loses his fowls and chickens. Sometimes a whole week's washing is taken away. A man puts down his axe or shovel, and goes away, and returning to use it, finds it no more."

A contempt of the village regulations, and a defiance of law and order are shown in the complaint of the writer of a communication, over the signature of "a Citizen," published in the *Telegraph* of August 4, 1818:

"It is a subject of regret, that a number of young men, and even some adults and men of families and children, are permitted on the Sabbath day to wander and stroll about the streets and river, and many times in the woods. Their object, no one can tell, except it is to bid defiance to the laws and good order. It is also to be regretted that a number of young men and boys are permitted at all times (the Sabbath as well as other days) immediately under the view of several families and the traveler, and in defiance of all shame and good manners, to strip themselves naked and amuse themselves in bathing, without any regard to modesty, or the feelings of the civil. If these hints do not remedy these practices, the law must."

That the future of the village was not to be hopeless is shown by a notice in the *Gazette* of August 15, 1820:

"We have seldom witnessed a more interesting exhibition than took place last Sunday by the assemblage at the church of the children of the different Sunday-schools in this village for the purpose of the rewards due to merit. There are four Sunday schools in the village, having about 200 scholars."

The date of the advent of soda-water in the village may be established as May 10, 1819, if the advertisement of Doctor Frederick F. Backus, the first Village Treasurer, is regarded as reliable authority. The advertisement stated:

"The subscriber has recently established a fountain of soda-water at his druggist store near the bridge, which he intends keeping constantly on hand during the season."

On September 19, 1820, the *Gazette* announced,

"Our village for a few weeks past has been literally filled with strangers, who all express their agreeable surprise at finding so large and pleasant a village where five years ago there was scarcely an inhabited building. The village contains about 1,700 inhabitants. There are four flouring-mills in the place. We are pleased to observe the increasing travel through this village on the Ridge road to Niagara Falls. A stage runs this route three times a week, the road is excellent and the accommodations good."

Regarding the population of the village, the *Gazette* of October 3, 1820, says,

"We have been politely favored with the number of inhabitants of our village, as taken by the authorized agent of the United States—it contains 1,502. In 1817 it had a population of 560, an unparalleled increase."

The foregoing excerpts from authoritative records present a

condensed relation of a few of the events of the period which included them; but many suggestions lie between the lines. It is not so much that the names of the men and women to whose activities the advancement of the new community was due are to be noted, but that their personality be ascertained and recorded, and that the intimate details of the events in which they were concerned are made matters of recorded history.

A contrasting of the conditions of the early days of the Village with those existing in the City of the present time has slight value when compared with a knowledge of the many changes which effected that difference. The transformation from the stumps in Main Street which impeded the progress of the ox-drawn carts, to the smooth, automobile-thronged highway of the present date, was the accomplishment of many years, each day of which had its history. Compared with the written records, personal letters and manuscript chronicles, the pages of printed local history are few. The energetic life of the early people of the place left them little leisure in which to record the events of their time, but there are, undoubtedly, many records of current occurrences which have not been brought to light.

The organization of the Society of Pioneers, on September 30, 1847, and the formation of the Junior Pioneer Association, on July 15, 1855, were the means of saving many valuable portraits, souvenirs and records. The Rochester Historical Society has, fortunately, become the possessor of this material, the value of which they share with the public. If the knowledge of this collection was more widely disseminated the historical treasures of the Society would be greatly increased.

First Daily Newspaper of Rochester

OLDEST BETWEEN THE HUDSON AND THE PACIFIC

By John E. Morey, Jr.

Contributed for Publication, Volume VI, Publication Fund Series,
of The Rochester Historical Society, 1927.

THE Rochester *Times-Union* is a composite of The *Daily Advertiser*, established in 1826, The *Daily Union*, established in 1855 and The *Evening Times*, established in 1887. The *Union* and The *Advertiser* were merged in 1856 and The *Evening Times* was added in 1918. Frank E. Gannett is editor and publisher of The *Times-Union*.

One hundred and one years ago, October 25, 1826, the first copy of The *Daily Advertiser* was published. Henry C. Sleight was the founder of the paper and at his request Luther Tucker assumed the business management, with Henry O'Reilly as editor. Mr. O'Reilly became distinguished as a writer of ability and many of his sketches are prominent in the history of early days in Western New York. Mr. Sleight furnished the working capital but as the sketch herein, written by his daughter, Miss Mary B. Sleight, now in her ninety-first year, describes, he was unable to become actively associated with The *Advertiser* on account of ill health. These pioneer newspaper men little guessed with what success of longevity their venture was to meet, for today it has the distinguished honor of being the oldest daily newspaper between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean.

Henry C. Sleight, Luther Tucker, Henry O'Reilly and their fellows were indeed daring to undertake such a venture under such primitive conditions. At that time there were no railroads, telegraph, telephones, typewriter or radio and the application of electricity as a motive power and for lighting had not even been dreamed of. News from the outside world came in fragments and mail was received once a week by stage-coach or by

a postman on horseback, as compared with modern newspaper equipment with its world-wide news-gathering service, mechanical devices for setting type, the wonderful production capacity of printing presses, with their stereotyped plates taking the place of the hand-set forms of the olden days, and all electrically operated; together with the comprehensive facilities for distribution of newspapers by railroads, airplane, automobiles and other carriers, none of which were at their disposal or even thought of. The first copy of The *Daily Advertiser* was doubtless printed on what was known as a Benjamin Franklin hand press, capable of producing a single complete copy in something like four minutes, as compared with four hundred, twenty-four page copies, in a single minute which either of the four *Times-Union* presses are producing today.

It was truly a daring undertaking, but the pioneer spirit was theirs, and the history of The *Advertiser*, and its companions in publicity, published as far as known, with two exceptions, without missing a publication day for a full century, is proof positive that their judgment of a public need was well founded. The first exception was caused by the great flood in 1865 when all local newspaper plants were under water for several days and the second in 1922, when some little differences of opinion between the publishers and their employees caused a suspension of all Rochester dailies for three days.

As far as history records The *Advertiser* kept pace with the progress of events in that period for nearly thirty years, until, in 1855, The *Daily Union* was established as an afternoon competitor. The *Union's* individual career was short. It was bought within a year by John E. Morey, who at the time was associated with The *Daily American*, a morning paper, and consolidated with The *Advertiser*, thus becoming the *Union and Advertiser* in 1856. Joseph Curtis and Isaac Butts had owned The *Advertiser*.

The *Union and Advertiser* was first published by Curtis, Butts & Company, Mr. Morey being the "company." Mr. Curtis had the business management, Mr. Butts was editor and Mr. Morey had general charge of production. For some years publication continued under this management when, as a result of Mr. Morey's buying Mr. Butt's interest, the firm became Curtis, Morey & Company.

JOHN EVERTS MOREY, JR.

Born at Rochester, New York, November 22, 1856, son of John Everts Morey and Ann Maria Smith Morey; died at his home, Lawn Shadows, Avon, New York, October 21, 1927.

From this time on, history tells us, that for some unexplained reason Mr. Morey and Mr. Butts bought and sold their holdings in the newspaper from and to one another, no less than three times, the latest recorded transaction occurring about 1863—at which time Mr. Morey sold out to Mr. Butts and repurchased three days later at a considerable advance in price. It seems reasonable to assume that both men were so greatly attached to their newspaper that "homesickness" triumphed over the selling price and that financial considerations were sacrificed in order to get back into the game. Surely, it was a most unusual experience and resulted finally in the retirement of Mr. Butts, the firm remaining Curtis, Morey & Company. The company included William Purcell, George G. Cooper and Lorenzo Kelly. Mr. Purcell became the editor, Mr. Cooper the city editor and Mr. Kelly was in charge of the business office.

For the information of the present generation it may be said that William Purcell became the leading editor in this part of the state and was recognized by the newspaper fraternity and the reading public as a writer of unusual ability, wielding a pen that was as caustic on occasion as it was convincing in less compelling circumstances. Like Horace Greeley's his penmanship was execrable, only two of the typesetters, Lee Wentworth, and his brother "Hebe," handling all of his copy for the reason that no one else could read it. In 1870, Mr. Cooper, city editor, and Edward L. Angevine, reporter, constituted the entire city staff. Telephones and typewriters were unknown and most of the copy was written with lead pencils. Mucilage was a luxury and the staff was fortunate if there were enough porcelain cups, usually with broken handles, popular as "paste pots," to go around. As the paste pots had no covers they made excellent lunch counters for rats by night and there were some rare specimens of rodents residing adjacent to the office that would have been prize winners at a rat show. It was not unusual for a rat to be seen, on the plain, deal-table top enjoying a daylight luncheon while Mr. Cooper or Mr. Angevine were studiously absorbed in producing copy for the next edition.

In 1873 the ownership of the paper was transferred to The Union and Advertiser Company, with Joseph Curtis, president; John E. Morey, vice-president, and Lorenzo Kelly, secretary

and treasurer, who with Mr. Purcell and Mr. Cooper, constituted the board of directors. The corporation was prosperous and dividends were frequent. Single entry bookkeeping was employed, inventories were never taken and directors' meetings never happened. The financial condition was determined by the size of the bank balance. When sufficient funds had accumulated Mr. Kelly, as treasurer, would visit the offices of his four fellow directors, ask the question "how do you vote?" and they, knowing from long usage just what he meant, would reply "yes," without even a glance at the treasurer. Mr. Kelly would then draw checks and distribute them, without any further ceremony. Aside from the check-book "stub," no entry was made as no records of stockholders' accounts were kept. Such methods would be amateurish and hazardous in the present era but continued success gave evidence of sincere co-operation between owners and employes.

For nearly thirty years these five men were associated in the publication until the death of Joseph Curtis in 1885, when his son, Eugene T. Curtis, purchased Mr. Morey's interest and William F. Balkam was assigned the business management.

It is interesting to record that each of the five owners of The *Union and Advertiser*, as such, had at one time or another a son, or sons, as fellow workers. Eugene T. Curtis, Wendell J. Curtis, John E. Morey Jr., Pierre Purcell, William M. Cooper, Howard L. and James H. Kelly, each did their share in maintaining the standard of The *Advertiser* as the oldest daily newspaper published between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Curtis' home was on North Fitzhugh Street, on the site of the present government building; Mr. Morey's in South Clinton Street where the New England Furniture Company building now stands; Mr. Purcell lived on Lake Avenue opposite what is now Maplewood Park; Mr. Kelly lived in South Fitzhugh Street, on the site now occupied by the Rochester Title and Guarantee Company; and Mr. Cooper on Frank Street, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The early home of The Rochester *Daily Advertiser* was in a room in a stone store building at Main Street East and State Street, then known as Buffalo and Carroll Streets, respectively. In 1844 the plant was at Main Street East and Front Street,

then called Buffalo and Mason Street, with the entrance from Buffalo Street. In 1857, very soon after The *Union* and the *Advertiser* were merged, the office and the mechanical equipment were moved into what must have been considered quite imposing quarters in the "Daily Union and Advertiser Building," which legend was displayed conspicuously on a sign board at the top of the structure located at the northwest corner of Pindell Alley and Buffalo Street, the present site of Powers Hotel.

In this building the business office was up one flight of stairs, at the rear. The front office was the home of "Moore's Rural New Yorker," a popular agricultural weekly published by D. D. T. Moore, one time mayor of the city. The editorial rooms were on the third floor, and on the fourth were the quarters of Rochester Lodge, 660, F. and A. M. The mechanical department of the newspaper was in a separate building at the rear with entrance across a bridge joining the two structures.

The ground floor of The Union and Advertiser Building was occupied at the Pindell Alley corner by James H. McGuire's candy store, next west by a café where Matthews and Servis dispensed good cigars and liquid refreshment, and in the third section of the Buffalo Street front was a similar place of business conducted by Colonel Francis A. Schoeffel. Colonel Schoeffel was identified up to the time of his death, several years ago, with the Old Thirteenth Regiment of Civil War Volunteers.

"Jimmie" Matthews was a caterer and a protegé of Daniel W. Powers, banker, owner of the Powers Building and one of the founders of the Powers Hotel Company in 1880. "The Colonel," "Jimmie" and "Si" were probably as well known as any three men in Rochester, at the time.

In 1881, due to the proposed construction of the Powers Hotel, the five-story building at the northwest corner of Exchange Street and the Erie canal was bought from Ashbel W. Riley, for $21,000 and became the home of The *Union and Advertiser* until 1888, when the H. H. Warner Building at 22 Exchange Street became the still-more-commodious home of the newspaper.

It is an interesting coincidence that the elder John E. Morey owned The *Daily Union* when it was consolidated with The *Advertiser* in 1856 and that sixty-two years later, his son, John E.

Morey Jr., owned the controlling interest in The *Evening Times* and was instrumental in bringing about the consolidation of The *Times* and The *Union and Advertiser.*

Prominent among those associated with The *Union and Advertiser,* between 1870 and 1890, in various capacities were Edward S. Martin, J. Harry Stedman, Benjamin Folsom, Howard A. Barrows, William F. Balkam, George H. Lane, David L. Hill, Edward Clifton, Isaac Marshall, George Moss, John M. Brooks, John A. Russell, Thomas Flannery, James H. Bailey and William Dove, most of whom became distinguished in newspaper or literary work in other cities or in matters of local interest, as will be recalled by many at the present time.

Space will not permit telling the many incidents of newspaper history recalled in checking up the century of growth and development of The *Times-Union.* There is one incident, however, which, in justice to all concerned should not be omitted.

In 1881, when The *Union and Advertiser* was about to enter its then new home at 43 Exchange Street, it seemed appropriate that a suitable souvenir of the occasion should accompany each copy of the first issue of the paper from the new plant. The duty of supplying the souvenir fell to Superintendent William Dove and the writer and it was decided that a reproduction of the first copy of The *Daily Advertiser,* published October 25, 1826, as nearly as possible, in facsimile, would fill the bill. When it is recalled that there was a great difference between the "style" of type, illustration and general make-up of The *Advertiser* of 1826 and the newspapers of 1881 the difficulty of the undertaking will be appreciated.

By diligent search in every printing shop in the city, old-fashioned cuts of old-fashioned steamboats, trees, horses, and emblems used as symbols in drug store windows and other places of business represented in the columns of the old newspapers, were secured. A manila paper of the right weight and of a tint, as nearly as possible, to match the time-discolored paper of the original copy was obtained and the result has shown in the years since this all happened, that a really good counterfeit of the issue of October 25, 1826, was produced. The daily circulation of The *Union and Advertiser,* in 1881, was about six

thousand copies. Into each a copy of the souvenir *Daily Advertiser* was inserted.

As proof positive that no deception was intended a "news story" was published relating the difficulties encountered in securing the materials for the reproduction and suggesting the propriety of preserving the souvenir as a real curiosity for future reference. How well the "suggestion" was observed can be appreciated when, after a few years had passed, copies of the reproduction began to make their appearance. Here and there, from time to time, one would appear prominently displayed in a Main Street show window. Another copy would be brought into the newspaper office and the possessor, with great pride, would call attention to his valuable relic of old newspaper days in Rochester. From that time on the souvenir copies came in so thick and fast, and their owners were so firmly convinced of their genuineness, that it seemed a shame to disillusionize them and they were allowed to retain their sentiment undisturbed. It is no exaggeration to say that this has happened hundreds of times in the intervening years.

The genuine and only real copy in existence, as far as known, and from which the "souvenir" was reproduced, was taken from the files of The *Daily Advertiser* of 1826. Today it is carefully guarded in The *Times-Union* business office. The difference between the reproduction and the original is easily discernible and opportunity for comparison will be gladly furnished at any time.

The tremendous series of events recorded in the columns of The *Advertiser*, during its existence of one hundred and one years, is difficult to comprehend. If the paper continues for another century how impossible to prophesy what events it will have recorded in the way of progress and invention.

Editor's Note: On February 15, 1916, an editorial appeared in The *Union and Advertiser* on "Our Immense First Issue," which discusses the locally-famous reprint of the first copy of the *Daily Advertiser* of October 26, 1826, referred to by Mr. Morey: The last paragraph of this editorial is as follows:

"It is no longer doubted that The *Union and Advertiser* committed a great blunder when it reproduced its Volume 1, No. 1, in 1884. It made an even bigger mistake when it failed to indicate very plainly on the first page that the reproduction was not an original. Nevertheless, as has been stated before, the 1884 edition is not a facsimile. There are several ways of identifying it. The easiest way is to glance at the bottom of the first column of the front page, the column farthest to the left. If at the bottom of this column there is a removal notice of Smith and Horan, about one inch deep, the paper is an original. Otherwise, it is not."

Editor's Note: Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker of Albany, N. Y., son of Luther Tucker, presented to The Rochester Historical Society (1917), a steel engraving of his father, the inscription on which picture reveals the following facts as to Luther Tucker: Born at Brandon, Vt., May 7, 1802; died at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1873. Founded (1826) the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, in partnership with Henry C. Sleight, the paper being the first daily established between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean. Founded also at Rochester (1831), the *Genesee Farmer*, continued without any intermission, no number ever failing to appear at its appointed date, as the *Cultivator and Genesee Farmer*, the *Cultivator*, the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, and the *Country Gentleman*, and still published under the last named title, being the oldest agricultural periodical in the world.

In the library of The Rochester Historical Society is an interleaved copy of "History of the Press of Western New York", by Frederick Follett, (Rochester, 1847). This book was purchased from Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, above mentioned. It contains a memorandum in Luther Tucker's handwriting as follows:

"Mr. Sleight's only connection with the *Advertiser*, (in which paper his name never appeared) consisted of furnishing half the capital, and lasted less than two years. It is specified in the original contract, dated October 14, 1826, that 'the said Tucker is to conduct the establishment without the aid of the said Sleight' and that the two partners 'are equally interested in all the materials and are to share equally all profits and losses.' On Sept. 19, 1828, Mr. Tucker bought out Mr. Sleight, paying for his half interest $1500 in cash, and six notes of $200 each, secured by mortgage. The originals of the two agreements are inserted in the first volume of the paper, which is in the State Library in Albany."

The original agreements on file in the New York State Library, are as follows:

"Henry C. Sleight and Luther Tucker, late of the firm of Sleight and Tucker, of Jamaica, Long Island, State of New York, having entered into a co-partnership under the firm name of Luther Tucker & Co., for the purpose of establishing a newspaper in the village of Rochester, State aforesaid, to be called the "*Rochester Daily Advertiser*," are equally interested in all the materials, etc. belonging to the said establishment, and are to share equally all profits or losses that may arise in said business. The said Tucker to conduct the establishment without the aid of the said Sleight, and in consideration thereof his board is to be charged in the office expenses, and no charge is to be made against the establishment for the services of the said Sleight's two apprentices, Peter Stoothoff and William Nelson Rose. The firm to be continued until disposed of by mutual consent.

"In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals, at Rochester this 14th day of October, 1826.

"Sealed and delivered
"in the presence of
"L. W. Sibley,

Henry C. Sleight,
Luther Tucker,
Peter Stoothoff."

In Sept. 1828, Sleight gave a receipt, dated at Jamaica on the 19th of that month, to Luther Tucker for $1500 in cash and notes to the amount of $1500, the same being in consideration of all of Sleight's right, title and interest of, in and to the establishment of the papers called the "*Rochester Daily Advertiser*" and the "*Rochester Republican.*"

The notes were secured by a mortgage on the before mentioned establishments by the said Luther Tucker.

Editor's Note: Mr. John E. Morey, Jr., died at his home, Lawn Shadows, Avon, New York, Oct. 21, 1927, following an attack of pneumonia. But a short time before, when the above article on the "First Daily Newspaper of Rochester" was graciously contributed for publication, Mr. Morey seemed to be in the best of health, his delightful personality radiating courtesy, as ever. Before the article could be printed, he had passed. This was a shock to a myriad of friends. Everybody loved Mr. Morey:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Henry C. Sleight

FOUNDER OF THE ROCHESTER DAILY ADVERTISER

By Mary B. Sleight

Contributed for Publication, Volume VI, Publication Fund Series,
of The Rochester Historical Society, 1927.

Editor's Note: Miss Mary B. Sleight, daughter of Henry B. Sleight, and an authoress of note, now [1927] in her ninety-first year, has written the following article in appreciation of her father's career. Miss Sleight has presented to the Library of The Rochester Historical Society several interesting documents relating to Henry O'Reilly, Luther Tucker and Mr. Sleight.

MY father, Henry C. Sleight, son of Col. Henry Sleight, was born in New York City, August 15, 1792. Three years later his father died leaving him, his only child, a one-third share of Hempstead Plains, L. I. There being no town records at that early date the three owners of the Plains kept their accounts of the sales, etc., in a book that passed from hand to hand of the three as occasion required. After his father's death no trace of the book could be found. Five years later his mother, Mary Remsen Sleight, died, and from that time until able to do for himself he was lovingly cared for by his father's widowed mother and her daughters in their Sag Harbor home.

The following letter found after his death is a key to the boy's character:

"Sag Harbor, Sept. 18, 1815.

"Dearest Aunts:

"Fully sensible of the obligations I am under to you for your kind care of me in my infantile days, I deem it my duty to resign all my interest in the furniture and all other undivided property to you three as a small mark of my gratitude. Should the Lord be pleased to bless me in my pursuits I trust I shall be enabled to make you some further compensation more suitable to the nature of the obligation imposed upon me.

"Humbly trusting that the Lord in his goodness and mercy will keep us in safety and provide for all our wants, through the changing scenes of life, I remain as ever, "Your sincerely affectionate and obedient nephew,

"Henry C. Sleight."

In his twelfth year he met at a children's party in the village of Sag Harbor a little lady two years younger than himself, who straightway won his heart. "When I grow up I'm going to marry her," he said.

When fifteen he became a printer in the office of Mr. Alden Spooner, who, at the time, was publishing in Sag Harbor a weekly paper, the Suffolk *Gazette*. Shortly after Mr. Spooner moved to Brooklyn and became the publisher of the Long Island *Star* and the following spring Henry accepted from him an invitation to become his partner. Before he could enter upon the engagement the war of 1812 broke out and the regiment of heavy artillery, to which he belonged having tendered its service to the government he was ordered on sea duty and began suffering for his country as a midshipman. It was arduous work for one of his slender build and at the end of his term of service he was apparently in a rapid decline, a heavy cold having settled on his lungs. Giving up his contract with Mr. Spooner he started on a southern journey in pursuit of health. He sojourned for a time in Lexington, Ky., where he was greatly benefited and going back to Long Island he married, Sept. 20, 1815, the sweetheart of his boyhood, Cornelia Hildreth, daughter of Capt. Luther Hildreth, of Sag Harbor. They made the wedding journey back to Kentucky in a "sloop" chartered at Pittsburgh, with the understanding that the captain was to tie up every night at some port where comfortable lodging could be secured.

Returning to Long Island three or four years later he began publishing in Jamaica the *Long Island Farmer*. Discovering that two of his young apprentices were anxious to study for the ministry he gave them their time. With the kind co-operation of the women of the church they were thus enabled to begin their preparatory course at once, the young men eagerly accepting the freedom. His confidence in their fitness for the calling was rewarded by seeing them both made doctors of divinity, while one eventually became president of the University of Tennessee.

In September, 1826, traveling again for his health, the hardships and exposures he had undergone during the war having pensioned him for life with asthma and rheumatism, he chanced

Henry C. Slight

Born at New York City, Aug. 15, 1792; died at Sag Harbor, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1877. Founded (1826) the Rochester Daily Advertiser, in partnership with Luther Tucker.

to pass through Rochester, N. Y., and was impressed with the business facilities it offered in its almost unlimited water power, its central location on the Erie Canal, then just completed, and in the finest of agricultural sections. He said:

"All Rochester needs to make it a great manufacturing center is a daily paper to bring it to the notice of the world."

The town, at that time, was only ten years old. The stumps of forest trees still stood in the main street. His friends laughed at the suggestion of its having a daily paper but in spite of their protests, on returning to Jamaica, he at once proposed to Mr. Luther Tucker, whom he had recently taken into partnership, to become the business manager of the enterprise, with Mr. Henry O'Reilly as editor, pledging himself to furnish them with a first-class newspaper and job office and to give the services of four of his best apprentices, for the entire expense of which ample funds would be forthcoming.

Such was the origin of The Rochester Daily *Advertiser*, the first daily between Albany and the Pacific Ocean. With the issue of the initial number the price of property increased so rapidly that had the founder of the paper removed to Rochester and invested in real estate anywhere in the locality at the time he might have found himself classed with the millionaires of the century. However, as his business in Jamaica was steadily growing, he thought it unwise to make a change. A few years later, Jamaica becoming too limited for his needs, he moved to New York and established a large publishing house in Astor Place.

Meanwhile, sorrow had come to him in the loss of the sweet mother of his children but in the goodness of God he gained to take her place one whose winning personality, together with a heart brimfull of love for children, made her so ideal a step-mother that when her own came there never was a "step" between them.

It was not long after his second marriage that cholera scourged New York and though most of his friends were hurrying to the country, he told those in his employ that if they were willing to risk remaining in town he would remain with them.

The young wife was equally brave, though morning after morning, the "dead cart" passed at daybreak, laden with the remains of those that had died during the night. Not once through all that reign of terror did a case occur in either his home or his place of business, an immunity that he attributed largely to his daily use of charcoal as a medicine. Carrying a copious bowlful he would go from man to man, and administer it personally, intent on making sure that none failed to take it. The same course was kept up at his home, with every member of the household, with the same happy result.

At that time Mr. Sleight was making a name for himself as a publisher in Astor Place but, in what is known as "The Great Fire" in New York, a fire that laid waste the entire business portion of the city, his publishing house was reduced to ashes and the insurance companies, being too badly crippled to refund the losses of the policy-holders, he was unable to rebuild. The following Winter he spent in Cuba, commissioned by the government to test the merits of beet sugar, and on his return Mr. Tucker, calling on him, urged his going to Rochester to take his legitimate place as the founder of the *Advertiser*. The fear that with his feeble health he might not be able to do justice to the position made him decline the invitation.

In the meantime, his eldest son, wanting more "elbow room," had taken up a land claim in Illinois and was so delighted with the country that he advised his father to join him, saying the churches and schools were springing up in every direction and that no better place could be found in which to bring up a family. The consent of his wife's relatives to this proposition was not easily won. "Are you going to take my daughter and her children out there to be devoured by the wolves and Indians?" demanded Grandfather Reese. But the possibility of encountering wolves and Indians, fearsome as it seemed, failed to win a word of protest from the daughter and her children, "ready to follow wherever father led the way." The next Spring, 1844, they made the venture, going from New York to Albany on a "sloop," thence to Buffalo by the Erie Canal and voyaging across the lake on a stately propeller they came at last to Chicago where the young farmer met them with prarie schooners and a week later landed them at his prairie cabin.

It was a genuine pioneer life the family lived for the next

two months but before the Summer ended the little log cabin on the prairie was exchanged for an inviting home in Geneseo, a village settled in 1836 by a colony of nervy men and women intent on making it a center of religious and educational advantages. They had at the outset established a church and laid the foundation for a seminary and "Father Sleight" as he was affectionately called by his new friends, affiliating himself and his family with all the interests of the village, was presently made justice of the peace, an official calling in which he had more than once the novel experience of marrying a couple. "Mother Sleight" was equally happy in winning the friendship of the brave pioneers. In childhood she had been accustomed to sit, with her little cousins, on Washington Irving's knee and listen to his enchanting stories; in girlhood she was intimately associated with Fenimore Cooper's family and had danced and dined with LaFayette, but these reminiscences were kept for the entertainment of her children and with the ease of one of the manner born she adapted herself to her new life, grateful beyond the telling that the lines had fallen to them where all the influences were for good.

Mr. Sleight was a man with the courage of his convictions, a man who could stand erect with folded arms while a score of soldiers threatened to down him with their bayonets for not kneeling.

In a stretch of timber a mile or so beyond the new home a band of Pottawottami Indians, Winter after Winter, pitched their wigwams and it sometimes happened that the old chief, with some of his braves returning from the village, caught in a storm or overcome with a sudden fall in the temperature, would stop at the half-way house and ask for shelter, a favor never refused by Father Sleight, so implicit was his confidence in them. Though, wrapped in their blankets on the dining-room floor, with their tomahawks beside them, these Indians made a picture that suggested the possibility of a tragic outcome, at daybreak they would vanish like shadows in their moccasined feet, leaving the household lost in the fearless sleep of the just.

A gentleman of the old school, he was also a Christian of the old school, and his house was a place "where prayer was won't to be made" with family worship morning and evening, with

always a blessing at meals. But there was nothing gloomy in his religion and his children grew up with the feeling that the Word as father lived it meant "Serving the Lord with gladness."

My father, not given to talking of himself, seldom referred to either his achievements or his losses and except for Henry O'Reilley's persistent efforts to obtain from him a sketch of his life the facts in regard to *The Advertiser* would have been but a vague legend in the family.

In our young days my father had a sword, much prized, as having been presented by George Washington to his father, who, when barely in his teens had served as secretary for the general while the latter was making his headquarters in our home, the family at that time, early in the Revolution, living in Fishkill-on-the-Hudson. My mother, finding the children fencing with this wonderful souvenir and fearing that someone might be hurt, had it tucked out of sight in the rag chest and when the rag man made his annual call the entire contents of the chest were bundled into his cart, none remembering the hidden sword.

My father passed away in the Sag Harbor home, Jan. 7, 1877, and an unknown friend, in an obituary published at the time, paid him this high tribute:

"No purer-hearted man or better Christian ever lived than Henry C. Sleight, to which assertion everyone who knew him will bear testimony."

It was his firm faith in God, combined with a courage that refused to know defeat, that enabled him to rise above his trials and while never free from pain, remain cheerful and serene. Until a few days before he fell alseep, at the age of 85, he retained sight and hearing, together with a clear mind and though he left his children no worldly wealth, in the record of his noble life they have a priceless heritage.

American Journalism

AS AN INDEX TO NATIONAL PROGRESS

ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROCHESTER DAILY ADVERTISER

By HENRY O'REILLY

EDITOR'S NOTE: The original manuscript of the following article was deposited by Henry O'Reilly, with The New York Historical Society. Mr. Alexander J. Wall, Librarian of that Society, writes (Sept. 16, 1927) that this manuscript never was published. A copy of the original has been contributed for publication in Volume VI, Publication Fund Series of The Rochester Historical Society, by Miss Mary B. Sleight, daughter of Henry C. Sleight.

As prepared by Mr. O'Reilly, the documents included are as follows:

1. Preface to the Correspondence.
2. Letter from Henry O'Reilly to Henry C. Sleight, dated March 15, 1873.
3. Reply of Henry C. Sleight to Henry O'Reilly, dated March 20, 1873.
4. Letter from Luther Tucker to Henry O'Reilly, dated September 19, 1827.
5. Letter from Luther Tucker to Henry O'Reilly, dated October 23, 1866.
6. Letter from Henry C. Sleight to Henry O'Reilly, dated September 5, 1873.

In the Library of The Rochester Historical Society are the original autograph letters noted at numbers 4, 5 and 6, but they are not published below, because their contents are fully covered by Mr. O'Reilly's letter, and by Miss Sleight's account of her father's life, herein.

PREFACE TO THE CORRESPONDENCE

THE establishment of the earliest Daily Newspaper westward of Albany on the Hudson, occurring in the same year (1826) that witnessed the beginning of Inland Trade through the whole line of the Erie Canal, was considered a matter of such marked importance by the press and the public, that the then leading journals of this commercial metropolis hailed the event as one of the most interesting signs of the times —and it has been recently mentioned as "signally marking the progress of the nation, especially during the last half-century"— one of the writers remarking that "less than fifty years ago, there was but one solitary *daily* newspaper, the *Rochester Daily*

Advertiser, now known as the *Union and Advertiser*, published between Albany (New York) and the Pacific Ocean, a fact which is strikingly illustrated in the contrast presented by the multitudinous daily journals issuing from cities and towns that have since sprung, Chicago-like, into prominence through all the vast regions to the Pacific Coast!"

A matter which is thus considered as forming an era in the annals of American Journalism may well claim attention from historical inquirers, and especially from The New York Historical Society, which has grown and is growing with the growth of this Commercial Metropolis.

The New York *Evening Post* for instance, expressed the prevalent sentiment in this emphatic manner and under this remarkable caption, on the 31st of October, 1826:

"GROWTH OF OUR COUNTRY

"We have received the first number of a daily paper, printed at Rochester in this state, entitled the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*. The Editor speaks with confidence of his success, and adverts to the unexpected extent of his advertising patronage. Nothing can show in a more striking point of view the rapid increase of our population and internal commerce, than the fact that this place, which within a few years was a wilderness, is now enabled, by the number of its inhabitants and the activity of its trade, to support a daily paper."

"When I saw your place in 1810, without a house," said De Witt Clinton, writing to a friend in Rochester, "who would have thought that in 1826, it would have been the scene of such a change?"

When referring recently to these matters—mentioning and quoting its original notice of the establishment of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*—the *Evening Post* said: "The issue of that daily newspaper marked an era in the history of the Western Press. Rochester was one of the places that earliest felt the impulse of the Canal System. The lowly village sprang into city dimensions and prosperity with a degree of vigor at that time unequalled. The Erie Canal—completed only the previous year, though for two or three years partly in operation—quickly developed the water power, in milling operations, which has

rendered Rochester celebrated as the source of the 'Genesee Flour.' Entering early and largely into the forwarding business, the Rochester people for many years controlled the greatest portion of the vessels engaged in the Canal Trade, and exerted a strong influence on all questions concerning internal improvements. The advance of Rochester in some other respects was scarcely less remarkable, though the growth of Chicago, and other places soon after threw it comparatively into the shade."

In nothing is "change" more remarkable than in the history of the Press since the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* was established. In 1826, the aggregate daily circulation of all the daily newspapers in America scarcely equalled the quantity of printed "matter (considering the increased size of the newspapers) now struck off in three hours by one of Hoe's ten-cylinder presses in some of the New York printing offices." * * * "The original publisher of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* was Luther Tucker, and the Editor, Henry O'Reilly. The former is now, as he has been for more than thirty years, Editor of the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*—the latter has been connected with the Telegraph System since its commencement."

The interesting statements of the *Evening Post* are incorrect in only one point, and that is in connection with the publication of the pioneer Rochester Daily. The publishers were Luther Tucker & Co.—the "Company" being Henry C. Sleight, of the *Long Island Farmer* at Jamaica, who first conceived the plan and furnished the pecuniary means for carrying it into effect—as stated in his letter of 1873, replying to Henry O'Reilly—the correspondence being placed by Mr. O'R. in the New York Historical Society Library, among other documents given by him to the Society—his desire being that justice should be done towards Mr. Sleight for his sagacity and liberality in originating and sustaining the enterprise till success rendered it self-sustaining—a measure of justice to which he is particularly entitled, as he actually lost money (instead of profiting) by an undertaking which was deemed as hazardous in those "early days of western progress."

With these prefatory remarks, the reader may be better able to understand the nature of the correspondence between Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Sleight, which includes, incidentally, a copy of a letter from Mr. Tucker (now deceased) dated in 1827,

respecting the establishment and management of the *Daily Advertiser*. It may not be considered irrelevant to point to the dates of the correspondence on this now historical subject which indicate that both Mr. Sleight, the originator, and Mr. O'Reilly, the editor, yet survive—the former in his 81st year, and the latter in his 67th, for he was "not old enough to vote" when he commenced as Editor with the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

(Editor's Note: Both Mr. Sleight and Mr. O'Reilly are now deceased).

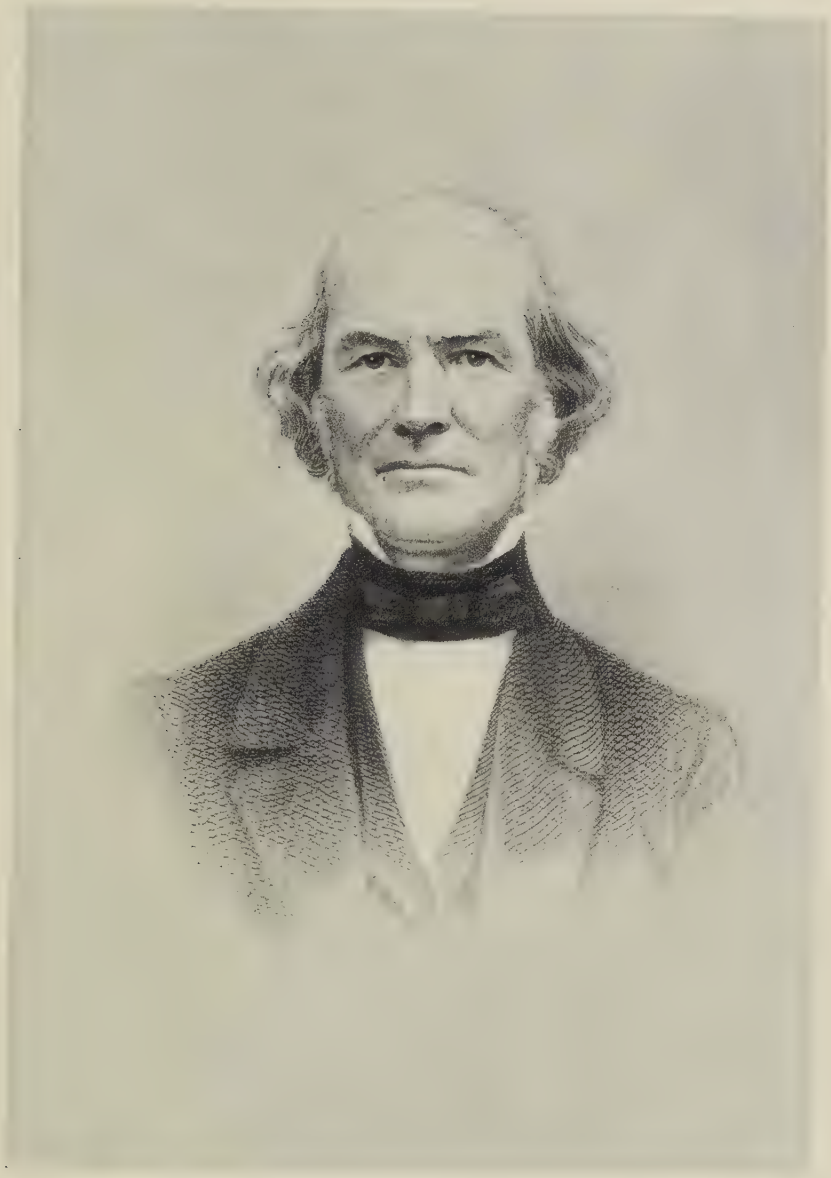
LETTER FROM HENRY O'REILLY TO HENRY C. SLEIGHT

"New York, 29 Broadway, Room 17.
"March 15, '73.

"Henry C. Sleight, Esqre.
"Dear Sir:

"The importance of the enterprise, and the incorrect statements lately made concerning it, induce me to repeat in this way the request mentioned orally to you yesterday, respecting the preparation of a statement under your own hand concerning the circumstances which led you to conceive the project and to furnish the means for establishing a daily journal at Rochester in 1826. You owe it to your children and friends, as well as to yourself and the public to do so. The matter is interesting not only to your acquaintances, but in connection with the history of journalism and improvement in the interior regions of our continent.

"I well remember that, when our departed friend Tucker and myself first talked about the subject he told me substantially as you told me yesterday that, while stopping some days at Rochester on your journey through Western New York (in the summer of 1826) you were impressed with the growing importance of that point on the then newly-completed Erie Canal, with its vast water-power as well as with its agricultural and commercial position; and that on your return homeward to Long Island you lost no time in enabling him (your partner, Mr. Tucker) to start with an outfit of press, types, and printers as well as pecuniary means, along with me as Editor, for establishing the then proposed *Rochester Daily Advertiser*—(a journal which may well excite interest towards its origin, as it was the



Luther Tucker.

Born at Brandon, Vt., May 7, 1802; died at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1873. Founded (1826) the Rochester Daily Advertiser in partnership with Henry C. Sleight; and with Henry O'Reilly as Editor.

first *daily* paper established between Albany and the Pacific Ocean, now known as the *Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser*. The result measurably realized your predictions—sustained as the enterprise was by your pecuniary aid till it became self-supporting. And in this connection, I must express regret, long felt, that peculiar political circumstances of that stormy time prevented you from continuing your connection long enough to have enabled you to realize such returns as ought to have followed your sagacious and liberal minded course.

"I rejoice to find that the long lapse of years—nearly half a century—has neither clouded your memory nor chilled your kindly feelings. And you may be sure, from the pains I have taken to gather the facts from you, and from what you know of me otherwise, that it will afford me real pleasure to endeavor to make proper record, as matter of journalistic and national history, (in my 'Mementos of Western Settlement') concerning your vitally prominent position in originating the 'Pioneer Western Daily,' which Mr. Tucker as resident publisher and myself as editor labored earnestly to sustain amid the troubles and excitements that then convulsed, alike, the social and political elements in Western New York for several years after I wrote the 'Salutatory' Address in the first number of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

"In this connection, as showing the hearty cordiality prevalent between Mr. Tucker and myself in sustaining the establishment of the 'Daily' accordant with the liberal spirit you manifested in originating and aiding the enterprise, (though your publishing business eastward prevented you from ever residing with us at Rochester) you may be interested now in reading an extract of the letter which he wrote on the 19th of September, 1827, to induce me to resume the editorship which I had some weeks before relinquished in pursuit of health that had been overtaxed by too close application in discharging not only editorial duties but the various incidental labors then commonly devolving on editors in a newly settled region amid stormy political contests and the unparalleled anti-masonic excitements.

" 'Leaving the *Telegraph,* (from which paper Mr. Thurlow Weed was then withdrawing to establish another Journal) I will discuss our own dear Daily and its connections,' said Mr. Tucker in his letter to me of Sept. 19, 1826, 'and if I speak

plainly, you, I am sure, will forgive the offense, if one it be. It is not my intention, neither will I do more than state simple facts, and leave the conclusions for you to draw. The prejudice, if I may so term it, in your favor, in this place, was, as you must have been aware, very general, and to a great degree that might be said to be uncommon. I had taken no part in forming acquaintances; and even had I, am not the person calculated in any way to reconcile public favor. The esteem and credit of the concern was generally, and very justly too, bestowed upon you. This being the case, when you left, you took with you, in the general estimation, the character of the paper, and left it for whoever should occupy your place to make a character for themselves. The enquiries I had made respecting Mr. Stevens induced me to believe that the people would not lose much by the change, although I was confident that, let me get whoever I might, the paper would be injured by your leaving it. (You will, I am confident, do me the justice to believe that I do not mention this as meaning to say that you have done me injustice). In one respect, I have been disappointed in regards to Mr. Stevens. He is a very clever fellow, and does indeed better than I anticipated as an Editor. But still, I find there is a prejudice here against him, which is calculated to do us material injury. The young men of the place had not been accustomed to bestow upon him any particular regard: they had not considered him as their superior, and to see him raised to a situation which they think ought to be filled by one of more talent than themselves excites their envy, and with it the passions to which envy usually gives birth. Where persons, let them be of what class they will, speak of a paper and its editor with a sneer, you may judge of the effect it will naturally produce in a place like this. As yet I do not think that this feeling is common enough to be sensibly felt, but I judge that it is gradually increasing, and may be of serious importance to us. I have stated the above with the hope that it may operate upon your mind, and, with some other considerations induce you to return, and once more become the good genius of the *Daily Advertiser*. The idea has occurred to me that you might, in addition to the editing, make up the paper, without rendering your labors over severe. If you could attend to this, it would enable us to increase your salary so that you might think it an object to return. The making up

would not require usually more than an hour's time; and as I shall always be here, you would not be under any necessity of confining yourself more than you chose to do it, you need not deny yourself a moment's leisure that you might wish. What do you think of it? It gives me much pleasure to know that you are 'yourself again.' * * * 'Do not fail of writing forthwith.' "

"As I said when visiting you in Jamaica after receipt of this letter in 1827, such a hearty invitation to resume the editorship —an invitation so frank and whole-souled from your firm and so gratifying to myself, could not be resisted by me, though I well knew the violent strife and labor to be encountered in connection with editorial duties during an embittered Presidential contest and the unparalleled anti-masonic excitement. And though you, solely for political reasons before mentioned, soon after sold your interest in the *Daily Advertiser* and in the *Republican* to Mr. Tucker, and withdrew from the establishment which your sagacity and liberality originated, (a matter misrepresented so as to form a curious chapter in the partizan history of those times) it is a source of no ordinary satisfaction to me to know that the same cordiality which marked the commencement of the enterprise nearly half a century ago continued through life between us three—until our trio was broken by the late lamented departure of Mr. Tucker whose long career in Agricultural Journalism has justly rendered his name a household word throughout the land.

"Enjoying as you do even in your 81st year, a vivid memory of interesting events from your early boyhood, I trust you will excuse me for repeating the suggestion that you shall write me an autobiography, for which your connections in mercantile business, and as an editor and publisher, westward as well as on Long Island and in New York, have furnished you with materials which (like your connection with the 'Pioneer Western Daily' at Rochester—for Rochester was at that time considered in 'the west')—will form an interesting contribution to the history of journalism and of improvement in other matters during the last half-century.

"You may be sure, my dear sir, that it will afford me much satisfaction to avail myself as often as practicable of your friendly invitation to visit you in your summer residence at

Rockville; and meantime I hope to have the pleasure of hearing as often as you can favor me with a letter.

"Hoping you may soon find time to write replies to my inquiries about your connection with what Tucker used to call 'our own dear Daily.' "

"Yours, with ancient regard,

"HENRY O'RIELLY."

LETTER FROM HENRY C. SLEIGHT TO HENRY O'REILLY

"Rockville Centre, Long Island,
"March 20th, 1873.

"Henry O'Reilly, Esqre.

"Dear Sir:

"Your favor of March 15th wherein you request that I would favor you with a written statement of the facts in regard to the originating and establishing of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* in 1826 (which is still published, under the title of the *Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser*) has been received.

"In order thereto, I shall have to commence in 1824. Being then in want of a competent foreman to take charge of my printing and publishing establishment at Jamaica, L. I. my friend Daniel Fanshaw, Esq. now deceased, but then holding the position of printer, etc. for the American Tract Society in New York, recommended to me Mr. Luther Tucker, then in his employ, as just the person to fill the place in a satisfactory manner.

"Accordingly, Mr. Tucker's services were at once secured, and he proved himself so worthy of the recommendation that I soon became warmly attached to him. After a year's experience, so highly had I learned to appreciate him as a gentleman, a christian, and a thorough business man, that I offered him an interest in my business and a stipulated portion of the net profits of the establishment; which he accepting, became partner in the concern; and in our after intercourse, to the day of his death, not the most trifling incident ever occurred to mar the harmony of our mutual attachment.

"In 1826, being in feeble health, I left my whole business in charge of Mr. Tucker, and spent considerable time in travelling

in the western part of the State of New York, in company with a friend, a physician. After thoroughly reconnoitering around Rochester, I became convinced that the place, in consequence of its almost unlimited water power and its central location on the then just completed Erie Canal, in the midst of the finest of agricultural sections, ought to become a great manufacturing city, and that all she needed to hasten the event was an able daily journal to herald forth these facts and bring them to the notice of the world. Under these impressions I told the doctor that I had made up my mind to start a daily newspaper in Rochester—then, only twelve years of age, the stumps of the forest still undecayed in the main street of the city, and with a population of about 4000 or 5000 only.

"The doctor thought the plan was premature, and that it would prove an unprofitable investment; and many of the then leading citizens with whom I conversed on the subject appeared to hold similar opinions, and gave me little or no encouragement.

"On my return home, however, I immediately proposed to Mr. Tucker to go to Rochester for the purpose of carrying my views into effect, pledging myself to fit him out with a first-rate newspaper and job office—to give the services of four of my best apprentices—to pay a fair salary to an able editor, and to furnish all necessary funds to insure to the establishment an independent, permanent and honorable position before the community—which pledges, I know you are aware I strictly fulfilled.

"After reflecting on the subject for a few days, Mr. Tucker made up his mind to the undertaking, and, with my approval, engaged your services as editor—the only stipulation, on my part, being that the paper should hold an independent position on all subjects, and should constantly hold forth the advantages of Rochester for the investment of capital in milling and other manufacturing industries; which views Mr. Tucker and yourself faithfully carried out; and, consequently, as I had anticipated, population and capital immediately commenced flowing rapidly into the city from Massachusetts and many other sections, giving a new impulse to all kinds of business.

"Not being able, on account of my eastern business, to reside at Rochester, the paper was published in the name of

'Luther Tucker & Co.,' instead of 'Sleight and Tucker,' as would have been the firm had I resided there.

"On the way to the west last April, myself and wife had the pleasure of spending by invitation, several delightful days in the hospitable family of our now departed friend. In the course of our reminiscences of our former days, Mr. Tucker expressed his regret that, from the circumstances of my name (instead of 'Co.') not having appeared in the firm as published, I had not received the credit which was my due as the originator and founder of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*. When we left Albany, he and his daughter accompanied us as far as Rochester, to visit Clifton Springs, in the hope of benefiting his declining health; and there we said farewell, little thinking, either of us, I presume, that it was the last time we should see each other here below.

"In the spring of 1827, I visited Rochester again, to see how you were prospering, etc., and some of the most prominent of the then leading business men, among whom was Levi W. Sibley, Esq., still living, remarked to me: 'Why, Mr. Sleight, when you talked with us last fall and stated your intention to start a daily paper here we thought you rather visionary, and doubted your ever carrying it into effect. Had you then bought real estate here, you might have made a fortune by the great rise there has been in property since the starting of your paper.'

"As a result of the establishment of the *Daily Advertiser*, and the publication, in connection, of the *Monroe Republican*, a weekly paper, nearly every paper published in the country at the time of our commencement sold out their establishments to us—I furnishing the funds necessary for their purchase, and their subscription lists were added to our own.

"In the month of September, 1828, Mr. Tucker wrote me, desiring my permission for the paper to come out in support of Martin Van Buren, who was then the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State of New York. I replied that, under no circumstances should the paper, while belonging to me, or under my control, support Martin Van Buren for any office. Soon after, I received another letter, inquiring whether I would sell out the establishment and on what terms. I immediately named my price, which was promptly agreed to, and several of Mr. Van Buren's political friends endorsed Mr. Tucker's note for fifteen hundred dollars, twelve months from date, which, after

being endorsed by Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Van Benthuysen of the *Albany Argus* was discounted at one of the Albany Banks, and the amount remitted to me by Mr. Tucker. The remainder of the purchase he retained as a loan from me and afterward amply repaid.

"I should not have noticed these facts concerning my sale of the establishment were it not that, shortly after the sale, I received numerous letters of inquiry in regard to it, from prominent members of the Whig Party, it being currently reported that Mr. Van Buren had personally bought the paper. I immediately forwarded to Mr. Tucker a receipt for the purchase money, which receipt was published by most of the leading Democratic papers of that day, and can now be found in the files of those publications.

"Here ended my personal and pecuniary interest in the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* and *Monroe Republican.* It is with great pleasure that I here have the opportunity of recording an act of kindness and liberality on the part of my deceased friend, Mr. Tucker, which manifested the warmth of his affection and the nobleness of the man. While I was residing in Duchess County, N. Y., after my misfortunes in business, Mr. Tucker made me a visit, and urgently solicited me to remove to Rochester, offering me a full interest in the old concern; but my feeble health induced me to decline his generous offer, as I feared I should not be able to do him justice in the discharge of the duties of the position he so freely and kindly offered.

"Although I have never realized the most trifling pecuniary profit from the paper, I have no cause to regret its establishment, as it was, I trust, no small benefit to Rochester and the surrounding country, and at the same time, aided two highly esteemed friends to become benefactors to the nation and to the world.

"Having made the foregoing statements at the solicitation of yourself and other friends, to correct some erroneous statements which have appeared in print—arising from ignorance of the true facts in regard to the inception and founding of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* in 1826; and knowing that you, as well as many others who are still living, are fully cognizant of the facts herein set forth, I would only add that, being now in my eighty-first year and standing on the threshold of eternity,

I feel but little further personal interest in the subject.

"In regard to yourself, permit to me to say that I have watched for many years, with much interest, your arduous labors to benefit your adopted country by the extension of telegraph lines throughout the United States, and sincerely regret that you have not received the benefit therefrom which is so justly your due.

"With esteem,

"Yours truly,

"HENRY C. SLEIGHT."

FRANK E. GANNETT

Editor and Publisher of the *Rochester Times-Union*, which is a composite of the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, established in 1826; the *Daily Union*, established in 1855; and the *Evening Times*, established in 1887.

Elisha Johnson

PRESIDENT OF THE VILLAGE AND MAYOR OF THE CITY OF ROCHESTER

By William F. Peck

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, April 13, 1894.

ELISHA JOHNSON was one of the early mayors of Rochester, and one who, by his public spirit, his sagacity, his enterprise, and his integrity, left his impress upon the city which he had helped to found. The following outline of his career is based mainly upon a sketch prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Julia M. Young, of this city, supplemented by information derived from other sources: Having come first to this locality in 1812, Mr. Johnson moved hither from Canandaigua in 1817, at the time of the incorporation of the village of Rochesterville; partly in the town of Gates, in the county of Genesee, on the west side of the river, and in the town of Brighton, in the county of Ontario, on the east side. It was in the latter portion that he settled, making an extensive purchase from Enos Stone, one of the pioneers of this region. The land thus obtained, for which $10,000 was paid, contained eighty acres, most of which lay between North Avenue and the river, but a part of which extended south of Main Street, along the bank of the Genesee. Mr. Johnson's first residence was on the corner of South St. Paul and Howell Streets (the present names being used throughout this paper for the sake of convenience), in a house that is still standing there, but he soon afterward built a more capacious abode on South Clinton, between Court and Main Streets, near Johnson Park, a little street which he cut out from his property and presented to the city several years later.

He must have been possessed of large means for those times, for in the same year with his costly purchase he built a dam across the river, near the old fording-place, where the jail afterward stood, and at the same time constructed a mill canal

from the east end of the dam to Main Street bridge. The expenses of the enterprise was $12,000, and the canal, commonly known as the Johnson and Seymour Race, was sixty rods long, sixty feet wide, and four feet deep. In no other way could an equal expenditure of money and labor have been equally beneficial to the little village, for, before the year had ended, William Atkinson built a flouring-mill on the race, a few months later Gilman & Sibley put up a large paper-mill close by and it was not long before Rochester became known throughout Western New York as the center of the flour industry which was to make the fortunes of so many of the early settlers.

Mr. Johnson's name was constantly associated with public works of an important character and far-reaching influence. In 1819 the surveyors came here to lay out the route of the Erie Canal and of the aqueduct that was to convey the water across the river at this point, and in aid of the latter object Mr. Johnson in 1821 gave to the state enough of his land from the east bank to the middle of the river.

It is interesting to note that in this latter year, when Monroe county was erected, being carved out of the counties of Ontario and Genesee, the first deed recorded in the new county clerk's office was from Elisha Johnson and Betsey, his wife, to Andrew V. T. Leavitt and Charles J. Hill. The property thereby conveyed, which was on the northeast corner of North St. Paul and Mortimer Streets, was bought from Messrs. Leavitt and Hill, in 1850, by George G. Clarkson, afterward mayor, who lived there for nearly thirty years.*

Mr. Johnson was a contractor, and in that capacity he built, in 1824, the second Main Street bridge across the river, at an expense of $6,000, paid for by the county, the work being done in less than half the time and costing only half as much as the inferior structure originally built there in 1810-1812. His occupation embraced, appropriately, the kindred callings of surveyor and draughtsman, so that he drew the map of the village that was inserted in some copies, though not all, of the first directory of Rochester, published in 1827. In that year he and several other members of St. Luke's Church, feeling the need of an Episcopal parish on the east side of the river, organized

*Editor's Note: This is now the site of the Chamber of Commerce.

that of St. Paul's, Mr. Johnson being chosen as one of the vestrymen. His interest at the same time in the mental as well as the moral advancement of the villagers is shown by the appearance of his name in the directory referred to among the first board of trustees of the Franklin Institute, an organization formed for the purpose of literary and scientific cultivation.

There are many persons still living here who can remember the first railroad laid in this city, the one that ran from the south end of Water Street to the village of Carthage, nearly three miles distant, and the cars on which were drawn by horses. A stock company, consisting of Elisha Johnson, Josiah Bissell, Everard Peck and a few others, with a capital of $30,000, had been formed in 1825, for the purpose of constructing this road, but it was six years before they could get the necessary act passed by the legislature. In 1831 Mr. Johnson began the work and finished it in a little over a year, so that the road was ready for use in January, 1833, and it continued in operation for about ten years, when it was abandoned.

Horse-power soon had to encounter the opposition of the locomotive, and in 1834 Mr. Johnson was the surveyor, contractor and chief engineer of the Tonawanda Railroad, extending at first from here to South Byron, but prolonged to Attica eight years later. While engaged in this work he filed an application for a patent on his invention for constructing railroad tracks, which consisted of spiking flat bars of iron onto stringers that had been laid on heavy blocks of wood set endwise in the ground, and he made the following statement at the end of his specifications: "The Tonawanda railroad, commencing at the city of Rochester, state of New York, is now constructed on the plan on which I claim my improvement and is under my direction as chief engineer, and is the first road known to have been built or building on any similar plan." The patent was issued in 1835, and the parchment document, having the signatures of Andrew Jackson, President; John Forsyth, Secretary of State; B. F. Butler, Attorney-General, and H. L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, was recently presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mrs. Young who has been mentioned above.

In 1838 Mr. Johnson was chosen Mayor of the city, and in that position he exerted a wholesome influence upon the affairs

of Rochester. One of his first acts was to induce the Common Council to give the name of St. Paul Street, after the church which he had helped to found, to the thoroughfare that up to that time had born the triple name of River Street, from Main Street south; of Market Street, from Main to Franklin, and of Clyde Street, from that point northward indefinitely. During his incumbency the newly purchased cemetery of Mt. Hope was laid out, in accordance with plans prepared by a committee of which he was a member, and the choice of the name was largely owing to his suggestion.

His term of office having expired, his professional abilities were soon brought into requisition for the construction of a difficult part of the Genesee Valley Canal. The work on this enterprise had dragged along in a most unsatisfactory manner for several years when Mr. Johnson in 1840 took the contract from the state to run the tunnel which it was thought necessary to make through the mountain at Portage. Judging that it would take several years to complete the project, he determined to erect a house above the boring for his family to live in during that time. As it was the year of General Harrison's "log cabin campaign," this structure was made of logs, but, so far from being a mere cabin, it was more like a castle, for it was four stories high and it contained eighteen rooms. In the middle room, which was octagonal in shape and thirty-two feet across, the ceiling was supported by a pillar that consisted of the trunk of a large oak tree with the bark kept on and the roots left prominent, while the carpet was fitted square to the four sides surrounding the base of this sylvan column. The furniture in this room consisted mainly of rustic couches, with hair mattresses for cushions, which served for the accommodation of an additional number of guests when the cabin was overcrowded. Hospitality ruled the hour, and Mrs. Young loves to recall the time when a merry party of fifty persons, brought there to celebrate the wedding of one of their sisters, was entertained for three days, kept there in willing detention by a furious snow storm that raged during all that period. Not only invited guests but casual visitors from all parts of the country were attracted to Portage by curiosity to see the unique structure which went by the name of Hornby Lodge, called after the English owner of the land. After the Johnson family had lived

there four years the tunnel was abandoned, owing to increasing quicksands, so an open cut was made and Hornby Lodge had to be taken down.

Shortly after this Mr. Johnson moved to East Tennessee and bought a large plantation, together with ore beds and iron works. There, in the village of Tillico, he built a beautiful home and enjoyed greatly the change of climate, with the comforts and luxuries of the sunny South, in his old age, and there he lived, with his family and grandchildren about him, till the time of his death, in the early part of the Civil War.

Of his children two are now living, Emily, Mrs. Chauncey L. Grant, of Ithaca, N.Y., and Julia M., the widow of Edward B. Young, residing in this city. Of his other daughters one married Elihu, a brother of the late George H. Mumford, and died in the South, leaving one son, Elihu J. Mumford, now living in Texas, and another was Mrs. B. F. Young, who died in Bath, N.Y., where her husband long resided as the agent of the extensive Pulteney Estate. Mr. Johnson's only son, Mortimer, married a daughter of Judge Wilkinson, of Buffalo, and died some years ago, leaving two sons, who are now living in that city.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Elisha Johnson was educated at Williams College. He was a son of Captain Ebenezer Johnson, a pioneer of Chatauqua County, and a brother of Dr. Ebenezer Johnson, the first Mayor of Buffalo. He was three times President of the Village of Rochester, 1827, 1828 and 1829, and was chosen as the fifth Mayor of the City of Rochester for the year 1838. In 1844 he was a Presidential Elector.

Orsamus Turner says (Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, 1851, page 607): "The name and enterprises of Mr. Johnson are probably more closely associated with what used to be called the "Brighton Side"—now one half of the entire city, than those of any other individual."

Washington Square was the gift of Elisha Johnson to the people of Rochester, and its trees were originally the primeval forest growth.

Mayor Johnson was very much interested in securing an adequate water supply for the City of Rochester and addressed a special message to the Common Council on this subject. (Printed by Luther Tucker, Rochester, 1838; copy in Library of The Rochester Historical Society).

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is an error, which is often made, in one of Mr. William F. Peck's statements appearing on page 291, of the above article on Elisha Johnson. It is worth noticing. He speaks of the Village of Rochesterville, at the time of its

incorporation, as being "partly in the town of Gates, in the County of Genesee, on the west side of the river, and in the town of Brighton, in the county of Ontario, on the east side."

This statement is not correct, although the east and west side settlements always were in close relations.

When Rochesterville was incorporated (L. 1817, Ch. 96) its location was wholly on the west side of the river, and in Genesee County. The settlement on the east side of the river, was in the town of Brighton, in Ontario County, and was not incorporated with the village in 1817. In 1821, (L. 1821, Ch. 57) Monroe County was created, its territory including Rochesterville, and the settlement on the east side of the river. In 1823 (L. 1823, Ch. 125) the east side settlement was added to the village of Rochester, the name having been changed to Rochester from Rochesterville in 1822 (L. 1822, Ch. 192). When Elisha Johnson came to the east side of the river in 1817, he came to Brighton and not to Rochesterville.

ELISHA JOHNSON

Three times President of the Village of Rochester (1827, 1828 and 1829); and was chosen as the fifth Mayor of the City of Rochester, 1838.

Nathaniel Gorham

By George H. Humphrey

Editor's Note: At a regular meeting of The Rochester Historical Society, held January 13, 1893, Mr. George H. Humphrey, on behalf of Mr. Albert M. Bristol, presented to the Society a portrait of Nathaniel Gorham, Mr. Bristol's great-grandfather, and at that time read the following biographical sketch of Mr. Gorham:

I HAVE been requested by a descendant of the great land-owner, Nathaniel Gorham, whose name appears so often on the records of our city and county, to present to this Society a brief sketch of his life. While for the most part perhaps familiar to you, it may not, I trust, be wholly uninteresting to recall it.

The American branch of the Gorham family springs from John Gorham, who was born at Gorhambury, England, in 1620. He married Desire Howland, daughter of John Howland, and granddaughter of Gov. Carver.

John Gorham was a captain in King Phillip's War and died at Swansea, Mass., February 5, 1676, while in command of his company. The town of Gohram in Maine, then a province or district of Massachusetts, was granted to Captain Gorham and his company, for military services. John and his wife had nine children, of whom no memory remains except of his fourth son John, who was known as Colonel John. He married Mary Otis, a daughter of John Otis, the progenitor of the American family of that name. He died November 11, 1715, and his widow followed him April 1, 1732. Their tombstones are still visible at Barnstable, where Col. John was a resident until his death. His sixth child also was named John, and had a son named Nathaniel, who first married Dorcas Coffin, of Yarmouth, who died not long after. On the 16th day of January, 1776, he became the husband of Mary Soley, by whom he had Nathaniel, Mary, John, Elizabeth and Stephen. Nathaniel, afterwards of the firm of Phelps and Gorham, was born in Charlestown, Mass., on the 27th day of May, 1738.

All the records agree in calling Nathaniel Gorham a great statesman, and he certainly attained to deserved distinction. He served an apprenticeship with Nathaniel Coffin, of New London, from about 1753 until 1759, when he embarked in business as a merchant in his native town. There was hardly any part of his mature life undignified by high office, honorably held.

He was a member of the Colonial Legislature from 1771 to 1775, a delegate to the Provincial Congress in 1774 and 1775, and a member of the Board of War from 1778 until its dissolution in 1781. In 1779, he served in the State Constitutional Convention. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1782 to 1783; also from 1785 to 1787, and President of that body from June, 1786. For several years he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He took high rank in the Convention that framed the National Constitution, and when it was sitting as Committee of the Whole, was called on by Washington to preside over its deliberations and ably discharged the duties of his position for three months. He was recognized as one of the greatest workers of the Convention, and his name appears on nearly all of the sub-committees. The Yates' minutes and Elliott's proceedings, show that he held high positions in the Convention, not only as a vigorous thinker, but as a ready and wise debater.

In 1788, he retired from public life after the adoption of the Constitution, and the same year, in connection with Oliver Phelps, purchased from the State of Massachusetts an immense tract of land on the Genesee River, comprising the fifteen counties now known as The Genesee Country.

He married Rebecca Colt, and had nine children: Nathaniel, who afterwards took charge of his interests in Canandaigua; Rebecca, who married Warham Parks; Mary, who married Dr. George Bartlett; Elizabeth Ann, who married Peter C. Brooks, whose daughter married Charles Francis Adams; John Benjamin, who was an eminent lawyer in Boston and a member of Congress from that city; Lydia, who married John Phillips, the founder of Phillips-Exeter Academy.

Nathaniel Gorham died of apoplexy at Charleston, Mass., June 11, 1796, never having seen the immense tract of land in which he had invested, what for that day, was such an immense fortune, and without even a vague anticipation of the greatness

and prosperity to which the owners of that tract have attained in less than one hundred years.

Nathaniel Gorham, Jr., son of the great proprietor, was born at Charlestown, October 25, 1763. He took charge of his father's landed interests in Western New York in 1790, and came frequently from his residence on Bunker Hill to superintend them. In 1800 he removed to Canandaigua with his family and resided there until his death in 1826. He erected an elegant mansion on the site of the present Court House, which was noted for its profuse and generous hospitality.

There for the remainder of his life, he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-townsmen as an honored citizen, as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and as President of the Ontario Bank. He was a gentleman of the old school, of courtly and polished manners, and as I have been told, of great physical grace and dignity. He had five children, of whom the youngest, Mary, became the wife of Albert G. Bristol, long an esteemed physician of Rochester. Albert G. Bristol had children as follows: Mary Gorham, Sarah Frances, William, Helen Louise and Albert Murdock Bristol.

The Community Value of Our Local History

By Edward R. Foreman

IT is ever the function of The Rochester Historical Society to excite public interest in the fascinating history of the Genesee Country. The only way to accomplish this, is to keep talking about it. *Repetition is Reputation*—good advertising men prove it; and the story of the Genesee Country must be retold until every inhabitant of the territory is made familiar with it.

Mrs. Annie Olmstead Peet, of Utica, New York, has rendered our homeland a distinguished service in her "Map Depicting Rochester and the Genesee Country." (Published, 1926.) The pictures shown on this map reveal graphically the main facts of our local history. When The American Historical Association met in Rochester in December, 1926, the members were presented with copies of Mrs. Peet's map by The Rochester Historical Society, which widely extended the fame of our Genesee Country.

Dr. Frank H. Severance, Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, tells this story.

"We forget sometimes how far back white man's history hereabouts really reaches. Not long ago I had a call in my office from a New England woman, a Boston schoolmistress, very intelligent, very alert, as they all are. After asking many questions about the history of our region, she remarked, reflectively, 'But you are so new here, you can't have much history.'"

In commenting on this remark, Dr. Severance says:

"It is true of our region that white men were here before the Pilgrims had pressed foot on Plymouth Rock. It is true that white men were making history in Western New York, and history of wide significance, as early as they were in Massachusetts, although I fancy you will hardly find in any of the books that this phase of our early history is much emphasized."

On the copies of Mrs. Peet's map given to the members of The American Historical Association was printed a memorandum prepared by The Rochester Historical Society intended to emphasize the fact that the Genesee Country has a background of *Four Centuries of History.* That memorandum is repeated below:

Our local history antedates that of New England by many years. History in the Genesee Country was modified by French influence as soon as our Indian tribes had news of the advent of Jacques Cartier, scarcely two score years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Cartier was informed of the territory of the Great Lakes while first exploring the St. Lawrence in 1535, and of a river, probably the Genesee, "which had its source in the country of the Iroquois;" this report was confirmed by Marc Lescarbot in 1609.

Etiènne Brûlé, "pioneer of pioneers," crossed Western New York in 1615, immediately preceding the time Samuel de Champlain invaded Central New York, *five years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth;* the Franciscan, Joseph de la Roche Dallion, conducted a mission among the Indians of the Neutral Nation as early as 1626; and the Jesuits, Jean de Brébeuf and Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumont, first labored near the present site of Lockport in 1640.

The religious impulse sent the Jesuit missionaries into the Seneca villages for twenty years before the Denonville Expedition of 1687; and the trade spirit brought Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, on his first visit to Irondequoit Bay, in 1669. It was ever the crucifix and the fleur-de-lis.

Central and Western New York became a theatre for the game of Empire played between France and England. The echo of Champlain's arquebuse, in its murderous discharge against the Mohawk chiefs in 1609, resounded through all the remaining years of the seventeenth century; a constant warfare being maintained between the French and those fighters of appalling ferocity, the Iroquois, interrupted occasionally by negotiations and brief intervals of false peace.

For over a hundred and fifty years French activities in this region crowd our historic background with episodes of adven-

ture and romance. It was a time of picturesque coloring. Across the motion-screen of memory a strange procession passes: plumed and painted Indians slip through the shadows about their wild, fierce business; we see gallant mail-clad soldiers, girt with swords or bearing arquebuses; friars with peaked hoods and rosaries; explorers, voyageurs, traders, scouts and trappers; with military expeditions and frontier garrisons; and all the adventurous life of the forest. It seems almost a dream of romance rather than a chapter of stern history.

The French occupation was not one of settlement. The French were traders, seeking the wealth of furs to offset the financial losses of the colony of New France. After conquest by the English, followed by the American Revolution, came the period of pioneer settlement and the coming of the home-builders. It was then, like magic, that our local communities leaped into being.

The study of Local History has substantial value in our lives today. Certainly all are agreed upon the value of historical studies generally. History has tremendous value in the formation of character; it gives vision and vitality. The enterprise is not merely worshipping men and women of the past; it seeks no mute relics. History deals with living human personality, and not with death and dust. We find in the splendid past inspiration for vital deeds, for history is a dynamic and not a static thing. It furnishes a background for the whole of life, a working theory for the advance of the world. It enlarges the mind, affording the power of judging past and passing events and creating a conscious superiority over those events not before possessed. It involves an inquiry into the causes of events, and a knowledge of the lessons they afford, lessons at the foundation of right living, and right thinking. The true historian becomes a philosopher, and an inquirer into the great drift and trend of modern life. He sees all human life in its entirety and by observing the upward movement is able to comprehend our manifest destiny.

These facts as to general history are conceded by educators everywhere, especially by teachers of history, who are the elect of the earth. Their power to mold men and women makes

them creators of history. They are modern "time binders" keeping the past vividly alive in relation to the present and the future, using the accomplishments of the dead as the working capital for the living.

The value of the study of *Local History* is not so well understood nor appreciated; that is the reason it has been neglected. Local History is none the less important. "To abstract the mind from all local emotion," wrote Dr. Johnson, "would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible." The best citizens are those who are interested in their own local affairs. There is a relation between village, town, city, state and nation. It has been said that: "Local History is national history locally exemplified." Our Local History is a bit of mosaic fitting into the larger design. A study of the community in which one dwells serves to connect it with the world at large; and with pride of locality should go the understanding that our story is an integral part of the whole.

Emerson said: "The use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty." If we cannot find in the records of the lives and achievements of the pioneers incentive for the present, and inspiration for the future, our time could be put to better use. But, happily, such study has great value. You cannot read the story of your fathers and mothers without realizing afresh the responsibility resting upon Americans today. Contact with the lives of the pioneers of the Genesee Country inspires us with renewed loyalty to the communities they founded and loved.

Every man and woman living in the Genesee Country is affected by the past history of the homeland and, in turn, exerts some influence on its present and future history. You cannot escape from receiving and passing on this influence if you would. We live between two eternities in constant relation to the whole past and the whole future. The part you play will alter the general result.

A multitude of historical associations gather round the Country of the Genesee. There are Indian legends, household traditions, incidents remembered by the oldest inhabitants, old books, documents and manuscripts recording wonder-tales of the wilderness, where men and women faced strange dangers

MY EARLY HOME.

ROCHESTER IN 1812

POETRY BY

EDWIN SCRANTOM Esq.

The Music composed and respectfully dedicated to the

EARLY SETTLERS OF ROCHESTER, N.Y.

L. THAYER CHADWICK.

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON, 135 Washington St.

Entered 1849 by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's

Photograph of the cover of the song "My Early Home," in the Library of The Rochester Historical Society. This picture reveals the original drawing of the Hamlet Scrantom log cabin which stood at the northwest corner of Main and State Streets on the present site of the Powers Building. Edwin Scrantom later republished an imperfect reproduction of this drawing in "The Rochester Gem." (See First Families of Rochester and Their Dwellings, Publication Fund Series, Vol. IV, pp. 347-351).

and heavy toil. Here they found the forest primeval; they left a smiling land of beauty filled with happy homes. A few dared and suffered; many enjoy the good. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

We remember how Sullivan's soldiers carried back such wonderful stories of our territory that it became the Eden of pioneer hopes, a land of promise, filled with forests and meadows, hills and valleys, of rich soil and natural watercourses. Long the paradise of the Senecas, it became at last the smiling Empire of the white men. Rich in folk-lore, romance and human interest, this region is worthy to stir the enthusiasm and win the intelligent study of all its inhabitants; and it is certain that the study of this local history will quicken our love of the homeland, where our fathers and mothers are buried, and will make us have sympathy for human needs today.

In the last analysis Local History is a neighborhood proposition. To be neighbors is something more than just living near one another. It means those who have the disposition of mind befitting the relation of neighbors, folk who are kind, friendly, sociable, courteous and helpful. Genesee Country people can qualify easily under that definition; and as there are no facts in our Local History not related to human personality, the study of the Valley of the Genesee enriches the associations of the hearthstone, and makes life more interesting and lovely. Not many are called upon to build empires but in the occasions of common life we need to know our neighbors and understand together the special heritage we share, so that improvement may grow out of knowledge.

Be curious about the place you live in. Arnold Bennett says:

"It is a fact that the great majority of grown-up persons, complaining of the dullness and flatness of existence, resolutely keep their eyes and their ears closed to the interests which beat in upon them from every side. The obviously first thing to do is to walk about freely and inquisitively in your given area, just as you would in a foreign town. It is astonishing how 'foreign' a familiar district can be if you take the trouble to behold the same with a fresh vision."

Human experience has demonstrated that we find what we are looking for. All places in the Genesee Country are romantic, but human eyes differ in romantic quality. Romance and beauty

are everywhere around us; the way to train the eyes to see is to keep them wide open. At any rate we must familiarize ourselves with the aspects of the whole area, bit by bit. There are overlooked beauties in all the streets and by-ways if only we can brush aside "the mist of familiarity" which Shelley said "makes life obscure to us." Beauty and romance exist only for those who see them.

There are ways to excite your interest. Obtain an old map of your home territory and a new map of it. Compare the old map and the recent map and you will begin to have surprising, thrilling glimpses into the history and development of the district. Better still, examine a pictorial map of the Genesee Country, like that drawn by Mrs. Annie O. Peet above referred to; and if possible, have some bright student, with artistic ability, prepare a detailed pictorial map for your own neighborhood.

As you go about your daily affairs take notice of the architecture of houses and churches, observe birth-places and dwelling-places of the great and near-great; enjoy your wonderful natural beauties, learn the history of your roads as arteries of transportation; and especially absorb all exciting human statistics. *Get hold of the idea of a community, as a unit, constantly moving upward in steady development.* This master-idea is a spring of everlasting and passionate interest and enjoyment; the man who gets it will cease to be a bored citizen and will become a useful citizen. And, being interested, he will be interesting; a man of mark among his acquaintances.

In choosing some nucleus for a study of Local History you cannot do better than to begin in your own home or yard. Trace back the several ownerships to the original grant; discover whether other buildings were ever on the place, and learn something about the earlier people who lived there; find out if Indians ever hunted in your neighborhood or soldiers tramped over it; note changes of topography; learn when adjacent roads were opened; and look up family traditions. One incident will inevitably lead to another, fascinating facts will often astonish you, and you will experience the delights of the unexpected.

No man can study his locality without finding an interest, without mental stimulus, without increased understanding and sympathy with his fellowmen, and without distinguishing himself with his fellowmen. There is no more valuable moral or

intellectual asset that a community can possess than keen joy, pride and interest in the personalities and deeds that make up its history. *One who has pride in his community is likely to help make that community more worthy of his pride.* People who know a community by virtue of having been brought up in it have a love for it which is entirely personal. We are attached to our homeland, not only on account of its history but also on account of its physical features. Love of landmarks is a tie that binds.

Von Humboldt, in one of his essays, says: "*Whatever you would put into the state you must first put into the schools.*" The way to teach a child to be patriotic is to teach him to love the community in which he is living. The teacher must proceed from the concrete to the abstract; from the known to the unknown. A man cannot be taught to love his country or his state unless he is taught that great deeds have been done at home; that there high ideals are cherished; that his locality has been, and is, a factor in civilizing the New World. The love of locality is the very essence of civic patriotism. The most effective way to make ardent patriots is to make people, young and old, familiar with the story of their homeland:

> "Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
> His first, best country, ever is at home."

Local history should be part of the compulsory courses of study in all of our district and grade schools, and offered as optional in our colleges. And the class-room work should be supplemented by exciting field excursions to places of historic interest somewhere in the neighborhood. The historical lessons we once thought dull are endowed with life and interest if we can see the places where events occurred. The nearer the places the more vivid the story.

The late Dr. Sherman Williams, of the New York State Department of Education, said:

> "We want our boys and girls so trained from the time they enter school till the day of their graduation, that they may think and act intelligently in regard to matters connected with our history. We should neglect no opportunity to see that the pupils in our schools are always taught our history thoroughly, beginning with

the history of the locality in which they live, and from such small beginnings may grow ever widening and deepening interest in the world's history."

The study of Local History will, inevitably, produce four results in a community:

1. Promote civic pride and interest;
2. Provide individuality for the community;
3. Provide incentives for civic effort, sacrifice and benevolence;
4. Lay a sure foundation for true patriotism.

Wisdom was not born with the present generation and she will not depart with its going; and it will always stand true that the experience of the past is the safest guide for the future; even as the engineer places stakes behind him, that by sighting backward he may determine correctly his advance.

Human thought, human feeling, and above all human will went into the making of America; other men would have made another nation, and other men would have made another Genesee Country. Let us celebrate our own.

In ancient Rome monumental stones often were inscribed with the words "Genio Loci"—*to the Divinity of the Neighborhood.* In the Genesee Country we ought to have the same poetic sense, idealizing the divinity of our homeland and of its people:

> "And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

The history of our Genesee Country is the story of all of the men and women who have lived here; of their work and play, their fears and hopes; their struggles and victories. The life of every one of us is part of that story. Thus, as the annalist lovingly gleans the harvest-fields of home, where each step is a memory, again we are reminded of that saying of old Pindar of those, who

> "Do match their noble ancestors in prowess of their own,
> And by their fruits commend the stock whence they themselves are grown."

Two Interesting Letters

From Manuscripts in the Library of The Rochester Historical Society.

Editor's Note: Abelard Reynolds was a member of the Assembly in the year 1827, and the following letters were exchanged in that year between Edwin Scrantom and himself:

"Rochester, Jan. 27, 1827.

"My Dear Sir:

"I have taken the liberty to write you on several accounts. And first, the same news is here, as usual, and no more. Business goes on, and briskly. There is an usual quantity of wheat bought at the price of 5/3 to 5/10; hammers clink, carts rattle, streetmen bawl, boys halloo, and cryers cry "hear ye," &c. Lawyers and doctors are thick as ever. Idlers and dandies strut as usual. The theatres, museums, pictures and other curiosities, about as abundantly as formerly, and men "in the full fruition of unrestrained liberty," pass to and fro, gathering substance and leaving "pomp and circumstance" behind them. The streets are crowded, now 'tis sleighing from one end to the other. I counted a day or two since 150 teams in and about the streets of Buffalo, Carroll, and Exchange. Your business at the P. O. goes on as usual. That Mr. Stoddard is not only a fine young man and trusty, but he is faithful and capable. Old Mr. B. keeps along about so, and I think things are managed to the satisfaction of the publick. I saw Stoddard collecting a few days since and I thought he made a good fist at it. Money was never more scarce than now, when every merchant seems making remittances. But it will be better. The canal will open in less than two months and that will create a new era in the affairs of men and things. How does the business of legislation suit you? Methinks you are somewhat lost. You could easier tell a man whether his ticket was a blank or a prize than rise on the assembly floor with "Mr. Speaker" or "Mr. Chairman" &c., I suppose. But, as Dean Swift said, "a man with any talent can, although unused to it, make the world profit by anything he

may undertake to do or say, however unnatural it may be to him at first." I should like the floor of publick legislation. I feel a regret always when I think that my pigmy talent and ability will, of course, always exclude me from a participation in that duty. You must write me if you think you can do nothing better, and more useful. Your family were well Saturday. *Local.*—Enos Stone sold upwards of 100 acres of land near where he lives, not including his present homestead, to Messrs. Peck, Bissell and Riley, for $35,000. They are apportioning into village lots. Stebbins and Cuyer, you might have known, have purchased that ground back of where Andrews lives, the Atwater and Andrews tract, on the north town road and are selling off lots there. It lies directly in front of the above purchase of Peck, Bissell and Riley. I bought two lots there for $200 each. They will now rise. They are selling rapidly. John Shethar has come back here. His only child died three days ago. F. H. Cuming has sold his brick house to A. Samson for $3,500. Alpheus Bingham died the 13th. Heavy loss to his family. T. Hart had a mortgage on B's place. He had deeded to Mrs. B. gratuitously. Generous indeed. Elisha Taylor dwindles. Poor man, he must soon go the way of all flesh. A third Presbyterian society is established in East Rochester. Rev. Mr. Parker pastor. A new meeting-house is going up for him. I think of nothing more.

"Had you as soon send me your name for the note I spoke to you of? My brother will secure you, and if you will send the note immediately I will lodge with Mr. Stoddard the security before I use your name. Elbert will sign to you, and he has a store besides owns a house and lot on Carroll Street unincumbered. You will much oblige me and I will remember it, as I ought, in gratitude. I call upon you with reluctance, but aware as I am that not the least injury can or shall come on you. I shall be proud to consider you a friend and one indeed. Please draw a note for 12 months jointly and severally for $200, sign and send to me, and much oblige your very

"Grateful Friend,

"E. Scrantom."

"A. Reynolds, Esq.

"Do you get my paper?"

"Albany, 3d Feby., 1827.

"Dear Sir:

"Your favour of the 27th ult. duly recd. by which it appears that the affairs of Rochester continue in the same progressive state, only with accelerated pace. A community like that, composed of such a variety of individuals, engaged in different occupations and pursuing different objects, yet all tending to promote and diffuse the general blessings of society, is wonderfully arranged in the order of nature. It is very congenial to my feelings as well as my interest to know that prosperity prevails in our celebrated and aspiring village and I cordially desire that brotherly love and unanimity might also pervade our prolific and enterprising community. I have always had the utmost confidence in the ultimate success and consequence of our village, the numerous opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. There is, however, in all human events, a point beyond which we ought not, we cannot go, and such, I am fearful, is the extravagant land speculations now going on in Rochester. The present purchasers will, no doubt make money by their operations, but that a reaction will be the final result of this persevering, chimerical project, there cannot remain a doubt, and how far that will effect and impede the flourishing condition of our famous village it is difficult for me to predict, but people must be left in the full enjoyment of their own problematical views and calculations in this land of liberty, nor will they listen to the voice of reason, until the picture is reversed and their visionary schemes vanish before them.

"As to legislation, I have not promised myself the performance of any conspicuous feats by way of extemporaneous speeches. I came here with the full conviction of being edified, rather than to edify. It is in reality a school possessing an inexhaustible fund of information. There is already enough who are fond of speaking upon almost every subject. If the members were all speakers they would be anxious each to excell, hence the time would be absorbed in useless discussion instead of the dispatch of regular business. There is already much time spent in long debates considerable part of which if not irrelevant to the subject is nugatory. I think however that evil will meet with a corrective in the disapprobation of a large majority of the house, as being adverse to long debates.

"I presume you know that I have been peculiarly unfortunate in lending my name heretofore in consequence of which scrupulous conflicts have arisen between my inclination to oblige my friends and my duty toward my family. We know not how soon we may be called upon to pay the debt of nature, and should therefore have our pecuniary concerns in constant readiness and not entail upon our surviving families the trouble and sacrifice of settling embarrased estates, which is always attended with perplexity and loss.

"I have drawn two notes and sent to Mr. Stoddard with instructions to hand you over to A. Hall and for you to get your two brothers, Elbert and Henry to execute the other. You may perhaps think me unscrupulous, but as the note is to run some time, and we know not what may happen before it falls due, and I am not interested or to be benefited by the operation, I presume you would not hesitate to do it. Your paper comes regularly, and I should be glad to hear from you otherwise occasionally.

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"A. R." [Abelard Reynolds]

The First Wedding in Rochester

By Edwin Scrantom

Editor's Note: The following account from the "Old Citizen" papers, does not indicate that our early village days were entirely joyless, or that any Blue Laws placed a dead hand on the beginnings of our social life.

Judge John D. Lynn, speaks of Edwin Scrantom as "Rochester's clever raconteur," and refers to the First Wedding as follows ("Life and Times of John Mastick," Rochester, 1922):

"Jehiel Barnard was the first tailor in the settlement and his shop was the public meeting-place of the citizens. In the absence of churches the first religious exercises were held there; the Episcopal service being read by some of the residents, and the singing led by Miss Delia Scrantom, the pioneer young lady of the settlement, who came here to occupy with her parents the first house that was going to be built. Barnard, in donating his shop for the exercises may not have seen in advance all the possibilities, but he certainly improved his opportunity. He wooed and won the leader of the choir. They were married, October 8, 1815, in the log-house from which the picture was made that adorns the stationery of The Rochester Historical Society, and stood where Powers Block now stands."

MARRIED: At the residence of the bride's father, at Genesee Falls, October 8, 1815, Jehiel Barnard to Miss Delia Scrantom, eldest daughter of Hamlet Scrantom, Esq. No cards, for the best reason.

This was the initial wedding in Rochester in the "long ago" of its commencement. Ira West, the first merchant of the place, with his intended, Miss Eliza Stone, was there. West was obliged, on his honor, to attend, for the bridegroom and himself, both good friends, and both looking to the same "consummation devotedly to be wished," had agreed together that the first one married should be furnished by the other with the needed wine. Ira was therefore on hand with four gallons of the best Madeira, at four dollars a gallon—considered the greatest wedding offering of the time.

It was the evening of the Sabbath when the ceremonies took place. The minister engaged was the Rev. Mr. Parmelee, of Victor, but on the day of the wedding, had managed to send

word to the parties, that the laws did not allow him to solemnize a wedding in the county of Genesee. "O! most lame and impotent conclusion." Resort was then had to a minister near Scottsville; but he was such a fiery Calvinist, that objection was made to him. Now the disappointed parties turn to the first and only Justice of the Peace in town, John Mastick, Esq., the law partner of Enos Pomeroy. Mastick was a jolly bachelor, full of jest, popular, and was always saying, "Well, there is a day of life before me, and betide what will, I will enjoy it." He was a

> "Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
> To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun—"

and though confoundedly frightened when he came to tie the knot, held his breath until he was fairly over, then slapped his hands and electrified the company by a loud impromptu kiss on the cheek of the bride. He said his fee was a crown, and the bridegroom paid him three crowns.

Monday evening after the wedding was selected to ratify it. West brought the wine on that evening, and procured an old left-handed fiddler named Noble, living at "Deep Hollow," and he opened the ball with "Money-Musk," and John Mastick, Francis Brown, Erastus Cook, Silas O. Smith, Hervey Ely, Preston Smith, Hastings R. Bender and others, with partners, went into the dance in right good earnest. Abelard Reynolds sent his "regrets," as he was attending to a fever that had for weeks demanded his life, and well-high enforced the demand. The occasion was one of great hilarity, and is yet green in the recollection of the families interested, yet at the present time there is but one invited guest who was present, who is now known to be living; and that one is P. Smith, who is yet seen among us, active in a good old age.

At Gregg & Powelson's Photograph Gallery, about the 12th of October, 1865, Jehiel Barnard and wife, with four sons and two daughters, sat for their pictures. They had just celebrated the "Golden Wedding." Some had come from the far west to be present, and others from places nearer, and all had spent a few days together in most delightful, social intercourse, and their ranks were unbroken. Though the families of some of the

Barnards had been invaded by death, the children of the rustic wedding of 1815, were all present, a circumstance, it is believed, of very rare occurrence, and it is not within the recollection of the writer that any couple married fifty years ago on these grounds, have before celebrated their golden wedding with all their children living and present. To the old inhabitants, the scenes and facts stated above possess interest of great significance.

Historiettes

By Edward R. Foreman

The First White Child Born in Rochester:—There is always risk in attempting to list "first things" of a community, because prior claims subsequently may be established. Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, and others, have essayed this for Rochester, but later information has corrected some of their assertions. The writer once stated publicly that "the American Bible Society was *first promoted* in Rochester," referring to the activities of the Monroe County Bible Society (organized as an Auxiliary of The American Bible Society, March 30, 1821), in placing a copy of the Bible in every home in the county, which was carried into execution through the instrumentality of Josiah Bissell, Jr., in 1825 and 1828. This enterprise was the first active extension of the plans of the American Bible Society, organized in New York City in May, 1816. To the use of the expression "first promoted," the American Bible Society took vigorous exception, and recorded its protest in a letter of admonition addressed to the writer, personally. It was a useful lesson. In passing, it is interesting to notice that as accurate a writer as Charles Mulford Robinson, was confused on the organization date of The American Bible Society. In "First Church Chronicles" (p. 33) Mr. Robinson said: "In March of that year [1821] The Monroe County Bible Society was founded, with Dr. Levi Ward of the First Church as President. It is of more than local interest, for this Society's custom of giving Bibles to those who were unable to buy them led later to the formation of The American Bible Society."

There are several claimants for the honor of having been the first white child born in Rochester. Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, in her "Story Historical" (Rochester, 1884) discusses the claims of three men, viz: James Stone, born May 4, 1810; Benjamin Evans born, 1811; and Mortimer F. Reynolds, born December 2, 1814. Shortly after the publication of Mrs. Parker's book in 1884, a fourth man, Robert Chism Schofield, of Freeport, Ill., came to Rochester, and made the claim that he was born April 1, 1812, in

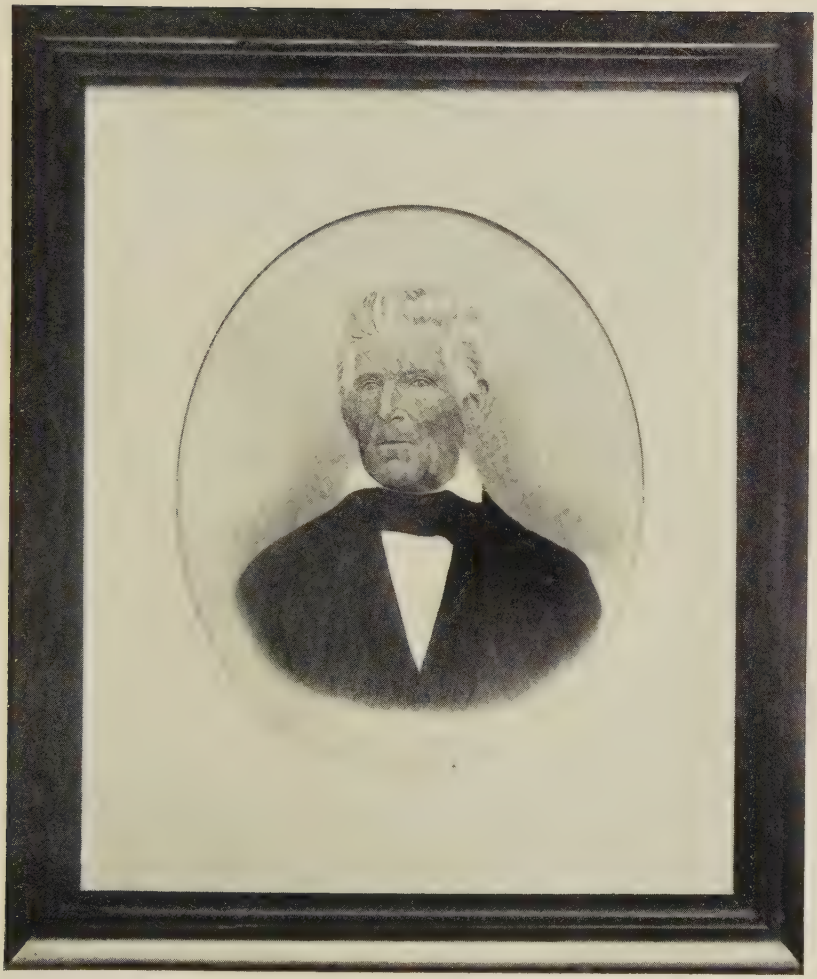
a cabin on the spot now occupied by the rear portion of the store of Matthews and Boucher, and this claim was admitted as good by some of the old residents. There is another claimant in the person of Henry Culver, Son of Oliver Culver and Alice Ray Culver, who was born in the old Culver homestead on December 14, 1806. Mr. Raymond H. Arnot says (Publication Fund Series, Vol. I, p. 97): "It is sufficient to affirm, however, that the weight of evidence on this interesting question is in favor of James Stone as the first white child born in Rochester." Henry O'Reilly says (Sketches of Rochester, 1838, p. 247): "A son of Enos Stone, born in 1810, was the first white person born on either of the tracts now included in the City of Rochester."

This question as to the first white child, was settled thirty years ago by the discovery by Mr. I. L. Randall of Churchville, Monroe County, New York, of documents relating to the family of Josiah Fish. Mr. Randall's mother was a daughter of Libbeus Fish, son of Josiah Fish, and the family records found gave a most interesting account of the experiences of the Fish family in the Genesee Country; and they reveal that, while living in a cabin adjacent to Indian Allan's grist-mill, on the One-Hundred-Acre Tract, the following children were born to Josiah and Zeruiah Fish: John P. Fish, Feb. 24, 1800; Delinda Fish, Oct. 11, 1802; LeRoy Fish, Nov. 14, 1804.

The late William H. Samson, Past-President of The Rochester Historical Society, and Mrs. Anah B. Yates, were allowed to examine the documents found by Mr. Randall, and Mr. Samson announced the discovery in the *Post-Express* (News, Dec. 24, 1897; Editorial, Dec. 29, 1897), being convinced by the evidence that John P. Fish was the first white child born in Rochester.

We are indebted to Mr. Samson for a copy of the Journal of Libbeus Fish, found by Mr. Randall, as published below, the spelling, capitalization and punctuation, all being exactly as in the original record:

"I was born in Townsend, Vermont, Nov. 22nd, 1781. When about 6, or seven years of age, my father moved to Upton, Woster County, Mass., having changed farms with Asa Hazleton, my uncle. It was a large farm, and good buildings, but sterile land, and he did not succeed very well in farming. About



LIBBEUS FISH

Brother of John P. Fish, the First White Child of Rochester who was born in a shack adjoining the Indian Allan Mill, February 24, 1800.

Picture presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mrs. Anah B. Yates.

1793, my father having heard much about the fine country west, resolved to visit it, and accordingly he journeyed west as far as the Niagara, it being then an entire wilderness beyond Whitestown. He was absent all summer, having been taken sick with Genesee fever as it was called, which attacked all early settlers in that section. After some time it turned to ague, every other day. He then started for home having a good horse. On the day in which he was well he rode fifty, or sixty miles. Then he would lay over the next day, and have ague and fever. He continued this way until he reached home late in the fall. The ague continued some time after his reaching home; but he was well pleased with the western country, and nothing daunted by his sickness, resolved to make it his permanent home. He sold his farm, and visited the western country the ensuing spring, to locate a homestead.

"My father selected for a home a piece of land at the mouth of Black Creek, on the Genesee river about six miles above the Falls. There were six or eight acres of open flats on it of very rich soil. He then made preparations to move his family to Vermont, where all my father and mother's relatives lived. We arrived in Townsend in the winter, and remained there until spring 1795, when my father and I started on horseback for the Genesee, crossing the Green mountains at Manchester; the North river at Stillwater, near where Burgoyne was defeated. My father pointed out to me the house of the headquarters of our army. We crossed the Mohawk at Whitestown, and in ten days arrived at Canawagus, on the Genesee river, and put up at the house of Gilbert Berry, who kept a tavern and ferry across the river. After waiting a few days my father went to Bath, about sixty miles south, to purchase the land from Mr. Charles Williamson, who was agent for selling most of the land in this section. On his return we started down the river to commence on our new farm, which was fifteen miles distant. Arriving at Peter Shaffer's, six miles from the farm, we engaged him to go with us with two yoke of oxen and a plow. Arriving at Black Creek we swam the oxen over, and ferried ourselves over on a raft and on reaching the farm commenced plowing. At night, we turned the oxen out to feed, made a fire, ate our pork and bread, wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down to sleep. The following day we continued plowing, and also part of the

next, when Mr. Shaffer returned home. We staid and planted three or four acres of corn, and then visited Allan's Mill.

"There was no one living there at that time, or between there and the Lake, eight miles distant. After arriving at the mill, and the Little Falls, we crossed over the river at the ford, above the Little Falls, and went down on the east side, there being no path on the west side. We viewed the Falls from the east side, and near night, arrived at the lake, and crossed the river. There were two families living there at that time, William Hincher, and Frederick Hosmer. We stopped at the house of the latter, and staid a day or two. We spent the time fishing and making little excursions on the lake in small boats, and birch bark canoes. We then returned, by the same route, to Canawagus, and went to work for Mr. Berry. Early in the summer I was taken sick with fever, which continued a week or ten days, then turned to fever and ague, which I had every day. The noise about the tavern was very annoying to me. About this time a man by the name of Sprague was to take charge of Allan's Mill, and my father agreed to go down and board with him. Sprague's family consisted of himself and wife, three daughters, and a son-in-law, by the name of Fleming. I will now give you a description of our new home, Viz: the mill. It was probably 36 feet by 30, and was something like the ground floor given below: [Here appears a rough sketch in the Journal showing the ground-plan of the Allan grist-mill.]

"It was divided through the centre, east and west, by a board partition, and in like manner north and south. There was no glass and, to light the rooms it was necessary to open the shutters. There was no place to keep fire in the mill, and for that purpose there was a small shanty about four or five rods from the mill, on the bank of the river where the cooking was done, and we took our meals in the mill. To reach the mill there was a kind of a bridge from the mill to the shanty. The garrett was all in one room, and was the lodging-room for the boy and myself, and a pretty warm place in summer when I had the fever on. Soon after we arrived there, we were joined by an old hunter, named John Parks, and his dog. He was a singular man, and very rough, and wore a long beard. He almost worshipped his dog, and would never take any food himself until he had given the dog the best. He made his home there, while I staid,

and furnished most of the meat for the family, the largest share of which was racoon meat, which was our constant food three times a day and the only food we had, except bread, and occacionally, cakes shortened and fried in racoon oil. Sometimes we had tea without sugar or milk. Our drink was river water, and it was very warm. I had the ague and fever very hard. When it came on, I would go to the shanty and stand or sit around the fire until the chill went off, and the fever came on. Then I would walk as well as I could to the mill where I could lie down and no one can tell what I suffered but those who have tried it. The fever would last several hours. Then I would begin to sweat, and my clothes would be so wet, that I could wring the water out of them.

"During this time, I was very badly bloated. I could not get on my shoes, my feet were so badly swollen. We continued here in this way until late in the fall, when my father was about to start for Vermont for his family. Previous to this he had built a log house, that is, he laid up the logs for the body, and got some Indians to cover it with bark. He built his house where the first high land comes to the river, as much as three quarters of a mile from Black Creek. He had agreed with Mr. Williamson for 320 acres of land. It had not been surveyed, and he expected to have a mile on the river, which would take in the land where he had built, his reason for building there being, that above that place, it was liable to overflow. Subsequently Mr. Williamson refused to let him have the land in that shape, and allowed him but half a mile on the river, and a mile back.

"As my father was about to return to Vermont for his family, we left the mill late in the fall. We walked to Black Creek when my ague came on again. My father made a fire with flint and steel, and piled on the wood, and I tried to keep warm until the chill went off, then I laid down on the ground on my blanket until the fever left me, my father supplying me with water from the river of which I drank large quantities. We then started on and arrived at Mr. Dugan's at night. The family consisted of Mr. Dugan and wife. She was a sister of Indian Allan, who built the mill at the falls. They were very good people, and lived comfortably, having plenty of butter and milk. My father made arrangements with them to keep me while he was gone for the other members of the family. He left me and started on his

journey, but was delayed at Canawagus. Mrs. Dugan, seeing my bloated condition, insisted on my taking salts, and on my refusal threatened to put the hated medicine in my pudding and milk, and for fear she would do so, I ran away, and went to Canawagus where I found my father, as he had not yet started for Vermont. He got me board at Mr. Johnsons, but I did not find as good fare as I did at Dugans, but better than at the mill. We had no racoon meat, but salt pork, potatoes and bread, and sometimes friedcakes without shortening or sugar, and kept until very hard and dry. My ague grew lighter, and by the middle of winter, I was able to go to school. Mr. George Hosmer was a schoolmate, and others. My father arrived with his effects some time in February, and I was glad to see my mother, from whom I had been separated so long.

"My father got our family into a house of Mr. Elisha Farwells, where we stopped until the ground got settled, and then we moved down to Black Creek, into the log house before mentioned. The latter had no doors, floors, windows or fireplace. Here we lived until we could build a new home on the open flats, near our corn. Soon after we moved, the family were all taken sick, my mother and five children. We had no neighbors nearer than five miles, and they in like condition with ourselves. All the help we had while we remained there, was by a daughter of Isaac Scott, the founder of Scottsville. She was afterwards the wife of Major James Ganson. Our nearest doctor was fifteen miles away, and there was no one to do anything for us but my father and myself. My mother, and five children were stretched on their miserable beds on the ground floor at the same time, all writhing in the agonies of fever, crying for cold water, and none could be had, but the river water, which was very warm. We had no food but salt pork and bread, and God only knows how we ever made bread.

"We had milk, but it was almost impossible to use either the milk or the butter, for the woods were full of weeds and wild onions, which the cattle ate, and which tainted the milk. In the fall the family recovered, and my father moved us to the falls, to take charge again of Allan Mill, as Mr. Sprague had moved away. We continued to occupy the shanty, and the mill that winter, and in the spring we built a house there of logs against a ledge of rocks, the rocks forming one side of the house. We had

no chimney, and a hole in the roof served for an escape for the smoke. This was in the spring of 1797. The next spring my mother died."

Here the journal comes to an end with the signature of Libbeus Fish. In the same manuscript is a short account of the early life of the same family, while they lived in the vicinity of Rochester, by Philothetta Fish Giddings, the sister of Libbeus Fish. It covers somewhat the same ground, with a few additional details. It is in her handwriting and has her signature. The record is as follows:

"I was born in Townsend, Vermont, October 3rd, 1783, where I lived until I was thirteen years old, when my father, Col. Josiah Fish, moved to a place near Rochester, called Canawagus in the month of February, 1796. We came in two sleighs. My father got his family into a house with Mr. Elisha Farwell, where we remained until the ground got settled, and then we moved down to Black Creek, into a house, built the summer before, of logs covered with bark, by the Indians, after their manner of roofing buildings. It was without floors, doors, windows or fireplace. We continued to live there until we could build a new house on the open flats, near our corn. Soon after we moved, the family were all taken sick, my mother, and five children. As the weather became cooler, in the fall, we began to recover, and in Nov. my father moved to the falls, to take charge of the Allan Mill.

"The next spring my mother died. The next fall my sister, Sophia, was married to Mr. Frederic Hosmer. I remained in my father's family until he married Mrs. Holcomb. While I lived there, a sail vessel was built, and launched on Lake Ontario. It was built by Eli Granger, who called it Jemima, after his wife, who had that name. We all went on board, anticipating a merry time, as it was the first vessel of any size launched on the lake, and was of course something new. We had not gone very far however, when we encountered head winds, and had to put back. The roughness of the lake caused sea-sickness, and we returned rather disappointed with our excursion. I remained in my father's family until I was 18 years old, and then went to Canawagus to live in the family of John Cooley, and was married to Mr. Elisha Giddings, Sept. 11th,

1803. We, my husband and myself, remained in Canawagus until February, 1805, when we left for the new state of Ohio, making the journey with oxteams and sleds."

The remainder of this record is taken up with an account of the journey to Ohio, and features connected with their life while there.

In connection with this record of the life of Col. Josiah Fish, and his son Libbeus, while they resided in Rochester, another old memorandum may also be of some interest. It was found by Mr. Randall, also, and is in the handwriting of his grandfather, Libbeus Fish. It is written on the margin of an old history of this section, and bears Mr. Fish's signature. It is as follows:

"I bought of Samuel A. Andruss the next lot below the Allan mill, a lot of 90 acres which he had purchased from Phelps, at 15 per acre. He had chopped about 5 acres. I built a small log house, and log distillery, and in 1806 I sold to father."

In the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, July 22, 1848, appears an editorial as follows:

"We were called upon a day or two since by Mr. Libbeus Fish, who claims to be the first actual settler, now living, of the ground where our beautiful city now stands. His father, Col. Josiah Fish, came here in 1795, and later took charge of the old 'Indian Allan' Mill. He built a log cabin on the side of a ledge of rocks, which must have been near where the Museum now stands. It was the first building erected within the limits of the now city, with the exception of the Mill. It was, of course, of rude construction and withal a 'three walled house,' the ledge of rocks forming one side. Libbeus, our informant, who had not yet grown to man's estate, had considerable difficulty in finding playmates, the nearest-neighbor being three and a half miles distant. Mr. L. Fish purchased the tract now known as Frankfort, 90 acres, and removed there where he commenced a little clearing around the Falls. There were but few Indians about in his vicinity at that time, the nearest Indian settlement being Canawagus, now Avon. Mr. Fish had a son born upon that tract in 1806, who is now living in Jackson, Michigan. The father sold out and removed in 1806 from four to six years before any of the "oldest inhabitants" came here. Mr. Culver spoke of the log house of Col. Fish at the Pioneers' Festival held here last fall.

"What changes now meet his eye? He left the country a wilderness and returns to find it grown up into a flourishing city, second to none in industry and enterprise in the Union."

November 24, 1850, Libbeus Fish wrote a long letter to Orsamus Turner which covers practically the same account as

does his journal. A copy of this letter has been published by Mrs. Yates.

Orsamus Turner says (Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, pp. 417-418):

"Col. Josiah Fish, the early Supervisor of the wide region of Northampton, was from Windham, Vermont. Having in a previous visit to the country, purchased a farm at the mouth of Black Creek, on the Genesee River, in 1795, with his son Libbeus, he came on to commence upon it. Hiring his teamwork of Mr. Shaffer, he broke up a few acres of the open flats, planted it, put up a log-hut which he got the Indians to cover with bark; after which, the father and son went down to board with Sprague, who was then in charge of the Allan mill, at the Falls; 'and pretty hard board it was,' says the son: 'We had raccoon for breakfast, dinner and supper, with no vegetables; and upon extra occasions, we had cakes fried in raccoon oil.' This, with the fever and ague added, was a specimen of pioneer life in what is now Rochester. Taking the son up to Mr. Berry's at Canawaugus, where he had a winter's sickness, the father returned to Vermont for the family; and in April, the whole were in their new solitary home at Black Creek, living without doors, floor, window or chimney. Over half of the family were soon prostrated by disease, which continued the greater part of the season. In November, Mr. Williamson having hired Col. Fish to take charge of the Allan mill, the family moved down to the Falls, and occupied a board shantee for cooking, sleeping in rooms partitioned off in the mill, where was not even the luxury of glass windows. In this way they wintered and summered. The next fall, they put up a three-walled log-house, against a ledge of rocks on the river bank, the site being that now occupied by the old red mill, near Child's Basin; the ledge of rocks serving for one wall of the house; a fire-place and chimney being excavated in the rock. They found for their neighbors, Messrs. Hincher and Hosmer, at the mouth of the river; and soon after they had located at the falls, they were much gratified in the accession of some new neighbors—the Atchisons—at Braddock's Bay. In 1798, Col. Fish, being a magistrate for Ontario County, held a court at Lewiston for the trial of a person who had sold liquor to the soldiers of Fort Niagara. He remained in charge

of the mill until 1804, when he moved back to his farm. In 1807 he sold his farm and moved up the Ridge, near Parma, where he died in 1811."

Mrs. Anah B. Yates has furnished the following statement, which she wrote after extensive research, in regard to Col. Josiah Fish and his descendants. All of these genealogical facts have been verified from original records:

Colonel Josiah Fish, son of John and Deborah Fish, was born in Mendon, Mass., February 11, 1755. He married Elizabeth Hazleton, of Upton, Mass., August 24, 1774. She was the daughter of Colonel John and Jane Wood Hazleton, and was born August 9, 1755. She died in Rochester, N. Y., March 1798. In 1799, Josiah Fish married Zeruiah Phelps Holcomb, widow of Eli Holcomb, who was born October 10, 1763. Zeruiah Phelps was born July 5, 1764. She died September 14, 1842. Josiah Fish died near Parma, N. Y., May 10, 1811.

"Copy of Certificate of Service

"State of Vermont,

"Adjutant General's Office,

"Montpelier, August 5, 1898.

"I hereby certify that the following is a correct transcript from the records on file in this office, regarding soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War. Extract:

"Josiah Fish served as Lieutenant from August 2d to November 30, 1780, three months, twenty-seven days, in Captain William Hutchin's Company, Major Ebenezer Allen's detachment, in the service of the State of Vermont and received L31, 8, 5. Also served as Captain from the beginning of campaign, 1781, to the 30th of June, (year not given), in Colonel Samuel Fletcher's Battalion, and received L37, 6, 8. And served as Captain from July 15th to November 21, 1781, 141 days, under the same command and received L47, 0, 0. And served as a Captain from September 10th to the 29, 1782, under same command, 'assisting the Sheriff,' and received L1, 11, 0."

"T. S. Peck,

"*Adjutant-General.*"

Children of Josiah and Elizabeth Hazleton Fish, all born in Townsend, Windham Co., Vt.:

Hazleton, born September 26, 1775; died.....1786.
Sullivan, born August 3, 1777.
Sophia, born February 21, 1779, married Frederick Hosmer in Rochester, 1805.
Libbeus, born November 22, 1781. Married Polly Holcomb in Rochester, January 1, 1805.
Philotheta, born October 3, 1783.
Josiah, born November 28, 1787.
Irmi, born.....1789.
Elijah Stanton, born February 11, 1791.
Betsey, born.....1793; died.....1794.

Children of Josiah and Zeruiah Fish, first known births on the site of what is now the City of Rochester. These births were copied by Mrs. Yates from the family Bible in Mr. Randall's possession:

John, born February 24, 1800. Married Sarah King, 1829, in Batavia. She died September 18, 1850, and he died November 2, 1862, in Chicago, Ill.
Delinda, born October 11, 1802.
LeRoy, born November 14, 1804.
George W., born, June 6, 1807.

Libbius Fish married Polly Holcomb in Rochester, January 1, 1805. She was the daughter of Eli and Zeruiah (Phelps) Holcomb and was born December 24, 1787. She died in Batavia, May 16, 1829. He married (second) Rebecca Carter Vaughn, February 17, 1830. He died in Batavia, June 28, 1859. She died in Jackson, Mich. His eldest son John, was born in Rochester (then Mill Town), January 10, 1806. His other children born in Batavia where he had removed.

The Last Seneca Sacrifice in Rochester:—In 1813, the Seneca Indians, still resident in the Village of Rochester, celebrated their last religious festival, the Sacrifice of the White Dog. The exact spot where these ceremonies took place is open to question.

George H. Harris says that Indians occasionally camped in the vicinity of the spring, after which Spring Street was named, and which was situated directly back of the present First Presbyterian Church; and Mr. Harris adds:

"It was at the southern extremity of the ridge lying west of this spring, that the Senecas made their last Sacrifice of the White Dog. Lewis H. Morgan is the authority for the statement that this ceremony was performed on the ground now occupied by W. S. Kimball's residence on the south side of Troup Street, between Eagle Street and Caledonia Avenue," (Peck's History of Rochester, 1884, p. 40).

Henry O'Reilly says:

"At the time of the first settlements there were numerous families of Indians scattered around the place. Hotbread, a worthy chief, with Tommy-jemmy, Captain Thompson, Blackbird, and some other Redmen of note, spent part of their time here; and as late as 1813, one of the great pagan festivals (the Sacrifice of the Dog) was solemnized publicly at the rising ground beside which the Bethel Church now stands." (Sketches of Rochester, 1838, p. 249). "From Mr. Edwin Scrantom, now a merchant of the city, who was among the spectators, we have an account of the carnival." (id. p. 276). Strange to relate, in the complete writings of Edwin Scrantom, now in the Library of The Rochester Historical Society, no reference to the White Dog Ceremonies can be found.

O'Reilly's description does not definitely locate the place of the Feast. He says, the ceremonies took place at an Indian encampment which "graced the south and east sides of the elevation whereon may now be seen the Free Bethel Church, and the residences of General Vincent Matthews, Mr. Jonathan Child, Mrs. Ira West, Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester, Mr. Thomas H. Rochester, Mr. H. B. Williams, Mrs. William S. Bishop, Mr. Joseph Strong, Mr. Henry E. Rochester, Dr. Maltby Strong, Mr. Hervey Ely, Judge Chapin, etc." (id., pp. 275-277). This description of the site is vague.

Charles Mulford Robinson gives his opinion as to the correct location, without citing his authority. In "First Church Chronicles" (p. 11), he says: "On the Washington Street hill, where Mrs. Craig's house now stands, the Seneca Indians had cele-

brated heathen worship with the Sacrifice of the White Dog as lately as 1813."

Lewis H. Morgan gives a full account of the Ceremony of the White Dog, its history and significance, in his League of the Iroquois (Two volume edition, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1901: Vol. 1, pp. 201, 207; Vol. II, 257, 261, 263).

Dr. W. M. Beauchamp says (Iroquois Trail, p. 85): "In its essential feature of sacrifice the White Dog Feast seems quite modern, but in point of time it corresponds with the old Dream Feast, taking its place and retaining some of its features."

There is much evidence that the Dog Sacrifice was celebrated anciently among the Iroquois, sometimes as part of the Indian New Year, which began with the first new moon of February. The Jesuit Relations contain several accounts of burnt dog ceremonies; and in the journals kept by the officers of Sullivan's Army, dog sacrifices are mentioned several times.

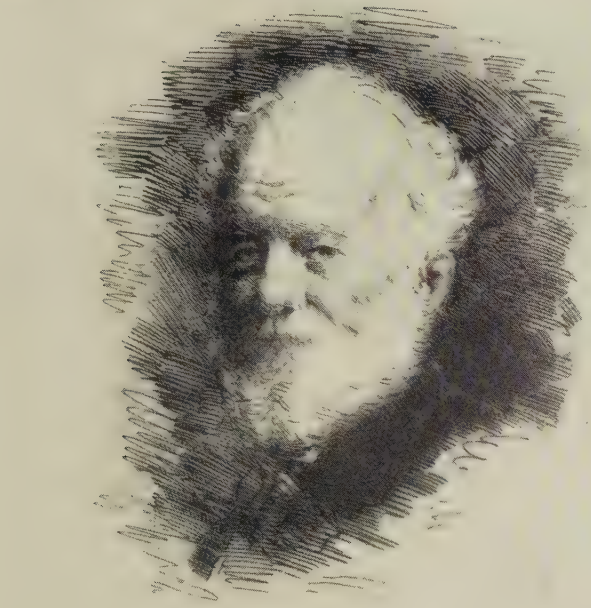
In all its forms the White Dog Feast is a real sacrifice, where the body of the dog becomes a consecrated victim upon which are laid the sins of the people. Strangulation is the mode of death of the dog decreed by the law, which specifies that no drop of its blood shall be shed, and no bone shall be broken. Those who officiate must be free from immoral taint. After death the body of the dog is decorated with paint and feathers, and hung on a pole for five days, while a festival of preparation goes forward. On the fifth day the dog's body is taken down and laid reverently on a bier of oak-bark and carried to the Council, where all the people acknowledge their sins, which are thereby laid upon the dog. After all have talked out their faults the body is carried to a funeral pyre and burned, with incantations to the Great Spirit. The spirit animating the sacrifice is the fulfilment of an ancient covenant between the Great Spirit and the Redman by which the needs of the Indian would be supplied so long as he remembered to send back at least one animal every year. The dog is selected as the message-bearer because the most intelligent of animals and the faithful companion of man. A white dog is chosen as its color symbolizes peace and sanctity.

ART AND ARTISTS IN ROCHESTER:—During the lecture season of The Rochester Historical Society of 1927-1928, Miss Gertrude

R. Herdle, Director of the Memorial Art Gallery, will deliver an address, covering the History of Art in Rochester, from earliest village days to the present. This paper will include a comment upon our famous local artists, with a description of the various Art Clubs which have existed, as well as the various Art Galleries, public and private, which have been maintained in the community. This address will be published in Volume VII, Publication Fund Series, and will cover a field, similar to that already covered as to the History of Music in Rochester, by Richard H. Lansing (Vol. II, Publication Fund Series, pages 135-189), and by Stewart B. Sabin, (Vol. III, Publication Fund Series, Pages 1-36).

In the first directory of the Village of Rochester, 1827, Jesse Hawley says: "The extreme occupation and multiplicity of urgent publick objects, has heretofore prevented the citizens of Rochester from making those efforts in the cause of literature and education, which their importance demands. There is as yet no publick library of general literature, nor publick seminary of education."

Henry O'Reilly, in his "Sketches of Rochester" (1838), says: "First settlers and first settlements are characterized by works of necessity rather than of ornament. Manifestations of taste and liberality, in reference to the fine arts are, however, increasing in Rochester, in a ratio commensurate with the prosperity of the citizens." Mr. O'Reilly refers to the full-length portrait of De Witt Clinton, painted by Catlin, and brought to Rochester by his brother, who lost his life while bathing in the river, below the Lower Falls. Reference is also made to the painting of Red Jacket by Mr. Mathies, at one time proprietor of the Clinton House; also a portrait of General Vincent Matthews, "the Father of the Bar of Western New York," painted by Daniel Steele; this picture is now in the gallery of The Rochester Historical Society. Mr. O'Reilly describes the miniature portraits of Vincent Matthews and Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, drawn for engravings to be placed in his "Sketches of Rochester" and painted by V. Pason Shaver. O'Reilly says: "The portrait of General Matthews was drawn from life; that of Colonel Rochester from a painting made by Harding a few years before Colonel R's death." He refers also to a portrait of Jesse Hawley, painted by Grove S. Gilbert, for presentation to The New York



GROVE SHELDON GILBERT

The Eminent Portrait Painter of Rochester. Born, Clinton, New York, August 5, 1805; died, Rochester, New York, March 23, 1885.

Photograph of etching by Horatio Walker, presented to The Rochester Historical Society by Mr. Morley B. Turpin.

Historical Society; also, to John T. Young, the artist who sketched the various scenes and edifices represented by forty-two engravings in O'Reilly's Sketches. In the gallery of The Rochester Historical Society, are some of the original pencil drawings by Mr. Young, from which these engravings were made. Mr. O'Reilly says that the earliest artist who attempted to settle on the banks of the Genesee River was Raphael West, the son of Benjamin West, President of The British Royal Academy. Raphael West resided for a time at Big Tree, Livingston County.

In the "History of Monroe County" (1877), by Professor W. H. McIntosh, appears a chapter on the Fine Arts giving "A sketch of their rise and progress in Rochester, based mostly on personal reminiscences," by Dellon M. Dewey. This sketch covers the period from 1833 to 1877. In the "Semi-Centennial History of the City of Rochester, " by William F. Peck, (1884), there is a chapter on the "Fine Arts in Rochester," written by Dellon M. Dewey, which is a revision of the article above referred to, published in 1877. Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker in her "Rochester, a Story Historical" (1884), has some interesting observations on local artists and art galleries.

There have been several Art Clubs and Societies, during the history of our community, and at least three public galleries of importance. The first was the Pioneer Gallery of Paintings, of which Mr. John Kelsey was the proprietor, which was commenced by the local artist Mr. Colby Kimball. The catalogue of this gallery shows sixty-seven portraits, which were largely painted by Mr. Kimball, although there were some fine portraits painted by Grove S. Gilbert, our most famous portrait painter. Another well-known gallery, was the Power's Art Gallery, established by the late Daniel W. Powers; and finally we have the Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester.

The Rochester Historical Society has an extensive portrait gallery of local pioneers of Rochester and the Genesee Country. Recently (1927) these oil paintings, at considerable expense, have been thoroughly renovated and revarnished by Mr. John J. Inglis, under the direction of Miss Gertrude R. Herdle of the Memorial Art Gallery; these pictures were rehung in the Museum Building at Edgerton Park, by Mr. Ray M. Pike of the Memorial Gallery. There are now on view one hundred and

twenty-seven oil portraits and fifty-six framed pastels, crayons and photographs of local citizens, making a total of one hundred and eighty-three. The larger part of the oil portraits originally were part of the old Pioneer Gallery of Western New York, which was situated in the Gaffney Block at the northwest corner of Main Street East and St. Paul Street. Subsequently these became the property of Monroe County and were hung in the second Court House. On January 10, 1896, these portraits of the pioneers were presented, in trust, to The Rochester Historical Society by the Board of Supervisors of Monroe County. Since that time, the collection has been increased by gifts of oil portraits from many families and individuals.

THE BISSELLS, FATHER AND SON:—Josiah Bissell, Jr., and his son Josiah W. Bissell, were both important men of early Rochester.

On April 6 and 7, 1869, Memorial services were held in the Brick Church of Rochester, New York, celebrating the first half century of the Presbytery of Rochester. At that time, Rev. Charles P. Bush, D.D., delivered an historical discourse in which he referred to Josiah Bissell, Jr., father of Josiah W. Bissell as follows:

"Among the laymen of the early days, none bore a more conspicuous part, perhaps none more useful, than Josiah Bissell. Intense and ardent by nature, he carried enthusiasm enough into his daily life for half a dozen men. One who knew him well, and admired him much, used to say that if you saw him in a prayer meeting, you would think he always lived in the sanctuary; or if you met him in his counting room, you would suppose he had never been anywhere else,—he was so accustomed to throw his whole soul into everything which he did.

"As an illustration of his energy we may cite his building a meeting house in a week. It was on this wise; and we doubt if even Chicago can match it. Rev. Joel Parker, a licentiate just from the Seminary, had commenced preaching in a school-house on the east side of the river. After a few Sabbaths the place was too strait for them. A conference was held on Monday morning to see what could be done.

"Most naturally, it was suggested that they should hire a

THE SO-CALLED "MYSTERY PICTURE"

Mr. John J. Inglis, cleaning the oil portrait of Judge Moses Atwater, by an unknown artist. If this picture can be identified as the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is worth $25,000.

hall. Mr. Bissell said, 'No, let us build a house for ourselves.' Others said, 'We can not wait for that; we need a place at once.' 'But,' said Mr. Bissell, 'we can build a house by next Sunday.' They replied, 'That is impossible.' He said, 'It is not impossible. If we could make a thousand dollars by building a store-house for flour this week, we should do it; and it's a pity we can not do as much for our Master as we should for ourselves.' Further objection being made, he said, 'Put me on the building committee and it shall be done—we will worship in the new church next Sunday."

"They put him on the committee, and that very hour he began to make his contracts. He engaged one master mechanic, with his men, to fell the trees, (which were still standing green in the woods) and to lay out and erect the frame; another set of men were to be ready to put on the siding and roof the moment the frame was up; and still another to go right along at the same time with floors, windows and doors; and another to prepare benches and pulpit. And when he had engaged each man to do his work by a given day and hour, he offered in each case a considerable bonus, if the man would complete his job a few hours earlier than the time specified; thus working ahead of time. There are not many of us who do that.

"There was no apparent hurry or confusion about it, and yet the house was done on Saturday night—a building sixty feet long and thirty feet wide; they worshipped in it on Sunday, as he promised; and by his wise thoughtfulness it was so put together, in two separate frames, that it could easily be separated, as it was afterward, and converted into two dwelling houses. Of course, it was a very plain building, but answered its purpose well until a more substantial edifice could be erected.

"And, as an illustration of his nice moral perceptions, his strict conscientiousness—when so many of us thoughtlessly went to see Sam Patch kill himself, he stayed away. The next Sabbath he told us in the Sunday School that we were guilty of murder; for, said he, if no one had gone to see the poor man, plainly he would not have taken that foolhardy leap—into eternity."

"It would be something more than human if such a man did not sometimes outrun the average discretion. He did not escape censure; probably made some mistakes; but we doubt if

a better man ever lived in this city, or one who more truly sought, in all his plans and purposes, to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom.

"He it was, with the aid of the benevolent Aristarchus Champion, Esq., who is still living among us, who started the Pioneer, or six day, line of stages, and did much also to encourage the Sabbath-keeping lines of canal-boats.

"He was foremost, indeed, in every thing. The plan of furnishing every family in the United States with a Bible, originated with Mr. Bissell. He said, first let us supply Monroe County, then other counties will do it, then the States; and so the United States will be supplied. He was the Superintendent of the Sunday School, an Elder in the Church, always the minister's right hand man. Wherever he was, at home or abroad, and however overwhelmed with business, he always found time to attend the weekly prayer meeting.

"He was the warm friend of missions, and acted as the Receiving Agent of the American Board for this region. We recently learned from Rev. Dr. Kirk that the first service which he rendered to the Church, when he started out as a licentiate, was to act as agent for the Board for this county, 'and that remarkable man, Mr. Bissell,' he added, 'furnished horse and wagon for the service.'

"We doubt if it is generally known that Mr. Bissell was once licensed by this Presbytery to preach the gospel, (April, 1821). The Synod took exception to the act, and virtually directed the Presbytery to rescind it, because he had not pursued the usual course of study. The Presbytery justified itself, however, on the ground that the case was "extraordinary," or exceptional, and appointed Rev. Joseph Penney and Rev. Chauncey Cook a committee to direct Mr. Bissell's studies, who reported from time to time that he was making commendable progress; and at one of the meetings of the Presbytery, by invitation of the Moderator, Mr. Bissell preached the opening sermon.

"But it seems he did not intend to devote himself entirely to the ministry, but sought license only that he might preach, as occasion offered, in destitute places, when no minister was at hand. We know not how much he used his liberty, but after having held his license for seven years, he respectfully returned

it to the Presbytery; but was none the less zealous for the truth, preaching by lip and life all the time.

"He was a man of mighty impulses and resistless energy, until an early death transferred him to higher spheres and more intense activities. He died at Seneca Falls, where also he was carrying on an extensive business, in the Spring of 1831, at forty years of age; but already having lived a small century, if life be measured, not by empty years, but by worthy deeds."

Josiah W. Bissell, was born in Rochester, New York, May 12, 1818, and died at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, November 30, 1891. At the time of his death an editorial appreciation appeared in the *Post-Express*, which follows:

"It is more than thirty years since Josiah W. Bissell removed from this city where he was, in some degree, known to nearly every resident. The intelligence of his death at Pittsburgh on November 30th, has revived in the memories of those who were in active life at the time of his departure from Rochester, the outlines of a career as busy as it was varied. A brief catalogue, for it cannot well be more at this time, of the principal events of that eventful life, may be of interest to those now here who knew him in his youth and prime as a prominent citizen of this place—his abode for the larger portion of his life.

"He was the son of Josiah Bissell, one of the earlier of the settlers in this vicinity, a man of great pluck and energy who was associated with the late Aristarchus Champion in the 'Pioneer' line of stages, running from Albany to Buffalo.

"In consequence of the death of his father, Josiah was early placed in business, one of his first occupations being in the old Bank of Geneva, after a long apprenticeship in which he was employed in the City Bank here, in which he rose to the position of cashier. He was then engaged for many years as senior in the firm of Bissell & Amsden, private bankers, which firm issued the fractional currency which was for a long period about the only small change used here. In 1844 he removed his residence to the town of Brighton just beyond Goodman Street, was appointed Justice of the Peace, and purchased a large tract there and built the house, among many others, afterwards the home of Samuel Wilder.

"Failing in an effort to induce the Common Council to change

the name of what was then Main Street to East Avenue, he, with his characteristic audacity, changed it himself by affixing signs with the desired name upon all corners from the Liberty Pole to the city line. He also set out a full line of shade trees on either side of East Avenue, throughout its whole length, and after much effort got passed an ordinance for its paving and grading, establishing upon it the line of omnibuses, the first public conveyance in the city. He was also prominent in laying out the Lake View Park tract, as well as in the building at Carthage of the propeller "Genesee Chief," the earliest steam vessel constructed at this port, which he afterwards in person took down the St. Lawrence to New York, and placed in the coasting trade. After the dissolution of the firm of Bissell and Amsden, he took up the professions both of architect and engineer, constructing, among other buildings, a large hotel, the Rossin House in Toronto, besides erecting the present Main Street Bridge of stone, and the first suspension iron bridge at the lower falls—that, however, proving a conspicuous failure. He, about this time, purchased the old Alexander Tavern on East Avenue, corner of Alexander Street, and conveyed it to the Home for the Friendless. He was very prominent in founding that charity and retained to the last a great interest in its work.

"He was retained in his capacity of engineer in the employ of the board of trade of St. Louis about the year 1859, but at the outbreak of the Rebellion he resigned his position and at once actively engaged in the formation of a regiment in which he proposed to enroll from residents of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, men who should be either mechanics, artisans, or persons accustomed to work as laborers under mechanics. Succeeding in enrolling nearly one thousand men of this description, he was chosen Colonel, and took the field, naming his command "The Engineer Regiment of the West." The most important services were rendered by this Regiment to the Union cause. Conspicuous among these was the construction of a canal at Island No. 10, to enable the Union barges to avoid the rebel batteries there located. This was one of the notable feats of the war and it rendered the name of Colonel Bissell famous throughout the republic.

"At the conclusion of the war, he settled at Skipwith's Landing in Mississippi, where he was for twelve years engaged in

mercantile business. At the end of that period he sold out his stock and became interested in the new methods of indexing and recording deeds of land, whereby the old practice of searching titles has been revolutionized. Entering with characteristic vigor into this occupation, he first established himself at Cincinnati, where he founded a title company and afterwards established like companies consecutively in the cities of Baltimore, Minneapolis, Boston, St. Paul, Duluth and Pittsburgh, at which latter city he was so employed at the time of his death. In each one of these cities he dwelt for from one to four years and successfully established companies which are all now lucrative and popular. Of all of these various undertakings by reason of his remarkable executive ability he became the recognized head and administrator.

"Such, in brief outline, was the life of this remarkable man. In recalling the facts, our older citizens will not fail also to remember the extraordinary traits of character with which he was endowed and which alone could suffice for a career so varied. A boundless energy, wonderful quickness of perception, the greatest industry, a marvelous versatility, rare insight and knowledge of men and affairs, and a quick adaptability to circumstances, these were certainly his. Besides these, he had the precious and unusual gift of perpetual youth, advancing years not seeming to affect his buoyancy of spirits or his enthusiasm in all his works and efforts. There was nothing that he would not dare. No obstacle ever daunted him. He never knew fear and never desponded. Adversity was met and turned aside with a smile, whilst he braced his energies for new achievements. Age could not wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety. Intimate personal knowledge of 'many men and cities' had made him cosmopolite in his later years, but he always preserved an affectionate regard for this city of his youth and early manhood in which, in accordance with his hearty desire, his remains have found their final resting-place."

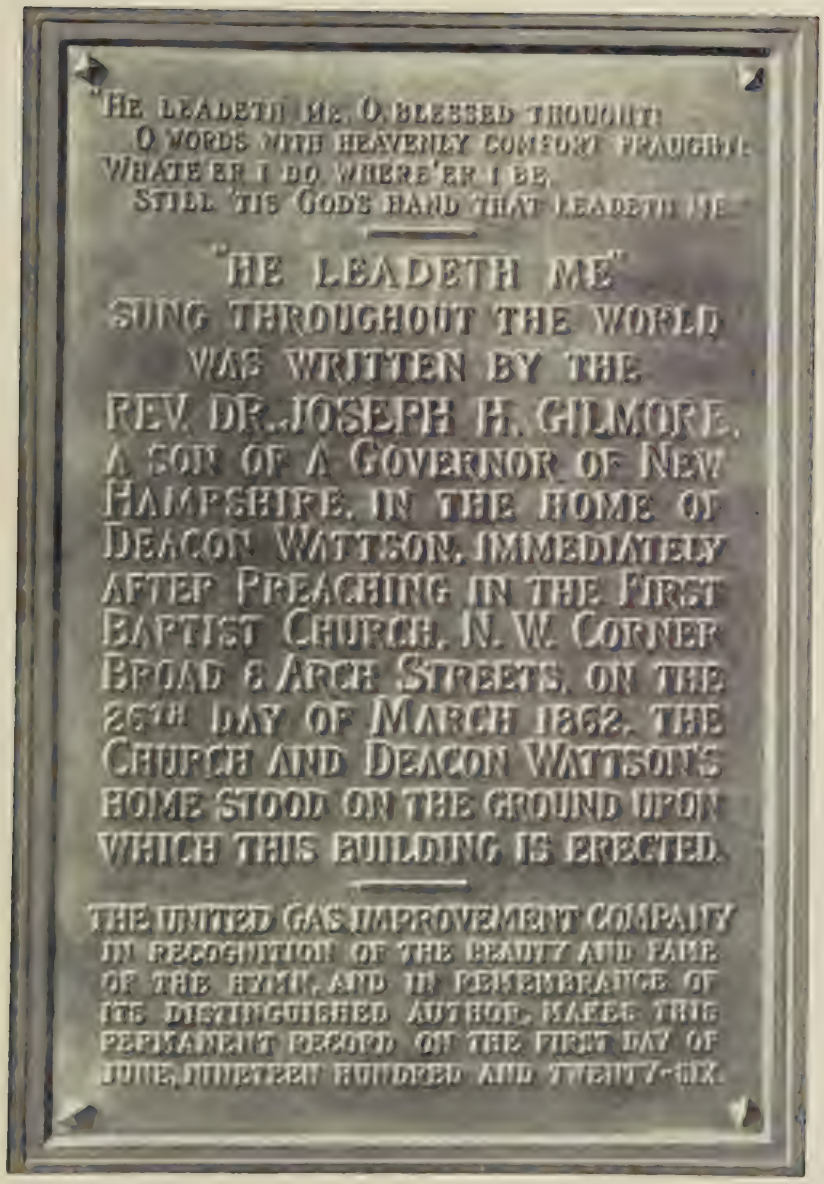
He Leadeth Me:—On December 27, 1915, Professor Joseph Henry Gilmore presented to The Rochester Historical Society an autographic copy of "He Leadeth Me" as it was first written;

also a photographic copy, as it appears in hymn books of the present time; also two pictures of the author; one taken about 1863, and the other about 1915. These are framed, and exibited in the library of the Society.

"He Leadeth Me" was written on March 26, 1862. Young Gilmore was called to supply the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, and at the mid-week service he gave an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, accenting the thought "The Lord is my Shepherd." After the meeting he went to the home of his host, Deacon Wattson, where conversation continued on the theme of the sermon, until the words of "He Leadeth Me" were suddenly suggested to his mind, and with pencil at once he wrote the complete hymn. The verses were handed to Mrs. Gilmore, who sent them, months later to the *Watchman and Reflector*, where they first appeared. William B. Bradbury, the great hymn writer, saw the printed poem and composed music for it as a hymn, adding the lines, "His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me," as a refrain, the present form.

It may be added that the music publishers, copyrighting the hymn, made considerable money out of it, but this remained entirely hearsay as far as Professor Gilmore was concerned.

Joseph Henry Gilmore was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 29, 1834, the son of Joseph Albree Gilmore, Governor of New Hampshire, 1863-1865. His mother was Ann Whipple Gilmore. He was graduated from Phillips-Andover Academy, 1854; from Brown University, A.B., 1858; and from Newton Theological Institution, 1861. He received the honorary degree, Ph.D., 1892. He taught at Newton one year, and then became minister of the Baptist Church at Fisherville, New Hampshire. During his father's term as Governor the son was his private secretary, and at the same time he was editor of the *Concord Daily Monitor* (N. H.). He was called as the minister of the Second Baptist Church of Rochester, in 1865; in 1867 he was made acting Professor of Hebrew, Rochester Theological Seminary. He was appointed Professor of Rhetoric, Logic and English in the University of Rochester, in 1868, and served in that capacity forty years, till 1908, when he was retired as Professor *emeritus*. He died at Rochester, New York, July 23, 1918.


"HE LEADETH ME, O BLESSED THOUGHT!
O WORDS WITH HEAVENLY COMFORT FRAUGHT!
WHATE'ER I DO, WHERE'ER I BE,
STILL 'TIS GOD'S HAND THAT LEADETH ME."
"HE LEADETH ME"
SUNG THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
WAS WRITTEN BY THE
REV. DR. JOSEPH H. GILMORE,
A SON OF A GOVERNOR OF NEW
HAMPSHIRE, IN THE HOME OF
DEACON WATTSON, IMMEDIATELY
AFTER PREACHING IN THE FIRST
BAPTIST CHURCH, N. W. CORNER
BROAD & ARCH STREETS, ON THE
26TH DAY OF MARCH 1862. THE
CHURCH AND DEACON WATTSON'S
HOME STOOD ON THE GROUND UPON
WHICH THIS BUILDING IS ERECTED.
THE UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY
IN RECOGNITION OF THE BEAUTY AND FAME
OF THE HYMN, AND IN REMEMBRANCE OF
ITS DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, MAKES THIS
PERMANENT RECORD ON THE FIRST DAY OF
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX.

HE LEADETH ME

A framed photograph, full size, of this bronze tablet erected in Philadelphia, in honor of Professor Joseph Henry Gilmore and his famous hymn, has been presented to The Rochester Historical Society by the United Gas Improvement Company. Similar pictures were presented to Brown University and The Rochester Theological Seminary.

Author, "Outlines of Art of Expression;" "English Language and Its Early Literature;" "Outlines of Logic;" and numerous other works.

On July 19, 1927, the United Gas and Improvement Company of Philadelphia, placed upon their new building at the corner of Broad and Arch Streets, a bronze tablet in honor of Professor Gilmore and his famous hymn, "He Leadeth Me." This was done, because their new building occupied the site of the former First Baptist Church building, also the home of Deacon Wattson, where the hymn was written. Upon its face the tablet bears the erection date, June first, 1926, chosen because that day is the anniversary of the organization of the United Gas Improvement Company in 1882.

In the gallery of The Rochester Historical Society, there is a beautiful photograph of this tablet, full size, presented by the United Gas and Improvement Company. Similar photographs also were presented to Brown University, and the Rochester Theological Seminary.

Not long before his death, Professor Gilmore delivered an address before the Men's Guild of the Third Presbyterain Church on "The Unity of Christian Feeling in the Songs of the Church," showing that Church Unity is already an accomplished fact in our songs of praise, and that hymns heal the cuts of creeds. Illustrating his theme Dr. Gilmore cited the following hymns, universally used, but of various ecclesiastical origin: "Rock of Ages," Protestant Episcopal; "My Faith looks up to Thee," Congregational; "Jesus the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast," Roman Catholic; "Nearer my God to Thee," Unitarian; "How firm a foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," Baptist; "All hail the power of Jesus' name," Methodist; "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love," Presbyterian; "We may not climb the heavenly steeps," Quaker; "In the secret of his presence," Converted Hindu.

The Foreign-Born in America and Rochester:—When Mr. Clement G. Lanni delivered his address before The Rochester Historical Society, January 4, 1927, upon the "History of the Italians in Rochester, from 1876 to 1926," the Editor presented, as a prologue to the theme of the evening, the following

observations on the foreign-born in America and Rochester:

As we approach this study it is well to flash upon the screen of memory two background pictures, revealing the country at large, and our home city, with reference to the foreign-born.

First the nation: We proudly maintain that ours is the best of all lands in which to live. Yet we do not base this claim upon our wealth or material progress. It is based upon something finer, which we call the spirit of America. To be an American is to possess this spirit, and to square your life with it.

America has received from all races. One bond holds all firmly together in her citizenship—it is the bond of loyalty. It is the way we look at things that makes us Americans—it is entirely an attitude of mind. Americanism is a spirit, symbolized by the Washington Monument: "That clean, straight arm raised to God in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free."

But remember that we are not entirely an Anglo-Saxon nation, and we never were. From the beginning we have been familiar with people of foreign speech. In early Colonial days the Germans settled in Pennsylvania, the Swedes on the Delaware, the Dutch on Manhattan and at Albany, the French Hugenots in the Carolinas, and a scattering of other races all through the Colonies. Eighteen different languages were spoken in New York as early as 1644, and at the time of the Revolution, one-fifth of the entire population could not speak English, and more than thirty percent were not Anglo-Saxon.

The fact is we are all immigrants, except the American Indians, our oldest American families dating back only three hundred years. From all the world we have come, mostly sons of the poor, seeking better conditions. Here, in the land of opportunity, we have developed a system of government best adapted to the world's aspirations. America is less a "melting pot" than a place of real assimilation—a blending of the best ideals of the old world with the best ideals of the new. We are a distinct people, made up from myriad sources. In the Declaration, the Constitution, and the utterances of our great men, appear expression of the universal and eternal principles which we call "American."

The history of the American people is unique, it has no parallel in all recorded time. Over thirty-four million immi-

grants have come to us in the past hundred years, more than one-half of these since 1880, easily within the memory of many men now living. Nothing like this great movement of people has ever before taken place.

Before this, there had been three types of immigration in history: (1) Tribal; (2) Colonization; (3) Interstate. These were all *within the state.* The multitudinous European invaders who overwhelmed the Roman Empire were not mere armies of men—they were, in reality, nations of hostile immigrants, who came to stay, moving their whole state. Yet these movements were comparatively small. The Burgundian Nation numbered only eighty thousand; the Vandals about the same; and the Visigoths conquered Spain with thirty thousand men.

On the contrary, the tremendous movement to America has been the peaceful inter-penetration of a host of thirty-four millions of diverse people, of more than fifty nationalities, not in hundreds of years, as in past migrations, but in a few decades—*not to displace us, but to become one with us!*

It is necessary to get clearly in mind the main facts as to American immigration. After the birth of the United States as a separate nation, colonization ceased, and immigration proper began. There is a fair distinction between the colonists who built the Federal Union and those who came later to enjoy it. It is estimated that the number of people in the United States at the time of the Revolution was about three and a quarter millions. From 1776 to 1820 no records of immigrants were kept, but probably about a quarter of a million came. Government records of the incoming tide date from 1820, the outgoing emigrants were not recorded till 1907. United States Government charts, covering one hundred and one years, 1820 to 1920 inclusive, show a total of 33,630,104 immigrants. This period is divided into two general divisions, the old immigration, and the new immigration. Draw an imaginary line across the middle of the map of Europe diagonally from right to left, and you will make this division clear. From 1820 to 1869, ninety-five percent of the stream was from northwestern Europe—Teutons and Celts, similar to us in language, stock, governmental ideals and religion. In 1869 the ethnic composition of immigration commenced to change in a marked way. This change rapidly increased after 1880, until seventy-five percent of all our immi-

grants were coming from southeastern Europe—Latins and Slavs, differing from us in stock, language, and governmental ideals; and with thirty-three percent of illiteracy, as against the three percent of the older immigrants from northwestern Europe.

The difference between the people from southeastern Europe and those from the northwest is more apparent than real, it is largely a difference of opportunity, authorities agreeing that their brain power is equal. President Charles W. Eliot said that the new immigrants were "highly intelligent though not highly educated."

Today we have in America fifteen millions of foreign-born, and counting the children of the foreign-born, the total is one-third of our entire population, representing about fifty-seven nationalities. At present more than three millions of these are unable to speak the English language.

Now our National policy has changed and we have closed the door, and our present problem is not so much that of immigration as of assimilation.

In leaving this National picture remember that industry in America is absolutely dependent upon foreign-born workers. In the garment, steel, mining, lumbering, construction, transportation, and all basic and fundamental industries, the unskilled and semi-skilled labor is almost entirely done by foreign-born workers. That is what the word America means—"all conquering work." *Amerigo* was an Italian corruption of the Old Gothic name *Amalric* which is made up of the root words *Amal*, meaning *work*, and *ric* which is the stem Gothic word for conquer. *All conquering work—America!*

And now your second picture—the city of Rochester. The clock-face tells the story, twice a day at twenty-three minutes after nine the chart is set, showing one-third native white and two-thirds foreign-born or their children. And of these there are nearly fifty thousand foreign-born in our industries and twenty-five thousand of their children in our public schools. Here is a situation and not a theory that we have at home, and we should all understand something of it. Special racial studies are of value to us, for the great opportunity for service in Rochester today is to extend the hand of fellowship to these later-comers

and help them to citizenship, productive efficiency, stability, thrift and happiness.

THE OLD NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL:—In the paper read by Mr. Charles H. Wiltsie on "Reminiscences of Mrs. Hiram L. Blanchard," published herein, reference is made to the North American Hotel. This hotel, formerly standing at the corner of State and Brown Streets, was torn down in 1891 to make room for a large brick building erected by George Bantel for a storage warehouse. This removed the most prominent of the old landmarks of the Second Ward. The hotel building stood on that spot without alteration for a great many years.

The lot on which the hotel was built was bought Nov. 4, 1819, by William J. McCracken from Matthew Brown, for $500. Mr. McCracken erected the main portion of the hotel in 1820, but made some additions to it afterward as increasing business rendered them necessary. He remained the proprietor of the house through all its best days, until 1853, when he sold it to John Chapman for $5500. Mr. Chapman held the title only one year, disposing of the premises, in 1854, to Joseph Hill Parsons, an uncle of the Hon. Cornelius R. Parsons, in exchange for other real estate, the amount allowed for the hotel property in the transaction being $7500. Mr. Parsons continued the owner of the hotel until his death in 1860, when the title passed to his daughter, Miss Anna E. Parsons, who sold the property in 1901 for $16,000. The figures given above are of some interest in showing the rise of values of land in that part of State Street during a period of seventy years.

At the time of the erection of the North American Hotel, there were several settlements along the banks of the Genesee River, mostly on the west side, which have since grown together into the city of Rochester. At the rapids was Castletown; next below was Rochesterville, occupying about the same territory as the first ward today; then Frankfort, about the present lower end of State Street; next McCrackenville, at the lower falls; and lastly Hanford's Landing below the junction of Lake Avenue and Ridge Road. On the east bank of the river was Carthage, at the Lower Falls; with Dublin on the south.

There were open spaces between these villages, and great

rivalry existed between them. Rochesterville was the most important, but the others were contenders, up to the opening of the Erie Canal, which settled the question as to which settlement was to be the center of the future city.

At the Four Corners, then stood the Eagle Tavern, on the site now occupied by the Powers Building. This famous hostelry was the center of the life of Rochesterville. What the Eagle Tavern was to Rochesterville the North American was to Frankfort in those early days. It was the eastern terminus of the stage line from Lewiston, which was then about as important as the line from Buffalo. In addition to this, which was in itself sufficient to insure the prosperity of the hotel, it was the famous resort of farmers who visited the village on business. Directly opposite the hotel on State Street, was the general store of Hiram Blanchard, as noted in Mrs. Blanchard's Reminiscences; next below the store was the market, and below that the fire house of the Red Rover Company, Number 3. The hotel was, therefore, the center of activities in that locality.

William J. McCracken who built the North American, was one of three brothers who settled near the Genesee River before 1820. Dr. David McCracken lived in a large house, in a grove, on the southwest corner of Lake Avenue and Driving Park Avenues near the Lower Falls, and he gave McCrackenville its name. Gardner McCracken, the other brother, resided on Lake Avenue near Ambrose Street.

During the first decade of its history, the North American Hotel was a political headquarters, caucuses and elections being held there. It was also a place of resort on "general training day." The military drilled on Brown's Square, and after that exercise, they repaired to the North American for refreshments of various kinds.

In 1837, during the Patriot's War in Canada, the Lewiston stage route was used by many enthusiastic Americans who went to the border, and the North American Hotel was the stopping place where were entertained many well-known men, including General Winfield Scott, who was ordered to Niagara Falls with a body of troops to arrest the American citizens who were preparing to engage in the war.

When the North American Hotel was built, Brown Street

THE McCRACKENVILLE TAVERN

This was known as the North American Hotel, which stood on the northwest corner of State and Brown Streets for 71 years between 1820 and 1891. Photograph taken by James M. Angle, Feb. 11, 1891.

was called Court Street, and was later named after Matthew Brown in whose honor Brown's Square was previously named.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A CONTINENT:—The article on La Salle by Mr. Nathaniel S. Olds, published herein, suggests the long conflict between the English and the French for the supremacy in America. In the seventeenth century, England and France began to take the lead in American settlement. England's great achievement, was the permanent and slow-expanding occupation of the strip between the Atlantic coast and the mountain barrier of the Alleghanies. France sought the vast interior areas, which were accessible by two water routes from the shore, the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi.

The exploration of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Valleys, was the most important inland work, done in the course of early American history. It was accomplished by a series of great Frenchmen, among whom Samuel de Champlain, and René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, are the most illustrious. Other pioneers and trail-makers were Jean Nicollet, Louis Joliet, Jacques Marquette and Louis Hennepin. Their names, and those of other Frenchmen, have permanent place in the geography of the region they explored.

Starting from the St. Lawrence basin, with Quebec as headquarters, the French gradually extended their influence west to Lake Superior and the Mississippi, and south to the mouth of that river, thus forming a connection between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of more than two thousand miles, thereby encircling the Atlantic seaboard settlements of the English, and controlling a vastly greater territorial area.

Meanwhile the English were active on the coast from Newfoundland to Florida, their territorial claims being based on the voyages of the Cabots in 1497-1498. The field was clear, except for the previous occupation of the Hudson and Delaware Valleys by the Dutch. The first English colonists came to Jamestown in 1607, followed by the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620, and the other settlements, which devel-

oped into colonies which later became the original thirteen states of the Union.

The first permanent colony founded by the French, was due to Samuel de Champlain, who made a settlement at Quebec in 1608, becoming the founder of Canada, and its Governor, 1612-1629. He explored the north-eastern coast, and was the first white man to sail on the beautiful lake which bears his name. His explorations were pushed far inland. The peculiar features of French colonization—chiefly the alliance of the missionary and merchant, fraternization with the Indians, and occupation of vast areas of territory by means of well-chosen military posts—originated with Champlain, and were developed by him and his French successors. This period of early Canada history is full of romance.

The work begun by Champlain was continued by La Salle who, in the autumn of 1681, passed up the Great Lakes, descended the Illinois River to the Mississippi and glided in canoes to its very mouth. There, in 1682, he declared all the country drained by the river and its tributaries to be the property of the King of France, and named it for him, Louisiana. La Salle achieved immortal fame by his explorations, although they brought to him neither happiness nor prosperity, and in the end he was murdered when it seemed to him that all his life had been a failure.

New France, so courageously discovered and won, was lost when the English overthrew the French in Canada in 1759, and when Canada was ceded to England by the Treaty of Paris, 1763; while the Louisiana Purchase by the United States in 1803 brought an end to French sovereignty in North America.

Early Changes in Street Names:—The desire for change in historic place-names is not a new thing in Rochester. As evidence of this fact is offered the following resolution from the proceedings of the Trustees of the Village of Rochester, under date of July 15, 1828, passed when Elisha Johnson was President of the Board:

"Resolved: That the Clerk report an ordinance for the alteration of the names of the following streets in the Village of Rochester: The street heretofore called Franklin Street on the

100 Acre Tract to be called Washington Street; Hart Street to be called Sophia Street; Hughes Street to be called Fitzhugh Street; the street from Buffalo Street to State Street, heretofore called Court Street, to be called Brown Street; the street heretofore called Falls Street to be called Spring Street; the street heretofore called Ely Street, on the Caledonia plat, to be called Glasgow Street; the street heretofore called Hill Street, on the same plat, to be called Edinburgh Street; the street from Exchange street crossing the new bridge to be called Court Street; the street east of Child's Basin, from Buffalo Street to Court Street, to be called Aqueduct Street; the street heretofore called Washington Street, on Atwater & Andrews' tract, to be called Franklin Street; the continuation of the street heretofore called River Street, Market Street and Clyde Street, in different sections thereof, to be called St. Paul Street; the continuation of Water Street to the Erie Canal aqueduct to be called Water Street; the continuation of Mortimer Street to Water Street to be called Mortimer Street."

All of the designations made at that time have stuck with the exception of Hart-Sophia Street, which is now Plymouth Avenue, North and South. Two streets, Court and Franklin, were picked up bodily and moved to another section of the village. Of the discarded names, Hart, Falls, Ely, Hill, Washington, River, Market and Clyde, every one has been restored to the street nomenclature of the city, but in new locations, except the last one, Clyde.

The original Proceedings of the Trustees of the Village of Rochester, now in the archives of the City Clerk, contain many interesting resolutions affecting street names and extensions.

In letters written to the Editor, Dr. Rossiter Johnson says: "My general remark about the names of Rochester's streets is, that I wish the Common Council would not meddle with them, for they were all originally bestowed for definite reasons, and to change them is to blot out so much history. Many are evidently named for Presidents—very properly, and some for other eminent Americans, as Franklin, Fulton, and Seward, also properly.

"But others have been named for local reasons, after men noted among Rochesterians of earlier days—such as Child, Ward, Allen, Fitzhugh, Hill. As to all these—hands off! There

was a Clay Street, named for Henry Clay, when he was at the height of his prosperity—and that height was very high. It was in a very good part of the city. But one or two houses of doubtful reputation crept into it, and therefore the better inhabitants had the name changed to Tremont. Sophia Street was named for the wife of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, and I never could see the sense of changing it to Plymouth Avenue.

"Backus Street is named after Dr. Frederick F. Backus, son of President Backus of Hamilton College. Dr. Backus's influence was the means of securing the location here of the Western House of Refuge, and the street in front of which, was given his name.

"Brown Street was named for Dr. Matthew Brown, whose house stood where the Catholic Academy is now, with a large garden on the Frank Street side, and a large stone barn on the alley side.

"He owned much land about there, and he gave the city, Brown's Square. Frank Street was named for Francis Brown, his brother, I think, and that part of the city was called Frankfort.

"All the mills on Brown's Race bore names, and one was Frankfort Mills. The plural form was used to designate that the building contained more than one run of stone.

"There was, evidently in Rochester, as in some other towns, a fashion of naming streets and squares after current heroes—not always Americans. For instance what is now Saratoga Avenue, used to be Bolivar Street—named of course, after the South American liberator, Simon Bolivar, who died in 1830.

"Walking northward on North Street, one came successively to Riley Street, Delevan Street, Tappan Street, and Weld Street. From these names, he might have known that he was probably passing over a tract that once belonged to one of the abolitionists. Walking in another section one comes to Ambrose Street, and then to Spencer Street. There you have Ambrose Spencer, eminent jurist and legislator, once a powerful citizen of our state.

"Harvard Street was originally open only from Meigs Street to Rowley Street—one block—by Hobart G. Arnold, a brother-in-law of Rev. John Harvard Castle, D.D., president at that time of McMaster University, Toronto. He named the street

Harvard in honor of Dr. Castle. There is every probability, of course, that Dr. Castle's name was given him on account of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, but Mr. Arnold did not have this in mind when he opened Harvard Street. He evidently started the idea, however, of naming other streets in the vicinity after colleges: Cornell, Cambridge, Oxford, Dartmouth, Rutgers.

"I wish some one would write for your next volume an article on the streets of Rochester, telling why they (many of them) were so named, and giving the original names that have been superseded by others."

The East Avenue Swamp:—In 1895, William Schuyler Moses was interviewed as to his recollections of early East Avenue days. He was born in 1827 in a house which stood on lot number 51, Chestnut Street. When he was a boy, there were but two bridges over the Genesee River at Rochester, both made of wood, and one crossed the river at Main Street, and the other at Court Street. In order to reach his home, on Chestnut Street, Mr. Moses was obliged to walk through an almost unbroken forest, after crossing the bridge from the village on the west side of the river. On what is now East Avenue, then called Main Street, was a swamp filled with cattails and deep water, and it was a hazardous enterprise to cross it. Mr. Moses recalled one incident which happened to him in 1831, when he was four years old. He wandered away from home into this swamp. After walking around the swamp all day, when night came on, he found himself lost. He crept along the ground, slipping now and then into some dark pool of water, but was never able to reach solid ground. His father, becoming alarmed at his absence, organized a searching party from the village and the swamp was searched all that night. About 6 o'clock next morning, when nearly dead from exposure, the child was discovered lying beside a pool of black water. He was taken home by the rescuing party, and never got lost in that swamp again.

William S. Moses was one of the thousands of men who went around the Horn to California, caught by the gold fever in 1849, and thereafter became a resident of that state.

THE OLD UNION TAVERN AND RACE COURSE:—At the corner of what is now East Avenue and Vick Park A, formerly stood one of the most famous hotels of Monroe County, the old Union Tavern, which was adjacent to the Union Race Course, the Mecca not only of local horsemen, but of racing men from many parts of the state, owners of some of the famous pacers and trotters which established records on the track occupying practically the present site of the two Vick Parks, A and B.

In 1866, James Vick, the pioneer seedsman of Rochester, purchased the Union Race Course and Tavern from Joseph Hall. Mr. Vick continued to rent the tavern to the man who had been conducting it for several years, and the Vick family occupied a house on the site of what is now St. Paul's Church. At that time, the only street east of Goodman Street on East Avenue was Bowen Street, now Barrington Strret. On the south side of East Avenue, Mr. Vick laid out great gardens of peonies and other flowers, which became a show place, and in 1870, he turned the whole Race Course into a residence park. At that time many persons ridiculed the idea that such an enterprise could be made to pay, because it could hardly be conceived that any one would be persuaded to buy or rent homes "away out in the country." Mr. Vick however, persisted in his plans, and lived to see this property become the center of this city's most fashionable residence district.

It was some years after this improvement of Vick Park, before Park Avenue was extended past the property, and when this was done the surveyor saved himself trouble by following the curve of the Park, which was the curve of the upper end of the old Union Race Course, so that when the car line also was extended, the rails had to be laid in the sweeping lines which are now so noticeable at that point. For some time after the laying out of Vick Park it was most easily reached by the East Avenue stage coach, which ran from Main Street to a point beyond the Vick homestead. There are still many Rochester people living, who can recall travelling on this old stage in their childhood days, and especially remember the thrill which was theirs when they were allowed to blow the horn which announced the progress of the coach.

The old Union Tavern which formerly stood on the site which is now the corner of East Avenue and Vick Park A. An account of this building is published herein under Historiettes.

(Reproduced from the original photograph owned by Mr. Charles H. Vick)

THE ROCHESTER ROPEWALK:—Mrs. Alice M. Crippen has contributed this interesting statement:

About the year 1830 a unique business was established in Rochester by Sydney Church; that of rope making, and as far as can be ascertained, it was the only one of its kind ever carried on in this city. Mr. Church's first place of business was on Buffalo Street, where the Pennsylvania Railroad Station now stands, and his ropewalk extended back to Troup Street. Later he moved his business farther west to what is now known as Churchlea Place. This ropewalk extended back to Clifton Street. A ropewalk was a long low building or shed. Longfellow described it as

> "A building long and low,
> With its windows all a-row,
> Where human spiders spin and spin,
> Backward draw their threads so thin."

Several kinds of hemp were used in making the rope. Most of the hemp used came from Kentucky and Mr. Church made yearly trips to St. Louis to replenish his stock. Sisal and Manilla hemp were also used. The Sisal hemp was grown in Mexico and the Manilla hemp came from the Philippine Islands. They were sent to New York market and shipped from there on the Erie Canal to Rochester. The hemp came in bales and the first step in preparation was to clean it. This was done by heckling. The heckle was a large heavy board thickly dotted with iron spikes which tapered to a fine point. The hemp was drawn through these spikes to comb it. After this was done men took strands of it, several hundred feet long, wound it around their waists and walking backwards, straightened the strands as they walked. They worked in this way until they reached the other end of the ropewalk, where the ends of the strands were fastened to a small machine that held them fast. Then the men walked backwards again, keeping the strands straight while the machine, which was turned with a crank by man-power, twisted them into rope. When a heavier rope was made several men each took a finished strand and held it taut while the man at the machine again twisted it. The hemp most used was Sisal, Manilla and linen. When an especially strong rope was desired, as in the hanging of criminals, the linen was always used. The strong

cables for boats were made of Manilla hemp, also the towlines for canal-boats. The ropes for hop vines were tarred to give extra strength and to prevent decay. The tar was heated in large iron kettles and the rope was drawn through the hot tar.

Mr. Church manufactured all kinds of cordage from small twine to heavy rope, three or four inches thick. The twine was sized with flour and water. As the years passed, Mr. Church added machinery to simplify the work, but the boys of the West Side will never forget how they earned a few pennies at the rope-walk, while having lots of fun walking back and forth helping the men.

Mr. Church had two daughters living in Rochester; Mrs. William Caldwell and Mrs. Lily Church Arvine; also a granddaughter Miss Sarah Caldwell. It is to them we are indebted for the foregoing information about a business which has almost passed from memory with the advent of modern machinery.

Beginnings of the Auburn and Rochester Railroad: Mr. Watts S. Lansing, of Ontario, Canada, grandson of Henry B. Gibson the first President of the Auburn and Rochester Railroad, has presented to The Rochester Historical Society several original documents relating to the beginnings of that railroad. These papers were procured by Mr. Morley B. Turpin, who already has added other items of interest and value to the collections of the Historical Society.

Mr. Edward Hungerford has written of early railroad days in his paper "When the Railroad first came to Western New York" (Publication Fund Series, Vol. V, pp. 97-112) in which he discusses the various roads which finally were consolidated into the New York Central Railroad.

The papers received from Mr. Lansing are as follows:

Estimate of the probable amount necessary to complete the Auburn and Rochester Railroad.

Original bond of Charles Seymour, in the amount of thirty thousand dollars, given as Treasurer to the Auburn and Rochester Railroad, Oliver Phelps being the surety.

Statement relative to the cost of the Auburn and Rochester Railroad, dated, December 25, 1841.

List of persons first employed to operate the Auburn and

Rochester Railroad between Canandaigua and Rochester, and their salaries.

Report to the Legislature, giving a statement of the receipts and disbursements in each year of the Rochester and Auburn Railroad Company from its organization to January, 1842. This report states that the road was opened for travelers from Rochester to Canandaigua, 29 miles, September 14, 1840, and closed, January 18, 1841; it was reopened, April 19, 1841, and runs were made to Canandaigua, until July 6, 1841; on July 6, 1841, the road was extended to Seneca Falls, 61 miles, and runs were made to that place, until September 17, 1841; the road was further extended to Cayuga Lake, 66 miles, September 18, 1841, and runs were made to that place until November 4, 1841; on November 4, 1841, the road was opened the whole distance between Auburn and Rochester, 78 miles.

Original Train Reports for August, 1842, giving causes of delay: "Hand-hole blew out;" "Engine gave out;" "Run over a Bull three miles west of Auburn," etc.

Articles of Agreement, dated, April 19, 1842, between the Auburn and Rochester Railroad Company and the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad Company as to the joint use of property and the erection of buildings.

Unsigned draft of Articles of Agreement, dated, January 31, 1844, between the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad Company, the Utica and Schenectady Railroad Company, the Syracuse and Utica Railroad Company, the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad Company, and the Auburn and Rochester Railroad Company, relating to the common use and repair of cars, and the maintenance of a through schedule of trains.

List of stockholders of the Auburn and Rochester Railroad Company, dated, May 2, 1844.

Petition of inhabitants of the Village of Canandaigua protesting against the location of certain tracks.

A LOCAL FRAUD

This is a fanciful drawing showing the Hill of the Revolutionary Patriots at Mount Hope Cemetery with a Proposed Monument, which picture appeared in "Notices of Sullivan's Campaign" by Henry O'Reilly (Published by William Alling, Rochester, 1842).

This monument never was erected. After solemn gift and dedication, Revolutionary Hill was subsequently sold by the city authorities, the hill was leveled, and the bones of the Revolutionary heroes, Lieutenant Thomas Boyd and Sergeant Michael Parker, and their comrades in arms who fell in Sullivan's Campaign, were consigned to the Potter's Field, that part of the cemetery reserved for the homeless and unknown. Irondequoit Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, finally secured decent sepulture for the fragmentary remains of Sullivan's men, which over-zealous hands of desecration had impiously removed from Livingston County in 1841, with loud protestations of patriotism and honor, and to make a civic holiday. The Livingston County Historical Society dedicated a boulder-memorial to Boyd and Parker, at Cuylerville, New York, Sept. 17, 1927, at the place of original burial.

Constitution and By-Laws

Constitution and By-Laws of The Rochester Historical Society

1. This Society shall be called The Rochester Historical Society.

2. The object of the Society shall be to obtain and preserve all relics and documents relating to the early history of the city of Rochester and the adjacent country, to secure the composition and reading of papers relating to the same, and preservation thereof, and to promote interest in the early history of Rochester.

3. Active Members shall reside within the County of Monroe, New York.

Persons who have conspicuously served the Society or who have otherwise done important historical work may be elected Honorary Members.

Corresponding Members may be elected from non-residents of the County of Monroe who desire to promote the interests of the Society.

Honorary and Corresponding Members shall not be eligible to office, nor be qualified to vote, nor be entitled to any share in the ownership of property of the Society, nor be liable for any dues or for any debts.

4. The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, a First Vice-President, a Second Vice-President, a Third Vice-President, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary and a Treasurer. These officers shall be elected annually and by ballot by the Society and shall continue in office until their successors are elected. Vacancies in office may be filled by election at any regular meeting of the Society. (As amended June 9, 1923.)

5. There shall be a Board of Managers which shall consist of the President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, together with four other members to be appointed annually by the President. And in addition to the Board so constituted the last two retiring Presi-

dents shall be members, *ex-officio*, of the said Board of Managers. The duties of the Board shall be to conduct the business affairs of the Society. (As amended February 19, 1919.)

6. The President shall appoint annually from the Board of Managers an Executive Committee, consisting of the Treasurer, ex-officio, and two other members, which committee shall have charge of the finances of the Socity. No debts shall be contracted by any officer or member of said Society except upon the recommendation of said committee, nor shall any bill be paid unless it bears the approving signatures of at least two members of said committee, and this committee shall regulate the dues, expenses and disbursements of said Society and may at its discretion compromise arrearages or remit dues of members for just cause.

Upon this Executive Committee shall also devolve the administration of the ordinary affairs of the Society, subject to the authority of the Board of Managers, and such other duties as the President may determine. (As amended January 29, 1919.)

7. The President shall appoint annually from the members of the Board of Managers, a Library Committee, a Committee on Papers, a Committee on Entertainment and such other standing committees as the needs and interests of the Society may seem to indicate.

8. The Library Committee shall consist of three members, which committee shall have the custody of the library and historical collections, including all books, manuscripts, papers, pictures, documents, relics, coins and maps, and shall have charge of the sale of duplicates, subject to the direction and approval of the Board of Managers. And the said Library Committee shall be empowered to employ a Librarian or other assistants at such compensation as the Board of Managers shall sanction and direct.

It shall be the duty of such Librarian to attend and keep the library and collections of the Society open at such times and seasons as the Library Committee shall direct, to prepare and keep up a suitable catalogue of the library and other collections, and to keep a record of the donation and purchase of such books, manuscripts, pamphlets, papers and historical material as may be or become the property of the Society, and to perform such other duties, clerical or otherwise, as the Library Committee

may direct. The said Library Committee may, at its discretion and with the approval of the Board of Managers, divide the duties of Librarian, as above defined, and appoint a Curator who shall have charge of the archaeological and historical collections of the Society, other than the library.

It shall be the duty of the Library Committee to have charge of the publication and distribution of such papers, proceedings and collections of the Society as they may select, subject to the approval of the Board of Managers. (As amended December 12, 1921.)

9. The Committee on Papers shall consist of three members of the board and shall have charge of soliciting and providing for the reading of papers to be read before the Society.

10. The Committee on Entertainment shall have charge of providing for the matter of the luncheons at the regular meetings of the Society.

11. Members shall be admitted to the Society only upon the nomination of two or more members of the Society and shall be elected by a majority vote, by ballot, of the members present at any meeting of the Board of Managers.

12. The annual dues of Active Members shall be five dollars. Any person elected to membership shall make the first payment of said dues within sixty days after notice of his election or, on the failure to do so, may be deemed to have declined membership. Members failing to pay annual dues may, at the discretion of the Finance Committee, be dropped from the roll of membership. (As amended March 16, 1927.)

13. The payment of one hundred dollars ($100) by any person at one time and for that purpose shall constitute the donor a Life Patron. The payment by any Active Member of the sum of fifty dollars ($50) at one time and for that purpose shall constitute the donor a Life Member. The payment by any Active Member of the sum of ten dollars ($10) annually shall constitute the donor a Publication Patron during the period such payments are continued. Life Patrons, Life Members and Publication Patrons shall be exempt from the payment of annual dues.

All sums received from Life Patrons and Life Members shall constitute a perpetual Endowment Fund, which Fund shall also include special gifts or bequests for such purpose, or any

sums which may be set aside by the Board of Managers. The principal of said Endowment Fund shall remain inviolate, not to be expended for any current expenses whatever, but the income thereof shall be subject to the control of the Board of Managers. The treasurer shall invest and re-invest the principal of said Fund in such interest bearing securities as the Board of Managers may direct, and he shall deposit the income from such principal in the general treasury of the Society. All securities constituting the Endowment Fund shall be deposited in a safe deposit box in a safe deposit vault approved by the Board of Managers, and access to such safe deposit box shall be had only when there are present any two of the following officers: The Treasurer, the President or the First Vice-President.

All sums received from Publication Patrons, or which shall be received as gifts or bequests for such purpose, or which shall be appropriated therefor by the Board of Managers from the general treasury of the Society, shall constitute a Publication Fund, which Fund shall be kept by the Treasurer as a separate account in the regular depository bank of the Society, to be disbursed solely for the publication and distribution of the papers, proceedings and collections of the Society, upon the approval of the Board of Managers; and the said publications shall be distributed to the Publication Patrons only, or to the members of the Society and the public generally, upon such terms and conditions as the Board of Managers may specially direct in every case as it arises. (As amended March 16, 1927.)

14. The annual meeting for the election of officers shall be held on the second Monday in March in each year. If the election shall not be held on that day, it shall be held at the next regular meeting of the Society, at which the election of officers is moved. Twenty active members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business and at meetings of the board of managers a majority of that board shall constitute a quorum.

15. The regular meetings of the Society shall be held on the second Monday in each month from October to May, inclusive; but any of these meetings, except the annual meeting prescribed by the last section, may be omitted by order of the Board of Managers. Notice of meetings shall be given to the resident members by mail or by publication thereof in at least two of the Rochester daily papers. Any meeting may be adjourned to such

time and place as a majority of the members present shall determine.

16. Special meetings of the Society may be called by the President or Recording Secretary at any time and it shall be the duty of the President or Recording Secretary to call a special meeting at any time upon a request, in writing, signed by three or more active members of the Society. Meetings of the Board of Managers may be called at any time by the President, Vice-President or Recording Secretary.

17. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and of the Managers, and shall perform the duties usually appertaining to the office of President.

18. The Vice-President shall discharge all the duties of the President in case of the absence or incapacity of the latter.

19. The Recording Secretary shall have the custody of the records and of the seal of the Society. He shall give due notice of each of the meetings and shall keep records of the meetings of the Society and of the Managers.

20. The Corresponding Secretary shall have the custody of all letters and communications to the Society, shall read to the Society all communications received as such Secretary, and under the direction of the Society or of the Managers shall prepare all communications in the name of the Society and shall keep true copies of the same.

21. The Treasurer shall perform all of the duties usually appertaining to that office; shall deposit the funds of the Society in such bank as the Board of Managers shall designate; shall pay out the funds as the Board of Managers shall direct and shall keep an account of the funds and render an annual statement thereof to the Society and also whenever required by the Board of Managers.

22. The constitution may be amended by a majority vote of the Active Members present at any regular meeting of the Society, provided that notice of the proposed amendment be given at a previous meeting and that the same shall have been approved by the Board of Managers prior to such vote.

23. A member may be expelled by a two-thirds vote at any meeting upon the recommendation of the Board of Managers.

24. The order of business at any meeting of the Society

shall be as follows, subject to change by a majority vote at such meeting.

1. Reading of minutes of previous meeting and approval of same.
2. Communications from the President, Board of Managers or officers.
3. Election of officers.
4. Reports of standing or special committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. Miscellaneous business.
7. Reading of papers.
8. Discussion of papers.

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The Rochester Historical Society

Charles A. Dewey

Prominent citizen of Rochester, and liberal patron of the University of Rochester, The Rochester Historical Society, the Reynolds Library, and many other deserving local organizations and enterprizes.

Born in Rochester, July 21, 1842; died at Rochester, June 13, 1927. Son of the famous Dr. Chester Dewey by his second wife, Olivia Hart Pomeroy, of Pittsfield, Mass. Dr. Chester Dewey was called, "One of the best citizens Rochester ever had."

Dr. Charles A. Dewey was graduated from the University of Rochester, A.B., 1861; law student, Rochester, 1861-1863; admitted to New York Bar, 1864; manufacturer, Rochester, N. Y. and Pittsfield, Mass., 1864-1876; M.D., Harvard, 1880; Lit.D., University of Rochester, 1924; physician, Rochester, 1880-1927.

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